

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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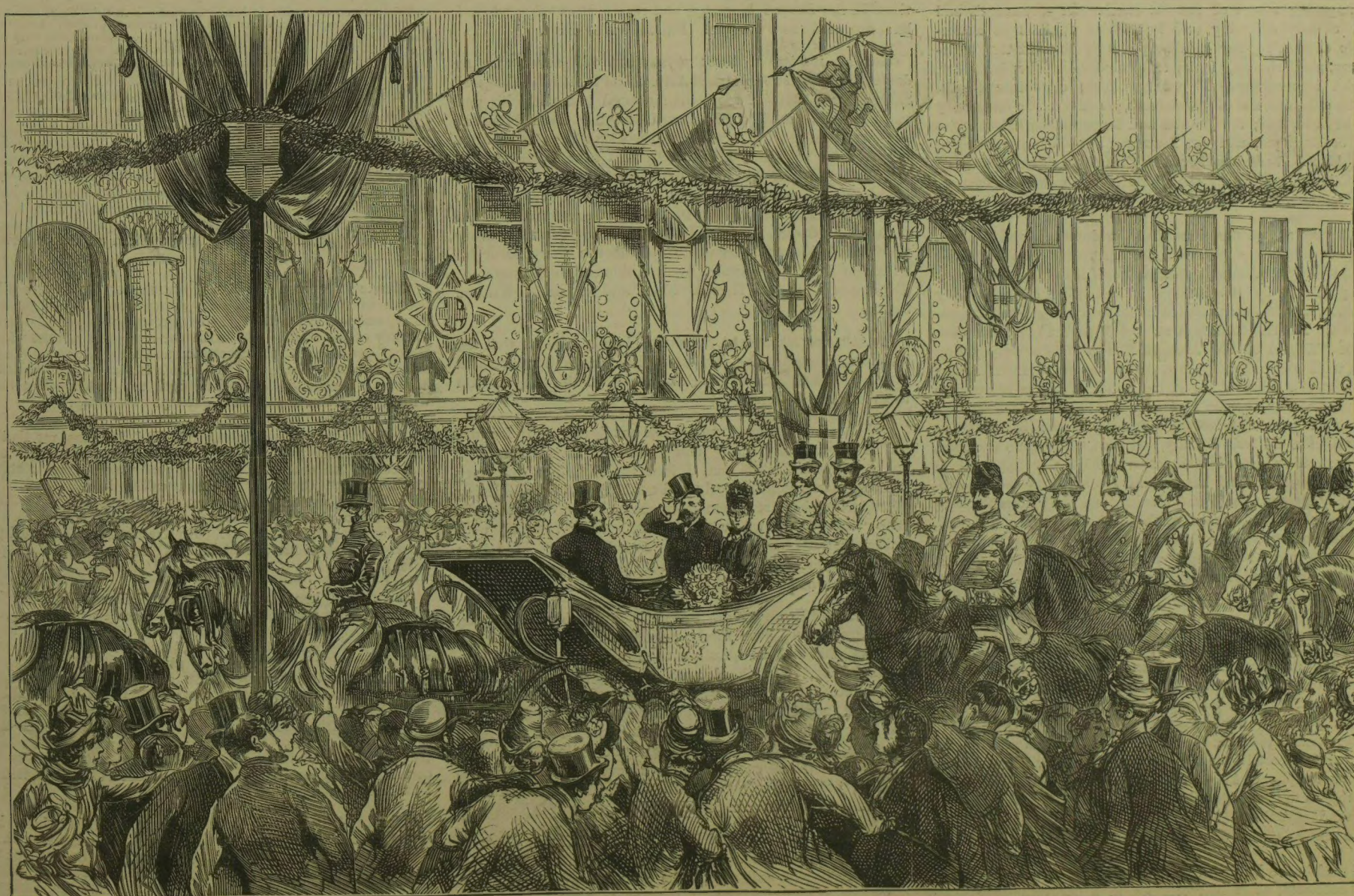
No. 2508.—VOL. XC.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT KNUTSFORD, NEAR MANCHESTER.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MANCHESTER: PASSING UP MARKET-STREET.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I went to the opening ceremony on Monday, May 9, of the American Exhibition; and I subsequently witnessed a portion of the astounding entertainment known as "Buffalo Bill's Wild West." I must confess that, in the outset, the name of "Buffalo Bill" presented to me only a very vague and shadowy purport and significance. About eight years since, happening to be at a huge hotel at Atlanta, in the State of Georgia, I saw in the office two very tall men sitting on two very tall stools, mute and impassible, like the giants who in Flaxman's wonderful drawing are holding Mars captive. The hair of each of these tall men curled over his shoulders; they were abundantly bearded; they wore slouched hats; in their coats, vests, and "pants," as well as in their boots, there seemed to be a great deal of leather; each Colossus was armed with a tall stick, surmounted by a gilt knob, and each was vigorously chewing and puffing at a large and moist cigar. I asked the hotel clerk who these strange beings might be? "Well," replied the courteous functionary, "they *claim* to be Buffalo Bills." So densely ignorant was I of the ways of the Wild West that, for aught I knew, Buffalo Billism might have been a generic name for some Occidental institution, even as some recent Greek scholars have maintained that Phidias, or Pheidias, was not the name of a particular sculptor, but of a local Board of Works.

But now, I rejoice to say, have these dim eyes beheld the real, the only Buffalo Bill—namely, the Hon. W. F. Cody, Colonel in Western armies, and member of a Western Legislature; champion shooter and rider, scout and guide for explorers; killer of five thousand buffaloes, besides deer and antelope, in one season; terror of "Injuns" (who are mainly "p'ison"); modest, unassuming, a natural gentleman in his manners and character, and with nothing of the roughness of the typical frontiersman. Io! Buffalo Bill! Evoé, Hon. Cody! All hail to the cow-boys, the "greasers," the Indians on ponies, the rescuers of the Deadwood stage-coach, with Lord Ronald Gower among the passengers! all honour to the American frontier girls who ride so fearlessly! Buffalo Bill's entertainment is assuredly the most remarkable series of scenes in the Wild Western circus that has ever been seen in this country. It is to be hoped that the triumph of Buffalo Bill, his Indians, and his cow-boys, and his immense stock of "bronco" (not "broncho") horses will not make Barnum "feel bad," nor cause that patriarch of showmen to take a back seat.

The opening ceremony was a "little mixed"; and for a while, gazing on Canon Farrar, his Eminence Cardinal Manning, Sir Henry De Bathe, Colonel Hughes-Hallett, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Lord Ronald Gower, and the American promoters of the Exhibition gathered together on the platform (with Sir John Bennett beneath, "to see fair")—to say nothing of Mademoiselle Nordica, who, in sweet tones and with splendid effect, sang first "The Star Spangled Banner," and next, "Rule, Britannia," to the accompanying strains of Mr. Dan Godfrey's band—one could not help thinking of so many flies in amber. However, the function, helped by a graceful Address of Welcome, eloquently delivered by Lord Ronald Gower, was got through with satisfactory smoothness. In a few days the varied contents of the Exhibition itself will shake themselves into their proper places; and the public at large will have every facility for studying the beauties of the false teeth trophy, the grandiose proportions of the beef-tea castle, the imposing aspect of the St. Jacobs Oil monument, and such equally diverting and instructive exhibits as atmospheric churns, zig-zag cockle-separators, bran-dusters, typewriters, drill-chucks, fabric-tufters, duplex shoe-trimmers, Eureka ice-machines, fire-extinguishers, egg-beaters, cold handle sad-irons, and alligator-tooth jewellery. The machinery will be in motion; the pictures and statues in the art-galleries will be arranged, and the American Exhibition will be in "full blast." But should even its fires show signs of waning, "Buffalo Bill" is strong enough to carry the whole show on his shoulders.

Literary acceptance, immediate, widespread, and lasting, may be confidently predicted for Professor Alois Brandi's "Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School," just published by Mr. Murray. The English editor is Lady Eastlake, who has been assisted in her task by Professor Brandi himself. The frontispiece is an etched portrait of the author of the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" as a very young man, with long, flowing hair, parted in the middle. It is a pity that this effigy of the gifted youth who was afterwards to be famed as "The Old Platonist," could not have been supplemented by the wonderfully spirited full-length likeness in the "MacIse Portrait Gallery," which with Maginn's wicked, witty running fire of commentary originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and has within recent years been republished by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. In the MacIse etching the Sage of Highgate looks pitifully feeble and broken; indeed, Maginn somewhat unfeelingly describes him as "walking hobbly upon three legs," and "labouring under sciatica, jaundice, and other of those ills which affect mankind." Still, in the etching does he remain, "the noticeable man with large grey eyes."

The reviewers will, no doubt, hasten to do ample justice to the laborious research, the keen critical acumen and the thorough impartiality brought to bear by Professor Brandi on the life and works of the poet and philosopher who lectured, talked, preached, wrote, dogmatized, dreamed, began, never ended, swilled opium, and so forth. It would be as well, by-the-way, when a second edition of this important work is prepared, if the accomplished English editor took counsel with some old "Blue" as to the garb, manners, and customs of the boys of Christ's Hospital at the period when Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a scholar at that ancient seat of learning.

I read in the English translation that "the costume of the boys consisted, as it still consists, in a dark-blue monk-like

coat, with a leather girdle, yellow stockings, a *white tie*, and a bare head." I may point out, in the first place, that the Blue-coat boys' upper garment does not bear the slightest resemblance to any kind of monastic frock. It is the undergarment, the yellow petticoat, which has been said to bear some affinity to the sleeveless monastic tunic. And about the yellow petticoat not a word is said by Professor Brandi. Whether this canary "gipon" still forms an integral part of the Bluecoat boys' dress, I do not know, for many years have passed since I set foot within the gates of Christ's Hospital; but once upon a time I had a dear brother, who was a "Blue"—Great Erasmus, Deputy Grecian, and so forth—and I remember well that he wore a canary "gipon," even as Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Peter Cunningham had done before him.

Mem.: Mr. John Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," states that the children of Christ's Hospital were originally attired in a livery of russet, with red caps; while among the boys there yet exists an old tradition that the habit was at first of velvet adorned with silver buttons. Some naughty Blues, however, being in the habit of cutting off their buttons and selling them to the butchers in Newgate Market, a less expensive array was instituted by the authorities. Mr. Timbs adds:—

It is most reasonable to regard the dress as copied from the costume of the citizens of London at this period (1552), when long blue coats were the common habit of apprentices and servingmen, and yellow stockings were generally worn [the school is vulgarly called "the Yellow Stocking School"]; the coat fits closely to the body, but has loose sleeves, and beneath is worn a sleeveless yellow undercoat; around the waist is a red leathern girdle; a clerical band round the neck, and a small flat black cap about the size of a saucer, complete the costume.

"Sir," writes "H. H.," "of what gender is 'mummy'?" In French, we know that it is feminine; but English dictionaries are silent in the matter. But English dictionaries are *not* silent in the matter, good Sir. "Mummy" is marked as a neuter noun in Webster (1880), in the "Library Dictionary" (Collins, Glasgow, 1871), in Hyde-Clarke (1881), in Chambers (1882), and in Ogilvie and Annandale (1882). I have not the slightest idea, for the rest, as to the gender to which "mummy" really belongs; and I don't think that it matters much.

It does matter, however, a good deal to discover the meaning of the following extraordinary paragraph recently indited by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:—"The question of Alsace-Lorraine is a Nessus's shirt, which burns alike both France and Germany; and until it is in some way definitively settled, it will constantly lead to varied and excited issues. When Alsace-Lorraine is in question, all difficulties are at an end, all obstacles disappear, and everything is made smooth, as if by enchantment." And then the correspondent proceeds to talk of a concert at the Conservatoire, at which four ladies of fashion sang for the benefit of some distressed Alsace-Lorrainers.

But I want to know the meaning of the "nice derangement of epitaphs" in the two sentences which I have quoted. The idea of France and Germany wearing one shirt between them, and that a burning one, is certainly pretty; but how can you "definitively settle" a burning shirt, unless you pour cold water upon it? And if such a shirt, labelled "Alsace-Lorraine," is to constantly lead to varied and exciting issues, how is it that all obstacles disappear and that everything is made smooth as if by enchantment? I have translated the "burning shirt" sentences into Volapük, but can make nothing of them. I intend to try them in the Basque language and in the Marowsky, when I have acquired those tongues. But time is so short.

In the matter of those mysterious "Chyades" who so desperately puzzled the learned Art-critic of the *Daily News*, and reduced to a state of more than normal imbecility his and your humble servant, the Distressed Compiler. I am obliged to my correspondent "Skia," who suggests that Chyades is only a misprint for Thyades. Fortified by this hint, I went to Dr. William Smith and found that Thyia, a daughter of Castalius or Cephissus and the mother, by Apollo, of Delphos, is said to have been the first who sacrificed to Dionysos, and celebrated orgies in his honour. Oh, fie, Thyia! Hence, the Attic women who every year went to Mount Parnassus to celebrate the Dionysian orgies with the Delphian Thyades received themselves the name of Thyades or Thyiades. Thanks "Skia," and thanks Dr. William Smith.

Another correspondent, "Lemma," kindly tells me that the incident illustrated by Mr. Alma Tadema in his beautiful picture, is related in "Plutarch's Morals," in the chapter "On the Virtues of Women."

"Judge" (Tipperary) would feel much obliged if I would tell him whether "lilies" and "valleys" rhyme correctly. In reply I would state that I took the rhyming fever very young, got over it quite nicely, and am happily, in my declining years, altogether free from verse-marks. I always thought that "lilies" rhymed with "fillies," and "valleys" with "alleys"; but I may be wrong. "Not for Joseph" has been made to rhyme with "if he knows it," and perhaps "lily" and "valley" do not make such a very bad rhyme after all.

Sunday in Rome is a day especially favourable to the flying of *canards*; and I have rarely noticed a more amusing specimen of the bird in question than a telegram from the Eternal City, from the correspondent of the *Daily News*, who states that he has been "informed on good authority that negotiations are pending between the Pope and the Czar with the object of reuniting the Greek and Latin Churches, and that the impression at the Vatican is that the negotiations have every chance of success. The Pope is willing, it appears, to agree to the Greek Church maintaining its own usages and forms of worship."

When has the Church of Rome been unwilling to allow to the Greek Church the use of its own vestments and its own ritual—if it will only accept the Roman dogma? Only the other day, at Grotta Ferrata, I listened to Mass sung behind

the Ikonostast by the Græco-Roman monks of St. Basil, and the monks have been using the Greek ritual and wearing Greek vestments ever since the days of St. Nilus, in the beginning of the tenth century. At Venice, again, the Armenian monks come over every morning, from San Lazzaro, and say Mass at St. Mark's, using Armenian vestments and ritual, but acknowledging, of course, the dogmas of Rome. The ecclesiastic who is managing the negotiations between the Pope and the Emperor of Russia is said to be a monk of a noble Lombard family. His name, I apprehend, is Harrizzo. My grandmother, La Signora Gampi, knew a Signora Harrizzo very well.

The learned Professor Skeat, who has done such admirable work in connection with the English Dialect Society, is actively engaged in maturing his plans for the publication of an English Dialect Dictionary. Some time will necessarily elapse before the work can be issued; and subscriptions from the public are, obviously, urgently required for carrying on the labours of collection, collation, and editing. The first step taken will be the gathering of a vast number of quotations from authors who have written wholly in dialect, or who, like George Eliot and others, have occasionally made use of dialects. Slang and all kinds of grotesque words (so long as they are decent) will not be excluded from the new Dialect Dictionary. The project should meet with immediate and liberal public support, for some of the older dialects are dying. It should be understood that Professor Skeat's compilation will form a supplement to Dr. Murray's English Dictionary.

"It is not often," I read in the *St. James's Gazette*, "that a single poem has earned for its author the honour of a statue. This distinction has, however, fallen to the lot of Francis Scott Key, whose sole claim to it rests on the song, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' which he composed while watching the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in the early days of the Secession War, little dreaming that it was to make him famous for all time." I had always understood that it was with the war of 1812, and not with the War of Secession, that Francis Scott Key had to do, and that "The Star-Spangled Banner" was composed while its author was in the hands of the Britishers as a prisoner of war.

Always anxious to add to the contents of a culinary library in many languages, and the dates of which range over three centuries, I sent for a little shilling book which I saw advertised, "Egg Cookery: One Hundred and Fifty Ways of Cooking and Serving Eggs, by Alfred Suzanne, *chef* to the Duke of Bedford, K.G." The writer ingenuously admits that his intention "is not to enumerate and describe all the dishes in which eggs are employed, for in that case it would require a much larger work than the present to set forth the recipes." Mr. Suzanne is quite right. Fifty-five years ago Mr. Richard Dolby, *chef* at the Thatched-House Tavern, St. James's-street, remarked in his "Cook's Dictionary": "There are so many ways of dressing eggs that the recipes would almost fill a volume."

The author of "Egg Cookery" divides his work into six sections—viz., boiled and poached; hard; fried; buttered; omelettes; sweet. He is a very industrious compiler, and among his recipes gives even the "monster egg," which I also find in "Kettner's Book of the Table." Here is the recipe:—

Take a small clean sheep's bladder, and fill it with yolks of eggs; tie it up and put it in boiling water and let it simmer till done. Remove the bladder and place the yolks in the midst of a pig's bladder filled with white of eggs. Tie up the bladder tight, and boil the whole till the white hardens. Strip the monster egg of its envelope, and you have thus attained an imitation of an ostrich egg.

From M. Suzanne's prescription for the dressing of eggs and bacon, I respectfully dissent; although on reference to the books I find that I have at least a dozen authorities, including Francatelli and Dr. Kitchiner, against me. M. Suzanne holds that the ham or bacon fried with eggs should be streaky. Streaky ham I am not acquainted with; streaky bacon fried with eggs is only fit for a coffee-shop or a village ale-house. Properly fried or, better, toasted bacon should be cut from the back, "golden," three parts fat and one part lean. I should like to have Sir Henry Thompson's opinion on this important subject.

Mem.: Of course the American cookery-books are all in favour of streaky bacon. They grow more pork, cure more of it, and sell more of it, than is grown, cured, or sold in any country of the world; and, with the exception of the "Royal Hams" prepared at the stockyard at Chicago, I never ate any salted porcine meat in the United States that equalled in flavour a rasher of Wiltshire breakfast bacon. The bacon which you get in Australia is quite as unsavoury.

A Moravian correspondent, "J. H.," informs me that for more than four years he has been occupied with the composition of an extensive biography of "The Great National Psychologist," Charles Sealsfield, called in the Fatherland "the Shakespeare of the German cultivation-novel." "J. H." is anxious to obtain additional information regarding his hero. American papers please copy. Our Transatlantic cousins know more, I guess, about Sealsfield than the majority of English scholars do.

All that I ken about the "Great National Psychologist," whose name appears neither in Cassell's "Biographical Dictionary," nor in "Celebrities of the Century," nor in the necrology of "Men of the Time," is that his real name was Postel; that he died in 1864, at the age of seventy-one; that he served his novitiate in a monastery; that he frequently visited the United States; that in New York (about 1830) he edited the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, which had been purchased, after the Revolution of July, by the ex-King Joseph Buonaparte. He wrote many novels and books of travels, published in America, in England, and in his native country. Why he changed his name from Postel to Sealsfield, I am not aware of.

Mem.: My correspondent mentions that his hero had intercourse with distinguished English politicians, such as Palmerston, Aberdeen, and Brougham; but I cannot find the name of Sealsfield in the index to the Hon. Evelyn Ashley's "Life and Correspondence of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston." G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

As the hero of the hour, "Buffalo Bill," excites the wonderment of visitors to the American Exhibition by, among other feats, thwacking a huge cowhide-whip, so the Marquis of Salisbury still strives to lash the Commons into legislative activity by stinging flourishes of his oratorical thong. Speaking forcibly at the notable banquet given at the Criterion last Saturday to celebrate the election of Mr. Goschen for St. George's, Hanover-square, the Prime Minister compared the House of Commons to "the treadmill," and went on to say, "You bring up your sons to consider political life as the highest application to which a citizen can devote his powers, and you struggle—Heaven knows how many of you!—to obtain a seat in Parliament, and it is to sit, night after night, week after week, listening to the droning commonplaces of Irish disaffection."

How can this paralysis of Parliament best be arrested? Upon reflection, it may appear to both Lord Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith that mutual concession here and there on the part of the Ministry and the Opposition may prove the best means of accelerating the passing of the Irish Repression of Crime Bill through Committee. Amendments like the one Mr. Courtney declined to put the Closure in force against during the "all-night" sitting of Monday might be accepted without injury to the Bill. But, a considerable majority having again and again approved the principle of the measure, short shrift ought certainly to be given to the host of amendments introduced for the purpose of sheer obstruction. The great national need of the moment is the restoration of the power and efficiency of the House of Commons as a legislative chamber.

We have yet to look to the House of Lords for practical legislation. On Monday, when the Prince of Wales was among the Peers who attended, Earl Cadogan yielded to the requests of Lord Fitzgerald, the Duke of Argyll, and Earl Granville, and postponed till Monday next the Committee on the Irish Land Bill, into which the Government propose to introduce some amendments. The legislator who will rid London of its veil of smoke will be regarded as a metropolitan benefactor. Lord Stratheden and Campbell poses as a sanitary reformer of this kind. The noble Lord brought up his Smoke Nuisance Abatement Bill for second reading on Monday, and found an earnest advocate in the Duke of Westminster, who said that, in consequence of the great growth of the metropolis, the measure proposed to extend the existing Smoke Acts to the police area of London. It may be surmised that nothing was further from his Grace's thoughts than, by the use of the phrase of "police area," to arouse the trepidation of that important personage, the cook. Whether that was the case or not, Earl Granville considerably suggested a Select Committee; and the reply of Lord Salisbury indicated that the suggestion may not altogether end in smoke. On Tuesday, the union of Lord Cranbrook and Earl Spencer for the nonce defeated the motion of the Archbishop of York to hinder the removal of Hems-worth Grammar School—a failure—to Barnsley. Lord Salisbury gently hinted to Lord Forbes that the Government could not prevent anyone from indulging in the luxury of cremation. And thus usefully has the time been spent in the Upper Chamber.

Sir Charles Lewis has not earned the gratitude of the Ministry, if he preserves his own self-esteem. The hon. member's motion on Tuesday week that the printer or publisher of the *Times* should be summoned to the Bar for "breach of privilege" in stating that Mr. Dillon had been guilty of falsehood in denying the allegations of Lord Hartington led to a prolonged debate, and to an unsatisfactory issue. Sir Charles Lewis's motion was on the Thursday negatived by a majority of 79. As an amendment to Mr. W. H. Smith's proposal that the Attorney-General should bring an action for libel against the *Times*, and thus leave it to a jury to decide the innocence or otherwise of the Parnellite members accused of complicity with crime, Mr. Gladstone moved "that an inquiry should be made by a Select Committee into the charge of wilful falsehood, in a speech delivered in that House, brought in an article published in the *Times* against J. Dillon, Esq." It was not until the Friday night that the resolution of Mr. Gladstone was divided upon. It was defeated by a Conservative and Liberal-Unionist majority of 84—317 against 233 votes. On behalf of the Government Sir Richard Webster and the Solicitor-General displayed great forensic ability and ingenuity; and on the Opposition side Mr. Gladstone gave ample reasons for the reference of the grave question to the Select Committee, consenting later to enlarge its scope, so as to virtually try all the Parnellites incriminated in the *Times*' brochure on "Parnellism and Crime." Among other able speeches on the same side, Mr. Bradlaugh's vigorous exposure of Lord Randolph Churchill's inconsistencies was warmly applauded, and will not be forgotten by the noble Lord; and Mr. Dillon avowed his willingness that all the charges brought against him and his colleagues should be submitted to the Committee, adding that the leaders of the Home-Rule party had in their hands clues that they thought would enable them to trace the forgery of the Parnell letter in the *Times*. If that be the case, strong in the support of the 233 members who voted for Mr. Gladstone's Select Committee of inquiry, Mr. Parnell and his followers should have no fear in bringing their case before a legal tribunal.

"We won't go home till morning—and then we won't go home," was, in a manner, the burden of the Irish members, who, rigidly determined to fight what they designate as the "Coercion Bill" inch by inch, indulged in an "all-night" sitting on Monday in Committee on the measure to repress "moonlighting" and lawlessness in Ireland. Not averse to oratorical posing, Mr. Arthur O'Connor at the outset of the sitting sought to cast shame upon Ministers by resigning his seat on certain Royal Commissions on the ground that he was formerly associated with the Land League. And, it may be in parenthesis mentioned that on the following evening Mr. Molloy made capital in the same way. The most noteworthy incident in the "all-night" sitting was the check Mr. W. H. Smith experienced at the hands of the firm and impartial Chairman of Committees. While admitting that some amendments to the first clause of the Crimes Bill were unnecessary, Mr. Leonard Courtney pointed out one or two that deserved consideration, and declined to put the Closure into effect. Day dawned, and still found the House "marking time." The House did not separate, indeed, till ten minutes to six on Tuesday morning; the Speaker having at last been cruelly called from bed to preside while hon. members wrangled over Mr. Bradlaugh's Oaths Bill, the discussion of which was adjourned. When will Reason guide the business and sittings of the House?

It was stated at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society that the issues of the society for the year had been 3,932,678 copies of bibles, testaments, and portions.

Messrs. Caird, of Greenock, launched on Monday a new steamer, the *Victoria*, for the Peninsular and Oriental Company. She is 6600 tons burden, and the largest steamer yet built at Greenock. Her engines are of 7000 effective horse-power. She has been built to Admiralty requirements.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Princess Mary Adelaide opened a bazaar in the Kensington Townhall, on the 5th inst., to raise funds for paying off the debt on the parish-room of St. Mark's, Notting-hill.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, paid a visit to the pleasant suburban village of Sutton, last Saturday, and presented the prizes to the scholars in the Sutton High School, one of the many institutions of the kind which have been established throughout England by the Girls' Public Day School Company. Her Royal Highness also formally opened an extension of the school buildings, including a large and handsome hall, in which the ceremony of Saturday took place. On Tuesday the Princess opened a bazaar, in the Great Hall of King's College, in aid of the King's College Hospital. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne on both occasions.

Princess Christian, on Saturday last, distributed the prizes to the successful competitors in the Oxford Prize Scheme for Needlework at the Townhall, Oxford, and afterwards delivered an admirable address to the students. Ninety-one schools and 1040 children competed, and 328 prizes were awarded.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, accompanied by her daughter Princess Victoria, opened, on Monday afternoon, a bazaar held at the Athenæum, Camden-road, in aid of the proposed mission buildings of St. Michael's Church.

An afternoon concert, conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie, took place at Grosvenor House (by the kind permission of the Duke of Westminster) on Monday. The concert, which was under the special patronage of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Mary Adelaide, was in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Women, Soho-square.

Lord Lytton presided at the Royal Literary Fund dinner last Wednesday week, when subscriptions amounting to upwards of £1000 were announced.

Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, on Tuesday evening, at the Albion Tavern in Aldersgate-street; and the treasurer announced subscriptions amounting in all to £4282.

Mr. G. A. Sala has consented to preside at the forthcoming anniversary festival of the Printers' Pension Corporation.

The Grocers' Company have contributed £2000 to the fund being raised by the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy for the relief of clergymen suffering losses in connection with glebe and tithe. The fund now reaches nearly £29,000.

A meeting of inhabitants of Lambeth was held in the library of Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair, to take measures for carrying out the Public Free Libraries Act in that parish. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of £6773.

On Saturday afternoon, Lady Lethbridge declared open to the public, for purposes of recreation, the ground attached to All Saints' Church, Notting-hill. This ground is about half an acre in extent, and, by permission of the Vicar, Canon Trench, has been laid out as a garden, and seats placed therein by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association.

A private subscription ball will be held next Tuesday, the 17th inst., at the Kensington Townhall, in aid of the Ladies' Charity School, at Powis House, Notting-hill, which is greatly in want of funds.

The anniversary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans, will take place at the Freemasons' Tavern this (Saturday) evening—the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, M.P., in the chair.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to Mile-end on Monday afternoon, where her Royal Highness opened the disused burial-ground of Trinity Church as a public garden, and subsequently a bazaar in aid of the restoration fund of the same church. On behalf of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, the Countess of Lathom opened a playground at Winthrop-street, Whitechapel, on Wednesday; and on the following day Princess Frederica of Hanover opened the disused burial-ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Charing-cross, as a public recreation-ground.

Mr. A. J. Mundella, M.P., presided at a conference of penny-dinner workers, held last Saturday at the School Board Offices, Victoria-embankment. In 1885 the central council for promoting self-supporting penny dinners issued a circular to the managers of all elementary schools in the metropolis, stating that the penny dinners were intended primarily for children attending elementary schools whose parents, although in a position to pay, were unable from various causes to provide them with food sufficiently nourishing, varied, and ample. Among those at the meeting were the Rev. J. Diggle (chairman of the London School Board), Sir Henry Peek, Mr. Bousfield, and Mr. Forbes Clarke (hon. sec.). The chairman, Mr. Diggle, and Mr. Bousfield having addressed the meeting, Sir Henry Peek moved: "That it is desirable to appoint a committee, composed of delegates from the various societies engaged in providing dinners for children, to consider in what way co-operation is feasible, and that the central council for promoting self-supporting penny dinners be requested to take the necessary steps to summon such committee." This was seconded and unanimously agreed to.

Mr. A. R. Capel presided, on the 6th inst., at the annual meeting of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, at Willis's Rooms. The report stated that the applications last year for temporary assistance numbered 653, and 564 grants had been made. Fifteen annuitants had been elected during the year, and six had been appointed to various special foundations. The activity of the home had been well maintained during the past year, 211 having made it their temporary residence. By means of the free registration society in connection with the institution, 769 governesses had obtained situations. The report having been adopted, the election of eight annuitants of £25 was proceeded with. To lessen the disappointment of failure, the board gave £10 to the next five on the poll after the successful candidates.

A notice in the *Gazette* says that the Queen has been graciously pleased to declare that Mabel Emily Louisa Brudenell-Bruce, sister of the present Marquis of Ailesbury, shall enjoy the same title and precedence as if her late father, George John Brudenell-Bruce, had survived his father, the late Marquis, and succeeded to the title.

Mr. George Augustus Sala is no less skilful as a public speaker than he is renowned as a writer. The announcement, accordingly, of a lecture by Mr. Sala on "What I saw in Australia and New Zealand," drew a large and distinguished audience to St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, the address being delivered on behalf of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, in Waterloo Bridge-road. The lecture, to which we hope to be able to refer next week, was under the special patronage of Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Mary, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. We are glad to learn that Mr. Sala's excellent lecture brought a handsome contribution to the funds of an admirable charity.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is very little to record this week concerning the "Play-houses." Indeed, in things theatrical, there is generally a lull between Easter and Whitsuntide; and what with the Jubilee fever and the "boom" of Buffalo Bill at the American Exhibition, and the sensational drama in an unlimited number of acts—or amendments—which has had so prodigious a run at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, Westminster, and threatens to run for nobody knows how many nights longer, the managers of the legitimate temples of the drama are fain for the nonce to take things comparatively easily. Sagely bearing in mind the proverb that tells us that there is nothing so successful as success, the lessees of the establishments of which the prosperity may be said to have passed into a chronic stage are content to leave well alone, and to continue the even and profitable tenour of their way. Thus "Jingle" and "The Bells" cease not to draw crowded houses to the Lyceum; "The Harbour Lights" shine as brilliantly as ever at the Adelphi; the Princess's is "Held by the Enemy," as behind the foot-lights, and held by a host of friendly spectators in the body of the house; "Monte Cristo Junior" is unconsciously growing into "Monte Cristo Senior," so far as longevity is concerned, at the Gaiety; "Lady Clancarty" knows no decrease of her bright attractiveness at the St. James's; at the Globe "The Private Secretary" has resumed a merry existence; at the Vandeville "Sophia" wins every evening an additional number of ardent admirers; and at the Comedy Mr. Beerbohm-Tree finds "The Red Lamp" quite the reverse of a "danger signal." It is a more attractive lamp than the Chinese "arrangement in illumination," painted by Mr. John Sargent, for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. With Mr. Charles Wyndham as David Garrick, at the Criterion; Mr. Toole as the Butler at his own "Tooleeria" in King William-street, Strand—an edifice designed to perpetuate the memory of another "Tooleeria" destroyed by the Paris Communards; Miss Florence St. John as Madame Favart, at the Avenue; and "Dorothy," at the Prince of Wales's, the public have certainly no right to complain of any meagreness in the dramatic bill-of-fare nightly presented to them; while, if their souls thirst for melody of a more exalted kind, they can join the crowds who flock to the National Theatre to hear the strains of the Carl Rosa Company discoursing sweet music in "Mignon," with Mr. Augustus Harris sitting aloft, like a sweet little cherub, to look after the welfare of Old Drury. Musically, too, there is "Ruddigore" to take the ear captive at the electric-lighted Savoy, where, on Saturday evening last, a very charming young American songstress, Miss Geraldine Ulmar, took the part of Rose Maybud, and acted most winsomely, in the place of Miss Leonora Braham, whose speedy recovery from her indisposition will be hoped for by all her admirers.

The talented troupe which is under the management of Messrs. Conway and Farren have opened a campaign at the Strand with Garrick and Colman's good old comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage," a piece avowedly founded on Hogarth's wonderful pictorial drama of "The Marriage à la Mode." Mr. William Farren was of course the Lord Ogleby of "The Clandestine Marriage," and delighted all true critics by the exquisite polish and finish of his impersonation. He was, as a rule, ably seconded; but it is questionable whether the existing generation of playgoers are altogether capable of appreciating the humours of the Garrick-Colman school of comedy.

G. A. S.

The *Magazine of Art* for May opens with some account of the work of one of the younger Associates of the Royal Academy—Mr. Frank Dicksee, and, besides a portrait of the artist, the article is illustrated by engravings of his best-known pictures. The frontispiece, especially, is a beautiful example of this painter's work, and will be hailed with pleasure by all those who remember it in the Royal Academy of 1881. The engraving of his last year's Academy picture is also very successful. Another very interesting paper is "A Glimpse of Artist-Life," which describes the Royal Academy dinner, past and present, and takes us back to the days when Sir Joshua Reynolds entertained, among other distinguished guests, Dr. Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, leaving us to receive Sir Frederick Leighton's gracious bow amid the throng of princes, statesmen, men of science and literature, and dignitaries of the Church, crowding the large gallery at Burlington House. The engraving of Hans Holbein's Christina, Duchess of Milan, is an attractive feature of the magazine, and amongst other interesting articles is a description of that beautiful old Derbyshire mansion, Hardwick Hall, at one time, says tradition, the scene of the imprisonment of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots.

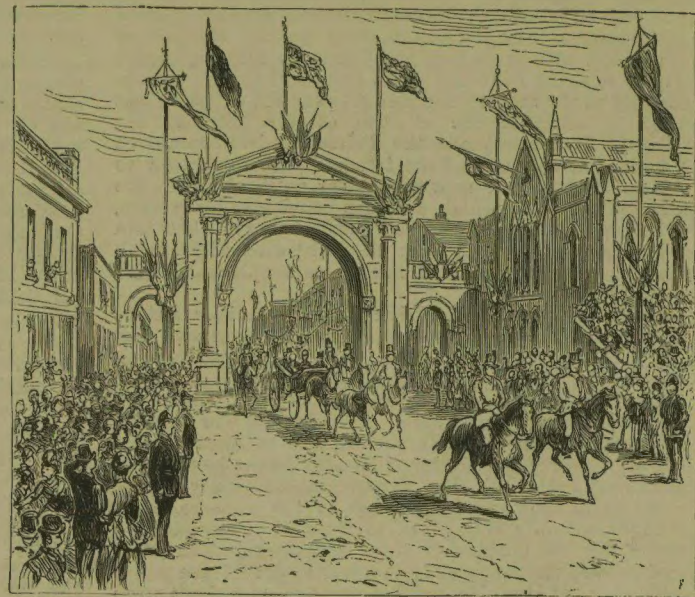
The current number of the *Art Journal* commences with an interesting article on her Majesty's marine painter, Sir Oswald Brierly, with several engravings of the artist's pictures. Sir Oswald Brierly's work is best known to frequenters of the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, to which society he was elected in 1872. At the death of the late Mr. Schetky, in 1874, he was appointed marine painter to her Majesty, and in 1885 he received the honour of knighthood. The continuation of the "Tour of a Foreign Artist and Author in England" carries us across the West of England into Wales, and continues to be charmingly illustrated by M. Myrbach. The conclusion of Mr. Archer's article, "The Drama in Pastiche," illustrated by drawings of Kemble, Kean, Miss O'Neill, and others in character, as represented on cardboard, will be interesting to all playgoers. The frontispiece this month is an engraving of Mr. Macwhirter's beautiful scene in Iona, and will delight all admirers of the great Scotch landscape painter.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* gives some further particulars concerning the Nihilists recently convicted of attempting to kill the Czar. He says:—"Polianovski, one of the condemned Nihilist prisoners, said that he and his accomplices had acted from firm conviction. Up to the present it has always been maintained that all the Nihilist students were youths who had never been able to pass their examinations, or who had never gone through the full course of college or university training. This notion has been rudely upset in the present trial by the fact that one of the condemned men not only finished his education with brilliant success, but carried off the gold medal of his University. Evidence adduced during the trial indicated the existence of four Nihilist or revolutionary head-centres—one in St. Petersburg, one at Vilna, a third either at Kief or Kharkoff, and the fourth in Siberia. One of the condemned Poles from Vilna was also convicted of having contributed large sums of money towards the revolutionary cause. All the accused pleaded guilty, and refused to betray any of their accomplices. The Poles among them declared that they had not acted from any purely Polish point of view, but strictly in the interest of the revolutionary cause in general. The student above mentioned, who took the gold medal of his University, admitted that he had sold the medal in order to provide money for an accomplice to leave Russia. On being asked why he did not go abroad himself, he answered that it was not given to everybody to beat an ignominious retreat."

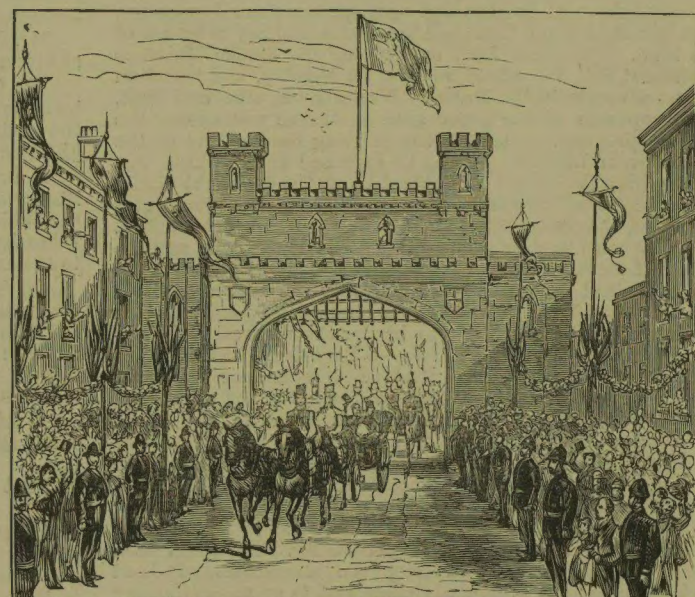
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MANCHESTER.



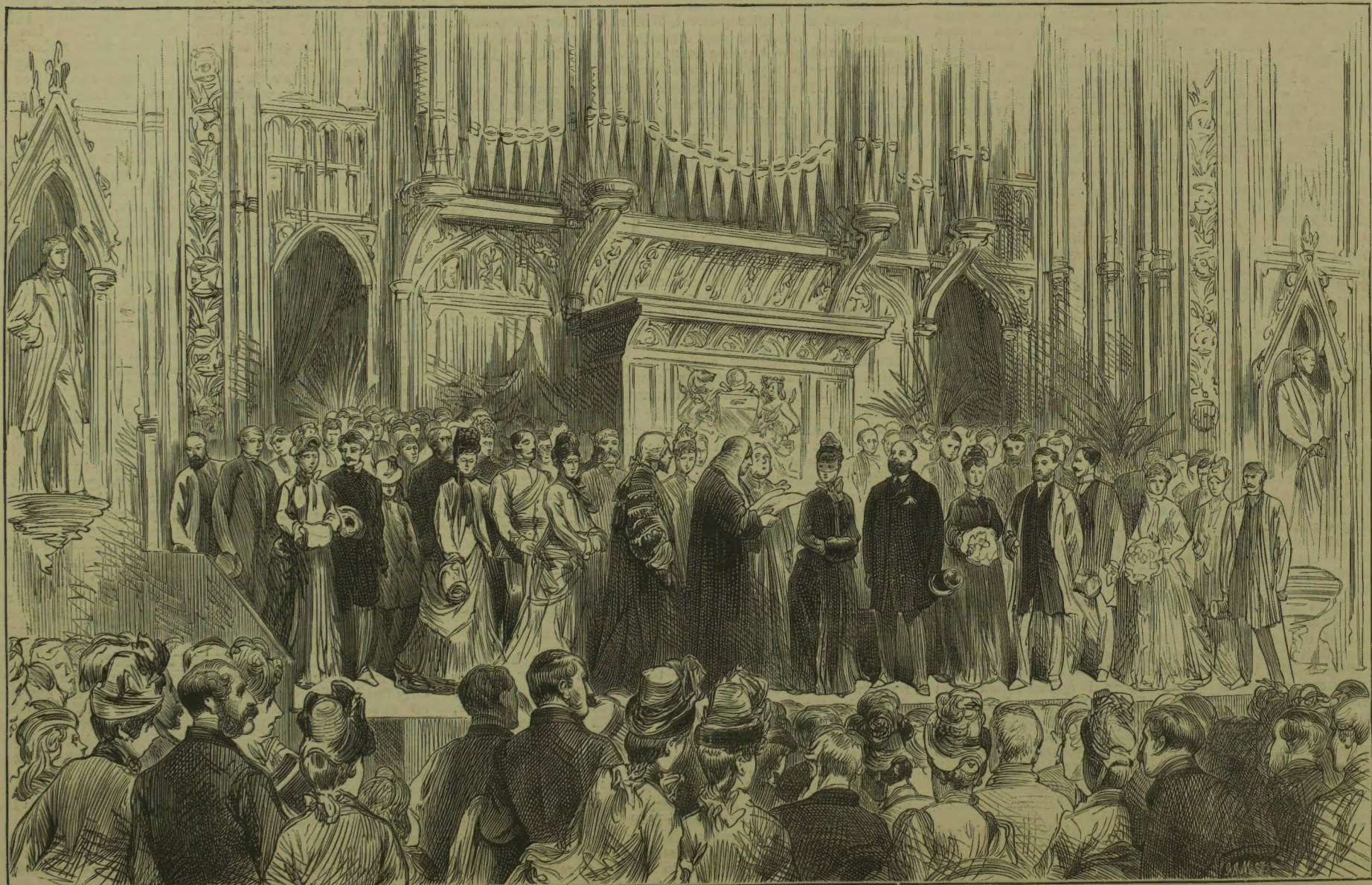
PROCESSION APPROACHING THE TOWNHALL.



ARCH IN OXFORD-ROAD.



ARCH AT ALBERT BRIDGE.
PROCESSION CROSSING FROM SALFORD.



PRESENTING THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION IN THE TOWNHALL.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MANCHESTER: PROCESSION IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

THE COURT.

The Queen and Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle on Sunday morning. The Dean of Llandaff, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated, and the former preached the sermon. Her Majesty drove to the Military Hospital at the Windsor Cavalry Barracks in the afternoon, and made kind inquiries with reference to Corporals Weir and Burrell, who were accidentally injured during the inspection of the Royal Horse Guards last week. On Monday morning her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left Windsor Castle shortly after eleven o'clock for London. Their departure was witnessed by a number of spectators assembled near the Great Western station. On their arrival at Paddington at five minutes to twelve they drove under escort to Buckingham Palace. A large deputation of the Corporation of London presented an address to the Queen, congratulating her upon the fiftieth year of her reign. Her Majesty, who read her reply, said it gave her great satisfaction, in looking back on the past history of her reign, to recall how much its prosperity was owing to the sound sense and good feelings of her subjects, and to the sympathy which had united the Throne and the people. The Queen trusted that cordial sympathy might continue unbroken, and that she would always find, as heretofore, the ancient and illustrious Corporation, in common with all her faithful subjects, zealous in every public and private effort to promote the happiness and welfare of the realm. The Maharajah and Maharanee of Kuch Behar arrived at Buckingham Palace in the afternoon. The Maharajah was presented to the Queen by Viscount Cross, G.C.B., Secretary of State for India, and the Maharanee by Viscountess Cross, C.I. The Maharaj Sir Pertab Singh, K.C.S.I., who arrived at the same time, and Thakore Hurgji Singh, in attendance upon him, were afterwards presented to the Queen. Subsequently her Majesty drove out and visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace, arriving at the palace shortly after six o'clock in a closed carriage, attended by mounted equestrians. Her Majesty remained with the Duchess half an hour, and then returned to Buckingham Palace. The Royal dinner party included the Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise and Victoria of Wales. On Tuesday her Majesty held the third Drawingroom of the season, the following Royal personages being present:—The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark; Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princess Victoria and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein; and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. On Wednesday the Queen went to Westminster Abbey and inspected the preparations being made for the special service at the Jubilee celebration on June 21; then saw a private performance of "The Wild West," at the American Exhibition; subsequently returning to Windsor Castle. On Saturday (to-day) the Sovereign will pass, by a long route, from Paddington to Whitechapel, to open there the People's Palace for East London. It is understood that the following members of the Royal family will be present at the ceremony:—The Prince and Princess of Wales with their three daughters, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Cambridge. Her Majesty is to arrive at Mile-end at five o'clock. Her Majesty's first State ball is fixed to take place on Tuesday, the 17th inst., and the first State concert is fixed for Friday, June 3.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Marlborough House on Wednesday afternoon, last week, from visiting Lord and Lady Egerton at Tatton Park. Lady Suffolk, Colonel Teesdale, and Sir F. Knollys were in attendance. The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Teesdale, dined with Sir James F. Stephen (the treasurer) and the Benchers of the Inner Temple in the evening. The Crown Prince of Denmark, accompanied by Baron Axel Blixen Finecke, arrived at Marlborough House on Thursday morning, on a visit to the Prince and Princess. The Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène visited the Prince and Princess, and the Crown Prince of Denmark and remained to luncheon. Their Royal Highnesses visited "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Show at Earl's Court, Brompton, in the afternoon. The Prince and Princess and the Crown Prince of Denmark visited the Haymarket Theatre in the evening to witness the performance of "Man and Wife." Yesterday week the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, left Marlborough House on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle, returning on Saturday morning. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by her three daughters and the Crown Prince of Denmark, witnessed the performance of "Monte Cristo, Jr.," at the Gaiety Theatre in the evening. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess and their three daughters, and the Crown Prince of Denmark, were present at Divine service. The Prince went to the House of Lords on Monday afternoon. The Crown Prince of Denmark visited the Loan Exhibition of the works of Sir Oswald Brierly at the Pall-mall Gallery. The Prince and the Crown Prince of Denmark visited the Lyceum Theatre in the evening to witness the performance of "The Bells" and "Jingle." The Comtesse and the Comte d'Eu visited the Prince and Princess on Tuesday. The Prince and Princess have sent messages to the Mayors of Manchester and Salford thanking the inhabitants for the loyal and hearty welcome which was accorded to them on their recent visit.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, with her daughters, has arrived from Malta at Coburg, where her Royal Highness intends to stay some time.

At the annual business meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, held on Monday at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Huddersfield, was chosen president for next year.

Her Majesty's Government have awarded silver shipwreck medals to the following persons who formed the crew of the French life-boat of St. Valéry-en-Caux, which put out on the 13th ult., under circumstances of difficulty and danger, to the rescue of two boats, containing thirty-nine persons, belonging to the British steamer Victoria, wrecked near Cape D'Ailly:—Ernest Isidore Cantrelle, Jean Baptiste Quesnel, Jean Edmond Lefèvre, Gustave Eugène Prieux, François Alexandre Cousin, Philippe Joseph Pierre Neven, Alexis Pierre Barbey, Auguste Vincent Levillain, Pierre Louis Bois, Pierre Louis Douville, Honoré Pierre Burel, Joseph Kergenon, and Jean Ernest Vallin.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club sailing matches on the Thames will take place on June 1, starting, as usual, from the Lower Hope; for yachts belonging to the Royal Thames Yacht Club exceeding a rating of eighteen tons, round the Mouse Lightship and back to Gravesend, for prizes to amount to £165; a match round the West Oaze buoy and back to Gravesend, open to all yachts belonging to any Royal and recognised yacht club, the prizes to amount to £135; on June 4 the Channel match from the Nore to Dover, open to any yachts over eighteen tons rating belonging to any recognised yacht club in the United Kingdom, or the New York or Havre Yacht Clubs, to be sailed in cruising trim, the prizes to amount to £160.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

On Monday afternoon the Lord Mayor and Corporation attended in State at Buckingham Palace, and presented the Queen-Empress a dutiful address upon her year of Jubilee.

By unanimous resolution the Court of Common Council have decided to hold a Jubilee thanksgiving service in St. Paul's Cathedral on June 19 (Hospital Sunday), when the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs will attend in State.

The Treasurer of the Middle Temple, the Prince of Wales, has appointed Wednesday, June 15, for Grand Day in Trinity Term, when his Royal Highness will preside at the banquet to be given in celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have resolved to show their loyalty to the Queen on the occasion of the Jubilee, and requested a committee to consider whether an address should be presented or something be done for the amusement of the public in the open spaces on that day.

The Lord Mayor has received £200 from Mr. Henry S. King, C.I.E., M.P., for the Imperial Institute; and among other sums received for the Mansion House fund are—from Messrs. Matthew Clark and Son, £26 5s.; the Ironmongers' Company, £105; Mr. Alderman Evans, £26 5s.; Mr. W. D. Warden, £21; and Messrs. Nelson Brothers (Limited), £52 10s.

The sum of £6545 has been subscribed for the erection of the Victoria Hospital for Chest Diseases in Dublin, in commemoration of the Jubilee. Sir Edward Guinness heads the list with £5000.

In addition to a recent donation of £1000, Sir Edward Guinness has sent a special subscription of £500 to the fund being raised in honour of the Queen's approaching visit to the People's Palace for East London.

It is stated that Lord Ardilaun, in commemoration of the Jubilee, has decided to present a considerable area of house property in south-west Dublin—a poor and crowded district of the city—to be converted into a people's park.

A Cork correspondent states that Lady Arnott, who has been interesting herself in reference to the Queen's Jubilee, has announced her intention of giving 1500 pairs of blankets and 500 quilts to the poor as a Jubilee offering for next winter.

The Mayor of Carlisle will entertain between 9000 and 10,000 Sunday scholars on the race-course at Carlisle on the Jubilee day.

The inhabitants of Thame, in Oxfordshire, as a Jubilee memorial, have resolved to build a new townhall on the site of the old one, which has been sold by the Hon. Mr. Bertie for £100. The sum of £1405 has been collected.

The Glasgow Town Council have resolved to hold a celebration of the Jubilee on June 16, which arrangement will allow the Glasgow deputations to attend the Edinburgh celebration on the next day and the London celebration in the following week. There will be religious services in the Glasgow Cathedral, and the poor of Glasgow will receive a free dinner. A military review will be held on Glasgow-green, and an official banquet and reception in St. Andrew's Hall.

Several sums of money have recently been received by the treasurer of the Women's Jubilee Offering.

An orchestral service, with a chorus of 170 voices and a band of sixty instrumentalists, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee will be held in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, on the afternoon of June 20. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and a festival "Te Deum," composed by Dr. A. H. Mann, the organist of the college, will be sung.

The suggestion that on the night of the Queen's Jubilee day bonfires should be lighted upon all the old beacon hills throughout the whole length of England from Sussex to Cumberland, is receiving support in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire. The Furness beacon hills will be illuminated, similar arrangements have been made for Black Comb, Muncaster Fell, Workington Hill, Brampton Mote, and Spade Adam, in Cumberland; and probably other places, including Skiddaw, will follow suit.

The committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club have decided that the Royal Mail steamer Norham Castle, 4000 tons, shall accompany the Jubilee Yacht Race round the United Kingdom. The race, as announced, starts on June 14.

By the instructions of the Admiralty, arrangements are being made at Portsmouth for the accommodation of some 4000 distinguished visitors at the forthcoming naval review at Spithead in honour of the Royal Jubilee, the Indian troop-ships Serapis, Jumna, Crocodile, and Euphrates, as well as the Humber, Orontes, and Tamar, having been selected for this purpose. The first four are to be set apart for the use of the Lords, Commons, and the representatives of foreign Governments, and are each to convey 700 persons. The three last are to be devoted to the spectators other than those mentioned, and are each to be made ready for the reception of 500 guests. The Queen will witness the review either from the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert or the Alberta, most probably the former, and the Prince of Wales will be on board the Osborne. His Royal Highness is expected to join his yacht some two or three days before July 23, and will live on board during the Goodwood week, which commences on the 26th. The Duke of Edinburgh will rejoin his squadron in the Mediterranean a few weeks before the review, and will therefore be unable to attend the demonstration. It has been decided that 108 vessels of all classes shall take part in the review. The London Brigade of Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers are to be invited to join in the day's proceedings, and in the succeeding operations in the English Channel. The brigade will also have permission to take part in a Volunteer review, including a grand march past, to be held in London, in connection with the Jubilee celebrations.

A Reuter's telegram from Teheran says that the Jubilee falling in the hot season the event was celebrated there on Friday, instead of on June 21. A splendid entertainment, followed by illuminations, was given at the British Legation. Among the distinguished guests were Mulkara, Abbas Mirza, eldest brother, and Izzed Dowleh, third brother of the Shah, all the Persian Ministers, the chief nobles, and the representatives of the Foreign Powers. The company also comprised most of the European residents in Teheran.

A telegram from Melbourne says that, besides Lady Loch and Lady Carrington, the wives of the Governors of the other Australasian colonies are organising a Queen's Jubilee fund.

The lowest tender sent in to the Manchester Corporation for the completion of the works in connection with the Thirlmere Water Scheme was from Messrs. Morrison and Mason, of Glasgow, who offered to do the work for £129,973, and their tender has been accepted.

A number of colonial delegates and delegates from provincial Chambers of Commerce met at the Mansion House, under the auspices of the London Chamber of Commerce, on Monday, when Mr. Baden-Powell, M.P., gave an address on the commercial relations of the British Empire. The gathering was also addressed by Lord Carnarvon and several colonial delegates.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

If "well begun is half done," as our nurses used to tell us in our childhood, then the American Exhibition is half assured of success, so far as "The Wild West" Show is concerned. The vast amphitheatre of seats surrounding, gallery-fashion, the enormous tan-covered area, was completely filled on Monday, at the opening performance; probably twenty thousand persons were present. The London-American colony mustered strongly, and the "American language" was to be heard, spoken with native fluency and inflection, on all sides.

Lady Randolph Churchill has become one of us, but her charming Ladyship never forgets the land of her birth, and the box of honour was very suitably assigned to her at the opening ceremony of the American Exhibition. Lady Randolph's slight, elegant figure, and vivacious, unaffected countenance, are always pleasant to behold; but I hope I may be forgiven for saying that on this occasion she had not chosen her colours well. Being a pronounced brunette, she should eschew the tint sacred to blondes, but blue of the bluest was her entire costume on this occasion. The gown was in tailor-made style, the material being a blue cloth, patterned all over in a sort of Greek key design with narrow threads of white. The bodice was made with a series of folds from neck to bust, and thence fastened by straps of the material crossing over to the left side, meeting others coming from under the arm, and joining with pretty jet and gold clasps, which also trimmed the cuffs. Lady Randolph's bonnet was a capote of dark blue coarse straw, trimmed with a high bunch of cornflowers; and she wore a blue tulle veil. In the same box was Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, in a charming gown of dove-coloured cashmere, with a folded pink ribbon, just showing, by way of tucker. Lady Sarah's dress was severely plain, the fastening of the bodice in this gown being concealed somewhere down the side, in the way which is the highest art of the dress-maker at the moment; and the trimming being only a few knots of grey cord near the throat. Later on, Lady Sarah assumed an elegant little covert coat of the lightest grey cloth, with collar, revers, cuffs, and tailpieces all of red-brown velvet, heavily beaded; while her hat was a tall one of grey straw, trimmed at the back and top with feathers and ribbon.

Mrs. Ronalds was another well-known Anglo-American present. She wore a high green velvet bonnet, trimmed at the back with large pink magnolia flowers; and a black velvet mantle braided with gold to form cuffs, epaulettes, and other adornments. Madame Antoinette Sterling (who was born an American) was present in a long green velvet mantle, with sides and waistcoat of black moiré, and a black lace hat with green ribbon velvet bows. Mrs. Brown-Potter, superbly unaffected by the impending withdrawal from the Haymarket stage of "Man and Wife," was dressed completely in black, relieved only by a bow of heliotrope ribbon at the throat; she wore a black jetted grenadine and velvet cape, and a tall transparent hat covered with loose-looking fold above fold of black lace, and not otherwise trimmed. A pretty dress worn by a young American in Mrs. Brown-Potter's box was of Ophelia heliotrope soft silk, made with a loose "Garibaldi" bodice, with a quantity of real white lace gathered so as to fall downwards over the collar, and with long trails of heliotrope ribbon hanging from the throat to the feet; over this was worn a tan-coloured covert coat, the back fitting close, the front loose and falling open from a single button high on the breast.

Viscountess Sherbrooke, in a sage-green plush and cashmere gown and mantle, and a bonnet of iridescent beads trimmed with bows of green plush and satin ribbon, was piloting her lord through a crowd which it was surprising he should think it worth while to encounter. Lady "Charlie" Beresford had a lovely costume of black silk with heliotrope panel and waistcoat edged with passementerie in many shades of heliotrope beads. In Mr. Wyndham's box was the majestic and striking figure of Lady Wilde, in a light grey satin and broché trained gown, with many great gold brooches about the bosom, a chapeau all grey plumes, with the relief of one pink feather, and a plentiful veil of grey gossamer; Mr. Oscar Wilde being his mother's escort. Mrs. John Wood was in Mr. Toole's box, and was very soberly dressed in a black brocaded silk gown, black velvet mantle, with jet trimmings, and black and white cheek straw bonnet, trimmed only with high bows of black velvet and white ribbon, and white ribbon strings. More plain still was Miss Ellen Terry, in a blue-and-white plaid cotton gown, under a brown ulster, and worn with a little brown plush hat. Mrs. Weldon, however, made even black robes conspicuous; her straight-down coat of black surah being hardly less wonderful than her infantile "granny" bonnet of black lace, with alternate white and black ribbon loops along inside the brim.

It will be seen that the opening day of the American Exhibition attracted such a gathering as is commonly spoken of as "everybody being there." The whole performance was received with high favour, except one item, when an unfortunate cow (described in the programme as a "wild bull") was lassoed, and tied around the body, and dragged by a rope which passed between the hind legs, in a manner that is probably very mild as compared to the realisms of the prairies of the Wild West, but that the British public (to its credit) declined to consider amusing. The girls who shoot and the girls who ride are extremely skilful. As to the Indians, they are too naturally dreadful! Their yells, their savage gestures, their impassively cruel countenances, their stealthy steps in creeping from ambush, the way in which they spread out like a cloud of destruction when they are charging the foe, and vanish when repulsed like a passing typhoon—it all made me understand for the first time why they have ever been regarded with such horror when they have been engaged in warfare with civilised whites, and how it was that the employment of Indians by the Government of George III. to fight against the American rebels was considered an act so infamous as to be in effect a main cause of the stern resolution with which the youthful States fought on till they achieved their independence.

The young women employed in the Telegraph Service have held a meeting, this week, to prepare an appeal to the Postmaster-General for an improvement in their position. Their case seems to be so strong that, probably, their petition will be acceded to forthwith. They complain that they have considerably lower wages than the female clerks in the Post-Office Savings Banks department, while the telegraphists' duties are more difficult and more apt to injure the health, and while their hours are longer, than those of their more fortunate sister clerks. In their complaint about their holidays, there is a singular illustration of the difficulty which gentlemen only too often find in realising that women are creatures of mortal mould, with "eyes, hands," &c. (see Shylock for the rest), and, therefore, having need of pay for and rest from labour. The weaker sex, indeed, must surely need most rest. But, positively, the fact is that the rules of the department give all the male telegraph clerks three weeks holiday annually, while the great majority of the female telegraph clerks, doing precisely similar work to that which is done by the men, though for far less money, are only allowed a fortnight's respite in the year! How can this glaring, almost ludicrous, inequality be defended?—F. F. M.

MUSIC.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The opening of the new season at Drury-Lane Theatre—duly recorded last week—was speedily followed by the production of Mr. F. Corder's new opera, "Nordisa." This work was written and composed specially for Mr. Rosa's company, and was first brought out at his Liverpool theatre last January. The book (by the composer) is founded on an old French melodrama, "La Bergère des Alpes," with a change of locality from Switzerland to Norway. Minna, daughter of Baroness Nyman, and Nordisa, the child of Minna's nurse, are foster-sisters, who have been changed in infancy. The Baroness's daughter has been betrothed to the nephew of the former, Count Oscar Lydal; who, however, has become enamoured of the humbler Nordisa, the latter having captivated the Count, who follows her to the mountains, where she has charge of the village cattle. The period is winter—a sudden storm rises, an avalanche falls, and, without injuring the pair, shuts them off from all communication with the outer world. This ends the second act: a considerable period elapsing between this and the closing portion of the opera, in which we find Oscar—who has escaped from his perilous position—about, reluctantly, to fulfil his oath to marry his cousin, Minna; she being, also, averse to the match, having a previous attachment to Lieutenant Frederick Hansen. Nordisa, owing to her involuntary absence with Oscar, has become the object of village scandal, and of general suspicion. Brand, an old soldier, now appears, and claims Minna as his daughter, producing, in proof, the written confession of his wife, now deceased, establishing the fact of the girls having been changed at nurse. All is now satisfactorily arranged, the lovers are united according to their choice, and yet fulfil the contract previously entered into. The piece is somewhat on the lines of the old-fashioned melodrama, and some of the dialogue offers instances of platitudes and colloquialisms strangely out of keeping with the surrounding tone of the romantic and heroic.

With regard to the music, Mr. Corder disclaims any pretensions for it to rank as grand opera, aiming only at the conditions of the German "Singspiel," or romantic light opera, "such as Wagner recommended all beginners to write." Viewed from this standpoint, "Nordisa" must be pronounced a fair musical success, and one which promises better results from its composer's future dramatic essays. The music is throughout bright and tuneful, the orchestral writing is varied and picturesque, and some of the concerted effects are skilfully wrought. In one or two instances a little condensation might be advantageously exercised.

The opera is preceded by an overture, in which there is some foreshadowing of passages belonging to the following stage action. In the first act we may specify the bright and well-contrasted opening chorus; Minna's characteristic Norwegian "Cradle-song"; the very striking "Halling" dance (with chorus), and the concerted finale for soloists and chorus, forming a good climax to the act.

The second act is introduced by a pleasing orchestral movement, in pastoral style, leading to a melodious song for a shepherd boy. Nordisa's soliloquy, when left in her remote mountain solitude, contains some good declamatory passages, the following love-duet for her and Oscar being very effective, albeit somewhat over-prolonged. Some characteristic orchestral writing accompanies the storm and the fall of the avalanche, the closing strains including some phrases of the devotional hymn heard in the finale to the previous act.

Some jubilant choral music—hailing the return of Spring and the approaching wedding of Oscar and Minna—opens the second act, and is followed by a volatile song, "Take the world in the mass," for the latter character, and a short duet for her and Frederick; his sentimental ballad, "I reared a castle," having been one of the principal successes of the evening. Some effective declamatory passages for the lovers and the Baroness follow in the scene of the arrival of Brand, and his explanation of the real position of the two young ladies; choral rejoicings at the happy turn of affairs forming a bright climax to the opera. Mr. Corder has imparted some degree of local colour to his music by the use of actual Norwegian melodies—in the "Cradle-song" and the "Halling" in the first act, and Nordisa's "Cattle-call" in the second act.

The performance was generally excellent. Madame Georgina Burns as Minna, and Madame Julia Gaylord as Nordisa, sang brilliantly in the brighter portions of their music, and with true fervour in the declamatory and impassioned passages. Miss J. Dickerson was impressive as the Baroness, and Miss Vadini gave the shepherd boy's song with unaffected expression. Mr. B. McGuckin was a thoroughly efficient representative of Oscar, both as an actor and a vocalist; and Mr. J. Sauvage was satisfactory as Lieutenant Hansen. Mr. M. Eugene gave Brand's music with due sentimentality, and did not underdo the appearance of the broken-down veteran; Mr. H. Pope as the village Pastor, Mr. A. Cook as the inn-keeper Halvor, and Miss K. Drew as his wife, having, in their respective degrees, contributed to the completeness of the cast. The orchestral and choral details were throughout well realised, and the performance was ably conducted by Mr. Goossens.

The opera is mounted with that excellence, as to scenery and costumes, to which the public has long been accustomed at Drury-Lane Theatre under the skilful stage management of Mr. Augustus Harris. The avalanche at the end of the second act is a startling melodramatic sensation. "Nordisa" will probably prove as successful in London as it has already been in Liverpool.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson's season at Covent-Garden Theatre (which began on March 12) closed last Saturday evening, when he took his benefit. The programme was of a composite kind, having comprised the first act of "La Traviata" (Mlle. Nordica as Violetta), the mad scene from "Lucia" (Mlle. Fohström as the heroine), the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" (Mlle. Dotti and M. Caylus as principals), a scene from "Leila" (with the fine performance of M. Lhéris as Zurga), and the fourth act of "L'Africaine" (with Madame Minnie Hauk as Selika, and other characters by Signori Caylus, De Anna, and De Vaschetti. At the close of the performances, Mr. Mapleson thanked the audience for the support he had received, and expressed a hope to be able, three weeks hence, to resume, at Her Majesty's Theatre, his efforts to establish Italian opera performances at popular prices. The short season just closed has included two important specialties—the production of "Leila," an Italian version of the late Georges Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," and a revival of Gounod's "Mirella," in a condensed shape. Repetitions of Madame Minnie Hauk's fine performance as Carmen have also been notable and attractive features of the season. Signor Logheder has ably fulfilled his onerous duties as chief conductor during the season.

Covent-Garden Theatre is to be reopened on May 24, by Signor Lago, for the regular season of the Royal Italian Opera. His prospectus, just issued, announces the re-engagement of Mesdames Albani, De Cepeda, and Scalchi, Mlle.

Ella Russell (who was so successful here last season), Signori Gayarré, Cotogni, Devoyod, D'Andrade, and others; besides the promise of sixteen new appearances. The names of the new-comers will be more appropriately given when noticing their performances. Signor Bevnigani is to be the conductor, with the occasional co-operation of Mr. Saar; Mr. Carrodus being again the leading and solo violinist. The most celebrated opera of the Russian composer, Glinka, is to be produced in an Italian version, entitled "La Vita per lo Czar," and Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" is to be revived.

A concert, in honour of the Jubilee, is to be given by artists of the company at the Royal Albert Hall, on June 25.

The fourth concert of the present season of the Philharmonic Society took place last week, when the programme included the symphony in F by the late Hermann Goetz, whose opera, "The Taming of the Shrew," was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1878. The symphony, which was given for the first time at the Philharmonic Concerts, has already been noticed in reference to its previous performances at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. The motto, from Schiller, prefixed to the score, would seem to imply a metaphysical purpose; but whether this be so or not, the work, as abstract music, is full of interest, and again proved highly effective in its fine performance by the Philharmonic orchestra, conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Another characteristic work given at last week's Philharmonic concert was Anton Dvorák's dramatic overture, entitled "Husitzka," originally produced at one of the Society's concerts in 1884. It is of a national character, reflective of the contest of the Hussites, and including one of the old hymn-tunes of that sect—together a stirring piece of orchestral writing. A specialty at the concert referred to was Herr Schönberger's effective performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor. Wagner's "Walkürenritt" concluded the programme, which also comprised vocal pieces expressively rendered by Madame Patey.

The summer musical season at the Crystal Palace was inaugurated last Saturday afternoon by a grand performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," which was given with an orchestral and choral force similar in magnitude to that employed at the triennial Handel Festivals here, between three and four thousand executants having been assembled. The great merits of the cantata have more than once been commented on—in reference to its first hearing at last year's Leeds Festival, and its subsequent repetitions elsewhere. Nothing, therefore, need now be said as to a composition which has found wide acceptance in various quarters. In Saturday's performance, three of the principal vocalists—Mesdames Albani and Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd—were the same as before; the music of Lucifer having been impressively sung (for the first time) by Signor Foli. The grander portions of the work—including the prologue, the evening hymn, and the epilogue—derived special effect from the vast forces employed. The cantata—ably conducted by Mr. Manns—was enthusiastically received; as was the composer.

The second Richter concert of the new series took place at St. James's Hall on Monday, when the selection included the first performance in England of the prelude to "Merlin," a new opera by Herr Goldmark. The orchestral introduction is replete with strong (not to say violent) contrasts, an excessive use of chromatic progressions, and other signs of a reflection of the style of Wagner. The prelude may possibly have an interest and significance when associated with the opera to which it belongs, but is devoid of both when heard independently. The other orchestral music on Monday evening consisted of Beethoven's majestic overture "Weihe des Hauses"; the intermezzo "On the Waters," from Dr. Mackenzie's "Jason"; and Berlioz's great symphony "Harold en Italie," the viola obbligato in this having been skilfully played by Mr. Krause. The only vocal piece was Wotan's great scena from Wagner's "Die Walküre," well declaimed by Mr. Santley.

Mr. Charles Hallé has announced a series of chamber music concerts to be given in St. James's Hall on Friday afternoons, assisted by Madame Norman-Néruda, Herr L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Herr Franz Néruda. The programme consists, as before, of the most remarkable works, classical and modern, in chamber music, and every programme will be varied by the introduction of two songs by eminent vocalists. The first was given on Friday (yesterday), when Signor Piatti appeared and Mr. Edward Lloyd sang. Signor Piatti will appear also next Friday and on June 3.

Under the title of "London Saturday Evening Concerts," three performances, directed by Mr. Collinson, are announced to take place at St. James's Hall, beginning this week. The programme contains the names of some eminent vocalists and instrumentalists.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society will hold their fourth and last subscription concert of the season at the Highbury Athenæum next Monday, when Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" will be performed. The programme will also include Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night."

JUBILEE NUMBER

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE Proprietors of the "Illustrated London News" have obtained Her Majesty's gracious permission to reproduce Angell's famous full-length State Portrait of the Queen, painted last year, and now at Buckingham Palace. This beautiful picture will be presented with the JUBILEE NUMBER of the "Illustrated London News," to be published in June. The Jubilee Memorial will include a carefully-written

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OUR SUMMER NUMBER,

READY NEXT MONDAY, MAY 16,

contains a Tale of powerful interest, entitled, "To Call Her Mine," written expressly for this Summer Number by Mr. Walter Besant, profusely Illustrated by Messrs. A. Forestier and G. Montbard.

Two Coloured Pictures, "Butterflies," by J. M. Bowkett, and "Honeysuckles," by B. Anderson, are presented Gratis.

This Holiday Number, consisting of Two Sheets and a Half and Two Coloured Pictures, is inclosed in a Handsome Wrapper. Price One Shilling. By Inland Parcel Post, Threepence extra.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON.

Her Majesty the Queen, on this day (Saturday), accompanied by several of her sons and daughters, visits the East of London, to perform the ceremonies of opening the "Queen's Hall" of the "People's Palace," and laying the first stone of the Technical Schools.

The "Queen's Hall," of which we give an Illustration on page 562 of this week's publication, is the only part of the "People's Palace" buildings yet constructed. The interior decorations of the hall, which is said to be the finest apartment of its class in London, have been completed; and the twenty-three statues of celebrated Queens, beginning with Queen Esther and ending with Queen Victoria, have been placed in the side galleries.

The Queen's Hall building, which is of brick, entered from Mile-end-road, has no external beauty, as it is intended to be surrounded by other buildings. The interior, however, will have a fine effect, and does credit to the architect, Mr. E. R. Robson. It is 130 ft. long, 75 ft. wide, and lofty; its dimensions are nearly those of St. James's Hall in Piccadilly, and it will comfortably accommodate a sitting audience of two thousand. A broad gallery extends along each of the two long sides; at the upper end is an apse, in which the organ will stand, with the orchestra. The good architectural proportions of this hall are rendered still more pleasing by the refined colouring of its surfaces, light blue and pink, with gold on buff stone-colour, predominating; and by the rich and tasteful decorations. The Italian coffered ceiling is adorned with beautiful stained glass, set in an oval frame, representing the Royal arms and monograms, and those of the Prince of Wales, with the escutcheons of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and Canada, Australia, and the Star of India. The side galleries have their fronts curved into bays, supported by caryatides, with gilded diaper ornamentation covering the front. At the back of these galleries, in niches between Corinthian columns, are the twenty-three statues of famous Queens; the sculptor of all these is Mr. Francis Verheyden; the material is Roman carton, which is used in the interior sculpture of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris. The organ, which is a gift from Mr. J. Dyer Edwardes, has not yet been placed in position; over the apse are blazoned the Royal arms. This magnificent hall will be used for concerts and other entertainments, or assemblies, but will be open to the people daily. Adjacent to it will be a large Rotunda, the entrance vestibule, free to everybody at all hours; and, behind the Queen's Hall, the Library and Reading-room. For some months, however, the Queen's Hall will be occupied in connection with the East London Industries Jubilee Exhibition, for which an extensive iron structure has been erected on the west side of the Queen's Hall, the site eventually to be occupied by the swimming-baths for which Lord Rosebery has generously provided. This Exhibition will be opened on the 25th inst., and is intended to illustrate all the principal industries carried on in East London. It is under management distinct from that of the Beaumont scheme, though many members of its executive committee are also Beaumont trustees, and the two sets of directors are working harmoniously for mutual benefit. One object of the Exhibition Committee is to provide during the coming summer "a place of healthy recreation and popular resort." The Queen's Hall will be used for good popular concerts in connection with the Exhibition, so that Exhibition visitors will have opportunity this summer of seeing this first instalment of the People's Palace. Concerts will be held in it every Saturday evening, and, so far as may be found practicable, on other evenings; to these concerts the Exhibition entrance charge, of sixpence on Wednesdays and threepence on other days, will give admission.

Sir Edmund Hay Currie, in a letter that appeared in the Times on Wednesday, expressed the earnest hope of the Beaumont trustees that, before Saturday, contributions would be made sufficient to complete the £100,000, the land and buildings fund, for the People's Palace. The effort made since the resolution of the influential meeting held on the 18th ult., over which Lord Rosebery presided, had raised, up to Wednesday last, between £6000 and £7000 of the £25,000 then required, leaving nearly £19,000 still deficient, for the cost of the site and buildings. The People's Palace is to comprise a large well-found reference library, with comfortable reading-rooms, large and small; rooms for social gatherings and indoor games, and for meetings of provident and other local associations; a covered winter-garden and promenade; an open-air recreation ground and garden; swimming-baths and gymnasiums, for both sexes; schools of cookery, schools of dress-making, and other means of recreation and instruction. The Technical Schools, for the sound practical and theoretical teaching of the handicrafts and industries of the East-End, owe their foundation to a promised grant of £20,000 by the Drapers' Company of London.

Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by the suite, leave Windsor Castle shortly after three o'clock, and travel by special Great Western train to Paddington, which will be reached before four o'clock; thence they drive to the Palace. Colonel Maude, the Crown Equerry, assisted by Mr. Norton, Superintendent of the Buckingham Palace mews, has arranged the details of the procession. The route, which is about eight miles in length, will be kept by the Metropolitan Police, under Sir Charles Warren, and by the City of London Police. The Queen's cortège will consist of about six carriages, and will be escorted by a detachment of light cavalry to Mile-end, where the Royal party arrive about a quarter past five o'clock. A guard of honour of the Grenadier Guards will be mounted in the forecourt, and detachments of the 1st Middlesex and 2nd Tower Hamlets Volunteers parade at the building. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, precede the Queen to Mile-end, and Prince and Princess Christian are expected to come from Cumberland Lodge to attend the ceremony. It will be witnessed by a large assemblage of spectators, arrangements having been made for the admission of four thousand ticket-holders to the hall and grounds. The Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg at the close of their visit leave the People's Palace for Paddington, whence they return to Windsor Castle.

A resolution was adopted at the annual meeting of Convocation of the University of London in favour of establishing a London Local Examination.

H.M. new composite sloop Buzzard was successfully launched from the building slips at Sheerness Dockyard on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of thousands of spectators. Lady Molyneux performed the christening ceremony.

Last week 2597 births and 1531 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 251, and the deaths 129, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 90 from measles, 19 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 73 from whooping-cough, 5 from enteric fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths; 41 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, and 9 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eleven cases of suicide were registered.



AFTER A STORM.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

At a meeting yesterday week (Sir H. Holland presiding) the draft scheme for the increase of the Australian Squadron was discussed and agreed to. Papers were read by the President on precautions for harbour defences, colonial forces, and other subjects. There was further discussion as to laying a submarine cable between Vancouver and Australia. A proposal to extend the Royal title was unanimously approved by the Colonial delegates, who suggested that the terms of the proclamation of 1858 should be adopted—"Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof." At the close of the Conference an address signed by all the delegates was presented to Sir Henry Holland, declaring their sense of the manner in which he had presided over the Conference, and Sir Henry Holland expressed in reply his pride and gratification at receiving such an address, and his thanks to the delegates for their kindness and courtesy.

On the invitation of the Postmaster-General, a party of Colonial delegates went to Woolwich, and inspected the Government Telegraph Depot there. Subsequently they took a trip down the river in the telegraph-ship Monarch. In the course of speeches at a luncheon, reference was made to the unprotected state of the Thames as compared with the defences of Victoria.

A numerous party of colonial representatives, and other gentlemen and ladies, last Saturday morning left London for Cambridge, on the invitation of Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity. On arriving at Cambridge Station the party drove to Trinity College, where they were received by the Master and conducted round the building. After lunch the visitors were conducted through the grounds at the back of the college, and thence to King's College Chapel, where an organ recital was given. The party returned to London in the evening.

The Conference assembled for its final meeting on Monday, at the Colonial Office, under the presidency of Sir Henry Holland, when the following representatives were present:—

Newfoundland, Sir Robert Thorburn (Premier) and Sir Ambrose Shea; Canada, Sir Alexander Campbell (Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario) and Mr. Sanford Fleming; New South Wales, Sir Patrick Jennings (late Premier), Sir Robert Wilmot, and Sir Saul Samuel (Agent-General); Tasmania, Mr. John Stokell Dadds (late Attorney-General) and Mr. Adye Douglas (Agent-General); Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Jan Hendrik Hofmeyr and Sir Charles Mills (Agent-General); South Australia, Sir John William Downer (Premier) and Sir Arthur Blyth (Agent-General); New Zealand, Sir Francis Dillon Bell (Agent-General) and Sir William Fitzherbert (Speaker of the Legislative Council); Victoria, Sir James Lorimer (Minister of Colonial Defence), Sir Graham Berry (Agent-General), and Mr. James Service (late Premier); Queensland, Sir Samuel Walker Griffith (Premier); Western Australia, Mr. John Forrest (Commissioner of Crown Lands) and Mr. Septimus Burt; Natal, Mr. John Robinson.

The Earl of Onslow (Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies), Mr. Noel Humphreys (Assistant Superintendent of the Statistical Branch of the General Register Office), Mr. J. S. O'Halloran (secretary to the Royal Colonial Institute), Mr. A. H. Loring (secretary to the Imperial Federation League), Captain Clarke, R.E., and Mr. W. A. Baillie-Hamilton (secretary to the Conference) were also present.

Discussion was raised upon the questions whether colonial Governors should be bound to act upon the advice of their Executive Council in cases of granting or withholding pardons, and granting or refusing dissolution, or whether the existing practice should be maintained. The question of securing uniformity of returns for the next census was then considered. Sir A. Shea stated the case of Newfoundland as regards postal communication.

The thanks of the delegates were conveyed by Sir F. Dillon Bell to Mr. W. A. Baillie-Hamilton, private secretary to Sir Henry Holland and Secretary to the Conference, and to Mr. H. W. Just and the Marquis of Carmarthen, assistant secretaries.

Sir S. Griffith then briefly summed up the work of the Conference, and the advantages which had accrued from it, and expressed a confident hope that the results which might be expected in the future to arise from it would tend to strengthen the Empire and draw the Colonies more closely together, both with the Mother Country and each other.

Sir Henry Holland expressed his hearty concurrence in what had been so eloquently said by Sir Samuel Griffith, and declared the Conference closed.

TARANAKI, NEW ZEALAND.

For the information of those who think of settling in New Zealand, we can safely recommend a shilling publication, entitled "Taranaki, the Garden of New Zealand," compiled by Mr. W. Courtney, to be procured at 16, Bishopsgate Within, the office where he is now established, since his recent arrival from that colony, as the authorised emigration agent for Taranaki. Mr. Courtney, during his former sojourn in London upon the same mission, gave lectures at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Sir Charles Dilke, the late Mr. Samuel Morley, and Sir Charles Clifford, ex-Speaker of the New Zealand House of Representatives, and likewise in many provincial towns. He has lived thirty-five years in New Zealand, in different parts both of the South and of the North Island. The advantages of Taranaki, or New Plymouth (on the west coast of the North Island), in respect to climate and soil, are thoroughly well known to all persons acquainted with the affairs of New Zealand; that portion of the colony is certainly, by nature, one of the most attractive and agreeable countries on earth. This pamphlet is chiefly composed of letters from persons of respectability and intelligence who have gone to settle in Taranaki, within the last two years, and who write to their own families and private friends the most satisfactory accounts of the country. As we happen to be in possession of similar private testimony, and as the genuineness and spontaneity of such evidence cannot be doubted, we think Mr. Courtney has acted judiciously in getting permission to print the letters, along with many addressed to himself. A report by Dr. Murray Gibbes, late Coroner at New Plymouth, a medical writer of authority, on the climate and situation, for healthiness, of several districts in Taranaki, claims attention. The regulations for land purchase, the official lists and other statistics of Taranaki, and the monthly order of agricultural and gardening work throughout the year, are serviceable in this publication.

Mr. W. F. Finlayson, of the South-Eastern Circuit, has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple in succession to the late Mr. J. F. Leith, Q.C.

Mr. Justice Kay, sitting in the Chancery Division, yesterday week granted an injunction restraining the directors of the South-Eastern Railway Company from subscribing £1000 or any other sum of the company's funds towards the Imperial Institute. Notice of appeal has been given.

Messrs. Oetmann and Co. have patented an excellent invention in toilet ware. The common fate of ewers of the ordinary kind is to have their handles knocked off; but from this disfigurement and serious injury the new jug is secure. It has four handles, following the shape of the jug, over indentations, and the mouth of the ewer is the shape of a four-leaved shamrock, thus allowing water to be easily poured whichever handle may be grasped. These ewers are elegantly decorated, and are, it is stated, not more costly than the common patterns.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 10.

Home politics begin to-day once more to occupy a large share of attention in the public mind; the Chambers have resumed their work; the Ministry and the Budget Commission are at loggerheads; and, as usual, there is a possibility of a crisis, and a probability of the fall of M. Goblet. Meanwhile, one of the first Bills laid on the table will be a demand of credits for the experimental mobilisation of an army corps at the beginning of next autumn. The corps chosen will, doubtless, be one stationed in the west, so as not to alarm the Germans. But what a perturbation this experiment will cause! Unexpectedly, as if war had really been declared, a telegram will come from Paris ordering the mobilisation of such and such an army corps; soldiers of the reserve forces and of the territorial will have at a moment's notice to leave their business; the employés of the postal and telegraph services, the firemen, the *douaniers*, the technical sections of railways, the woods and forest services will have to take part in the mobilisation; the railway service will be interrupted in order to leave the lines free for the transportation of troops; horses and provisions will be requisitioned. In short, during the ten days of the experiment a whole region of France will be upset and assume every aspect of war—except the bloodshed.

There were municipal elections in Paris on Sunday, when Citizen Joffrin, Collectivist Revolutionary, came out at the head of the list. Fifty councillors were elected—to wit, thirty-two Autonomist Radicals, ten Conservatives, three Socialists, and two Moderate Republicans; thirty ballotages will be necessary to complete the number of councillors. Out of 448,000 electors on the lists only 308,000 took the trouble to vote, and out of this latter number, 138,000 voted for the candidates who demand the autonomy of Paris; and, finally, in these 138,000 there are more than 50,000 "possibilistes," "Guesdists," "Blanquistes," and other varieties of Anarchists and practical Socialists. These groups have greatly increased in force, inasmuch as in the year 1884 they numbered only 35,000. The striking feature of these elections is the victory of extreme opinions over moderate Republican opinions. The Revolutionaries, Socialists, and Communards celebrate their triumph noisily, and it would not be surprising if the new Council met with cries of "Vive le Parti Ouvrier!" "Vive la Révolution Sociale!" and then the next step will be marked by the cry "Vive la Commune!"

The reputation of Paris as the cosmopolitan capital of art has suffered greatly by the scandalous manifestations of pseudo-patriotism occasioned by the performance of "Lohengrin" at the Eden Theatre. It is true that the butcher-boys and employés who manifested have been punished by imprisonment; but it nevertheless remains a fact that "Lohengrin" has been virtually prohibited because the manifestations of these butcher-boys might by their repetition have endangered the security of the country.

To console us for this cruel blow a committee of artists has organised an exhibition of the works of J. F. Millet, the painter of French rustic life, the proceeds of the exhibition being destined to pay for the erection of a statue to the memory of the artist at Cherbourg. The Americans have unfortunately carried off the cream of Millet's work, so that the present exhibition will add nothing to his glory, interesting as it is. Another exhibition of great interest is that of the Exposition Internationale on the Rue de Sèze, which contains first-rate work by J. C. Cazin, J. F. Raffaëlli, Albert Besnard, Pokitonow, Liebermann, Kroyer, and by J. MacN. Whistler, who exhibits the "notes," "nocturnes," and "harmonies," and the Venetian etchings already familiar to Londoners.

The Comte d'Hérisson, whose "Journal d'un Interprète en Chine" created such a stir a year ago, has just published "Le Cabinet Noir," a most interesting and curious volume, concerning Louis XVII., Marie Louise, and Napoleon I. Did Louis XVII. escape from the prison of the Temple or not? A whole library of books has been written on this problem. The Comte d'Hérisson has added one more to the number, and it cannot be said that he has solved the enigma, which, for that matter, no longer concerns in any way the destinies of France. An English translation of "Le Cabinet Noir" by Mr. C. H. F. Blackith is being printed for the benefit of Anglo-Saxon amateurs of historical puzzles.

Hyacinthe, the venerable actor of the Palais Royal troupe, died at Asnières yesterday, at the age of seventy-three. Hyacinthe began his career at the age of six at the Théâtre Comte; in 1847 he was engaged at the Palais Royal and since then his monumental nose and grotesque figure have become familiar to many generations of playgoers. T. C.

M. Goblet, in opening an International Exhibition at Havre last Saturday, said that France desired peace to develop her industries, and that she entertained no aggressive ideas.

The Queen Regent of Spain and the Royal family left Madrid on the 5th inst. for Aranjuez, where they will make a stay of several weeks.—In the Chamber of Deputies the first article of the Bill establishing trial by jury has been passed by 209 votes to 50.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies adjourned last Saturday until the 18th inst.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Daily News* describes an exhibition of ecclesiastical art treasures, got together at the Trades Museum in the Austrian capital. The exhibition contains gold and silver and precious stones, old manuscript books with splendid illuminations, embroidered vestments, bronzes, and ivory and wood carvings.

King Oscar opened the Rigsdag on the 5th inst. with a Speech from the Throne, in which he laid special emphasis on the repeal of the duty on corn.

The Empress of Russia has presented General Gresser with 100,000 roubles, and the Czar has given an hereditary pension of 6000 roubles in recognition of the timely arrest of the conspirators implicated in the recent Nihilist plot.

President Cleveland on Friday week gave the Hawaiian Queen a State dinner, the Cabinet, with the Chief Justice, attending. The Queen went to Boston on Saturday last. Earthquake shocks and volcanic eruptions, causing the death of a large number of people, are reported from Western America.

In the Dominion House of Commons on the 5th inst., a strict party division took place on the election of a deputy Speaker. The Government candidate was elected by a majority of forty-four votes.—Sir Charles Tupper, Minister of Finance, laid on the table of the Dominion House of Commons on Monday, the Estimates for the ensuing fiscal year. The total estimated expenditure is 42,322,000 dollars, of which 7,200,000 dollars is on capital account. The sum of 3,700,000 dollars of capital account is for Government railways and canals. The sum of £20,000 is proposed as "Canada's contribution towards the memorial of the Jubilee of the Queen's reign—namely, the Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Nov. 8, 1886) of the Most Noble Charles William, Duke of Leinster, late of Carton, in the county of Kildare, who died on Feb. 10 last, to Gerald, Duke of Leinster, the son, the sole executor, was sealed in London on the 25th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £61,000. The testator gives to his wife, Caroline, Duchess of Leinster, the use, for life, of his residence in Carlton House-terrace, Westminster, or Kilkea Castle, as she may select, with the furniture, pictures, books, plate, and effects; he also gives to her two carriages and four horses, with the horse-furniture. Portions are appointed under settlements to eight of his younger children to whom portions have not already been allotted. All the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son, Gerald, who has succeeded to the Dukedom.

The will (dated June 22, 1883) of Vincent Anthony Eyre, late of Lindley Hall, Leicestershire, who died on March 22 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by Vincent Thomas Eyre, Arthur Eyre, and Ferdinand John Eyre, three of the sons, the executors and trustees, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £459,500, and the value of the personal estate situate abroad amounting to upwards of £23,300. The testator, in exercise of certain powers given to him by settlements, appoints to his children the trust funds comprised in such settlements, and which amount to over £200,000. After making certain bequests to his wife, who died in his lifetime, the testator bequeaths a sum of £10,000 to trustees for the benefit of his daughter Mrs. Norris, for life, and then to her children; and a like sum of £10,000 for the benefit of his daughter Mrs. Pryor, for life, and then to her children. And after bequeathing his furniture, &c., to be held as heirlooms with the Lindley Hall estate, and devising his real estate in New Zealand to his eldest son, Vincent Thomas Eyre, absolutely, and devising his estate at Gilstead, in Essex, to his son Arthur, and providing an annuity for his son Hubert Edward Eyre, the testator directs his executors to retain his residuary personal estate, upon trusts, for payment of one fourth of the income to his son Arthur Eyre, for life, and then to his sons, and to pay one other fourth share of the income to his son Ferdinand John Eyre, for life, and then to his sons. And, after directing that the two remaining fourth shares shall be charged with the said two legacies of £10,000 each to his daughters, the testator directs that the income of the two remaining fourth shares shall be paid to his son Vincent Thomas Eyre, during his life, and then to his sons. Besides the personal property above mentioned, the testator died possessed of large landed estates in the counties of Leicestershire and Essex and in New Zealand.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1883), with three codicils (dated Dec. 11, 1883; Oct. 14, 1885; and March 15, 1887), of Mr. Robert Cocks, late of Wilby House, Ladbroke-terrace, Notting-hill, was proved on the 4th inst. by Stroud Lincoln Cocks, the son, and Robert Macfarlane Cocks and Stroud Lincoln Cocks, the grandsons, the executors. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Cocks, £500, and his wines, liquors, and other consumable household stores; he also gives her his residence, Wilby House, with the furniture and effects, and the yearly sum of £800 for life, or until she shall marry again; his said residence, on the death or marriage again of his wife, No. 6, New Burlington-street, with the trade and other fixtures, and £25,000 New Threes, to his said son; No. 4, Ladbroke-terrace, to his said grandson, Robert Macfarlane Cocks, and £10,000 New Threes, upon trust, for him. He bequeaths £500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, Queen Victoria-street, and the Royal Society of Musicians, Lisle-street, Leicester-square; £200 to the Gloucester Hospital, as a token of his gratitude for the great attention and kindness he received from the late Mr. William Cother, the surgeon to the said hospital, on the occasion of his being laid up in 1832 for seven weeks in private lodgings in Gloucester, owing to the serious injuries he received in consequence of the overturning of a stage-coach; £100 each to seventeen other benevolent institutions; £1000 to the trustees of his almshouses at Old Buckenham, Attleborough, Norfolk, upon trust, to apply the income for the benefit of the inhabitants, or in keeping the said almshouses in repair; and numerous annuities and legacies to daughter, grandchildren, and other relations, assistants in the firm of Robert Cocks and Co., and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two sevenths, upon trust, for his said son, Stroud Lincoln Cocks, for life, and then for his children; two sevenths, upon trust, for his daughter, Susan Giltart, for life, and then for her children; one seventh, upon trust, for three of the children of his late daughter, Mary Ann Howe; and two sevenths, upon trust, for his grandson, Robert Macfarlane Cocks, for life, and then for his children. The testator died on the 7th ult., and the value of his personal estate has been sworn to amount to over £198,000.

The will (dated May 25, 1881), with three codicils (dated May 25, 1881, and Jan. 6 and June 8, 1886), of Mr. Jeremiah Long, D.L., late of Shoreditch, of No. 50, Marine-parade, Brighton, and of Caterham, Surrey, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on the 7th inst. by Claudius Horatius Long, the son, and Alfred William Long Parkhouse, the grandson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £64,000. The testator gives his consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Long, and the use and enjoyment for life of the household furniture, plate, and effects at his residence at Brighton and at any other dwelling-house used by him; he also gives her, for life, his freehold houses, No. 50, Marine-parade, Brighton, and Arthur's Seat, Caterham, and an annuity of £450; to his said son, Claudius Horatius, the advowson, donation, and right of patronage of the Rectory and parish church of Grays Thurrock, Essex; and there are gifts of money and freehold and leasehold house property to or upon trust for his several children, and for his grandchildren, the two children of his late daughter, Mrs. Parkhouse. He bequeaths 19 guineas to the Humane Society (Brighton), £50 to the Life-boat Institution (Brighton); and legacies to servants, clerk, workmen, friends, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son. The legacy of £500, bequeathed by his second codicil to the Shoreditch New Almshouses, is revoked by his third codicil on the ground that he is dissatisfied with the management.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1886) of Colonel Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, C.B., K.C.M.G., late of No. 7, Kensington-square, who died on the 17th ult., was proved on the 6th inst., by Dame Harriett Louisa Gore-Browne (the widow), Frederick Gordon Steward, and Frank Gore-Browne, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, and £100 to his friend Frederick Gordon Steward, to buy a memento of him. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his issue as she shall by deed or will appoint.

Dr. Junker gave, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday, a description of his explorations in Africa.

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WHY FORMED AT ALL, AND WHEREFORE AS THOU ART? DUTY.

Knowest thou yesterday, its aim and reason;
Workest thou well to-day for worthy things?
Calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season;
Needst not fear what hap so e'er it brings.

"DUTY alone is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. DUTY is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. . . . And when we have done our work on earth—of necessity, of labour, of love, or of duty—like the silkworm that spins its little cocoon and dies, we too depart. But, short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being to the best of his power; and when that is done, the accidents of the flesh will affect but little the Immortality we shall at last put on."—SMILES.



PLATO MEDITATING BEFORE THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POT.
(The Portrait of Plato is copied from an exquisite gem of high antiquity in the British Museum.)

PLATO'S MEDITATION ON IMMORTALITY.

Born 429; Died 347 B.C.

"It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points to the Hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."—ADDISON.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN? FOR HEALTH AND LONGEVITY USE

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As a Laxative, Stomachic, Blood, Brain, Nerve, Bile, or Liver Tonic. It will be found invaluable for creating and sustaining a Natural Action of the Stomach and Biliary Secretions. In a word, ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" is Mild, Effective, and Agreeable, and Lasting without force or strain in Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Female Ailments, Head Affections, Nervousness, Sleeplessness from Liver Derangement, Flatulence, at the commencement of Coughs and Colds. Blood Poisons and their Kindred Evils are prevented and cured by the use of the "VEGETABLE MOTO" and ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

A GOUTY, RHEUMATIC CONDITION OF THE BLOOD, PRODUCING LIVER DISTURBANCE, LIVER INDIGESTION, BILIARY DERANGEMENT, AND PERSISTING INDIGESTION.

"Mr. ENO.—Dear Sir,—I suffered severely for three months, consulted three eminent medical men, and had three changes of air without any good result; my Liver and Digestive Organs felt as if they had ceased to act; my Stomach was so distended with flatulence (wind) that every part of the body was afflicted. My head at night seemed to hear a hundred bells ringing. I was compelled to be propped up in bed; I got very little sleep, for the severe pain under my shoulders and on my left side produced a restlessness not easily described; in a word, prior to using your 'Vegetable Moto' my Nervous System was out of order, rendering life a burden to myself and all near me; I felt there was a very short span between my life and the end of the chapter. Five weeks ago I tried your 'Vegetable Moto'; after three days I was able to take sufficient food to support nature, sleep gradually returned, and my health assumed its usual condition; I continued the 'Motos' five weeks. I can only express my gratitude by saying, make what use you like of this.—Yours, &c., TRUTH. London, 1886."

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A Gentleman writes:—"The 'Motos' are of great value. I have suffered from Biliousness, &c., for upwards of forty years; I have taken Eno's Fruit Salt for upwards of twelve years, the 'Motos' about two; I have never known them fail. There is nothing drastic or any discomfort in using them.—X. Y. Z. 1887."

HEALTH IS A DUTY.—EXPERIENTIA DOCEAT!

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PREVENTION.

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GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885.

ENGLISH KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER.

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Pin in Diamonds, Enamel in Natural Colours, Diamond Centre, £2. Enamelled in Natural Colours, on Fine Gold, £3 3s. Suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents.

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FINEST ENGLISH THREE-QUARTER PLATE LEVER.

Best London Make, Jewelled throughout, Chronometer Balance, Patent Ring Band, and Extended Barrel; warranted to keep perfect time, and last a lifetime. Specially adapted for hard and rough wear. Made in three sizes—Small, for Gentlemen; Medium, for Working Men; Large, for Railway Men. Silver, £5 5s. In gold cases, from £13 13s. Sent free and safe on receipt of P.O.O. draft, or cash.

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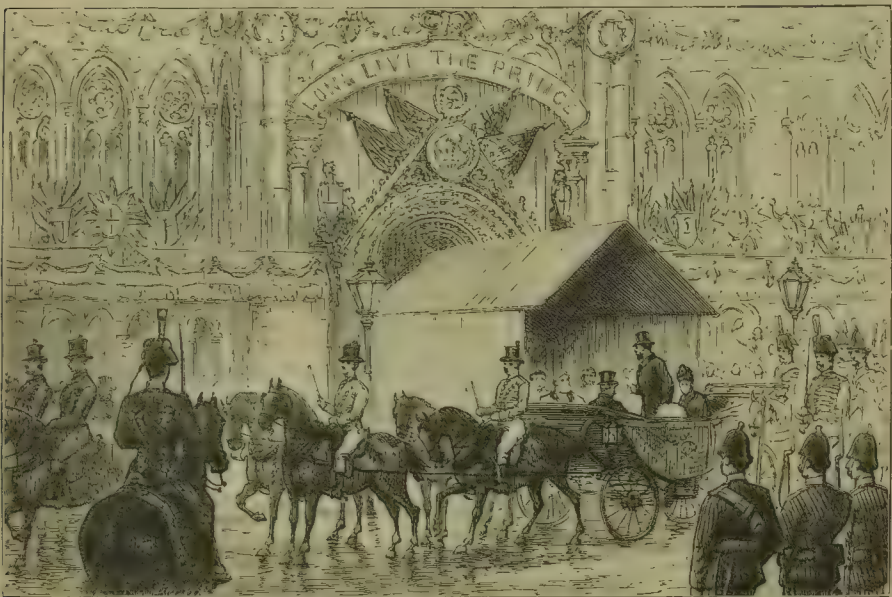
OPENING OF THE MANCHESTER ROYAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION.



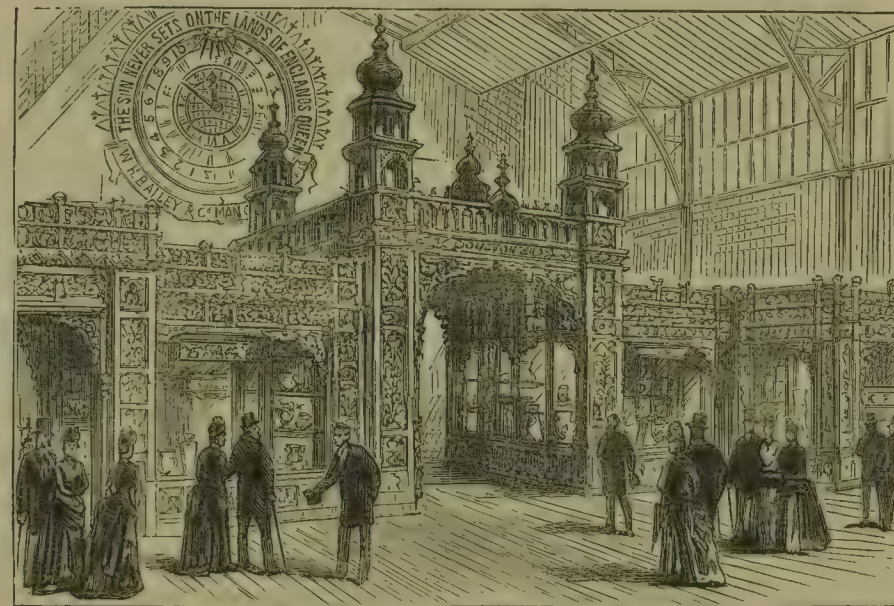
VIEW IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS: RUSTIC BRIDGE.



BAND-STAND IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT MANCHESTER TOWNHALL.



POTTERY TROPHY IN THE EXHIBITION.

Our last publication contained a sufficient account of the opening, on Tuesday week, of the Manchester Royal Jubilee Exhibition, performed with the accustomed ceremony by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were staying two days with Lord Egerton, at Tatton Park, Knutsford. That quaint and quiet little Cheshire town held a May-Day celebration at the time of the Royal visit. Before going to the Exhibition, which is at Old Trafford, three miles from Manchester, on the Chester road, their Royal Highnesses entered the city, and received at the Townhall an address of welcome from the Corporation. The scene at the triumphal arch through which they entered Albert-square, approaching the Townhall, that of their arrival at the door of the Townhall, and the presentation of the address in the grand hall up-stairs, are represented in our Artist's Sketches. A procession, described by us last week, conducted their Royal Highnesses from the Townhall through the principal streets of Manchester, and up Market-street and Piccadilly to Ardwick, thence by Brunswick-street to the Oxford-road, and along the Stretford New-road to the Exhibition. One or two points in this route are chosen for subjects of our Illustrations. The interior of the Exhibition building, with the procession there formed to accompany the Royal visitors, and the Prince of Wales in the act of declaring the Exhibition open, are represented in the larger Engravings. We add, further, to the views of the Exhibition itself and of its ornamental accessories, those of the pottery trophy, the

fountains in the gardens, the band-stand, and the pretty rustic bridge; the Botanic Gardens at Old Trafford are comprised, for a time, within the precincts of the Exhibition.

The proceedings on the second day, Wednesday, must now be related. At ten o'clock, the Prince and Princess, with Lord Egerton, drove from Tatton, in an open carriage-and-four, through the park and the village of Rostherne, passing its beautiful "mere," and through Dunham Massey, and the finely wooded park there, altogether six miles, to Altrincham. That small old-fashioned town had prepared for them a loyal reception. They entered it through two arches, one representing the Norman, the other the Tudor period; three thousand children sang hymns in the Market-place; the Rifle Volunteers formed a guard of honour at the railway station, where the Mayor of Altrincham paid his respects, and Miss Catherine Cocks gave the Princess a bouquet of orchids and roses. Taking the Manchester train to Old Trafford, their Royal Highnesses there passed some time in looking at several departments of the Exhibition. They received an address and some gifts of handiwork from the inmates of Henshaw's Blind Asylum, and likewise from those of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, both at Old Trafford. Then, entering an open carriage, with Lord Egerton and the Earl of Lathom, they drove by the new bridge across the Irwell to Salford. The Mayor (Alderman Farmer) of that borough, which is a very large town, only divided by the river from Manchester, with other members of

the Corporation, met the Royal visitors at the bridge. A Royal salute of artillery was fired. They passed on by Weaste-lane and Cross-lane to Pendleton, with a guard of honour of the 3rd Hussars. Entering Peel Park, a very agreeable public pleasure-ground on the river-bank, where the Queen and Prince Consort came in 1851, the carriage halted in front of the Salford Museum and Free Library. The Mayor, supported by three ex-Mayors, presented the address of welcome, to which the Prince replied. The carriages of the Salford procession, leaving Peel Park, went down Chapel-street, the main thoroughfare, and along New Bailey-street, to the Albert Bridge, over which their Royal Highnesses again entered Manchester. An elaborate triumphal arch had been erected at this bridge. The Manchester Corporation was here in waiting to receive its Royal visitors and conduct them a second time to the Townhall. The route was: up Bridge-street, along Deans-gate, and across St. Anne's-square, to Cross-street, and so to Albert-square. These streets were full of people, who greeted the Prince and Princess with hearty cheering. At the Manchester Townhall, in the banquet-room, the Mayor, Alderman Curtis, entertained his Royal guests with a luncheon. The Prince, replying to the toast of his health, spoke of his former visits to Manchester, in 1857 and 1869; he commended this Exhibition, and regretted that he had not "the pleasure of turning the first turf of the Ship Canal, which would do much to improve the trade and promote the



FOUNTAINS IN THE GARDENS.



MR. S. LEE BAPTY,
GENERAL MANAGER, MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.



ALDERMAN CURTIS,
THE MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.



MR. C. MALCOLM WOOD,
CHIEF CONSTABLE OF MANCHESTER.

prosperity of the city." Their Royal Highnesses drove from the Townhall, by Princess-street, Mosley-street, and Piccadilly, to the London-road Station, and left Manchester about half past two in the afternoon.

Portraits of the Mayor of Manchester (Alderman Curtis) and of the Chief Constable, Mr. C. Malcolm Wood, whose good police arrangements were especially noticed by the Prince of Wales, as well as of Mr. S. Lee Bapty, the very efficient general manager of the Exhibition, are presented among our illustrations of these successful proceedings. The Exhibition is well attended, and will have satisfactory results.

ROYAL VISIT TO SALTAIRE.

"Salt" is the famous name of an English Prince of Manufacturing Industry. "Aire" is the name of a river, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where many streams, bright, swift, and beautiful, in the wide upper "dales," between huge moorland or grassy hills, descend to join the Ouse and the Humber. Otley, a thriving little town at the foot of Wharfedale, in which neighbourhood, at Farnley Hall, Turner first learnt to love and paint English highland scenery, is the north point of a triangle, about ten or twelve miles on each side, with the great woollen-trade towns of Bradford and Leeds at its two southern points. Near the centre of this space, on the banks of the Aire, is an establishment that realises the grandest ideal of orderly industrial and social organisation, under the control of an enlightened managing capitalist. Thirty-three years



THE ROYAL VISIT TO SALTAIRE, NEAR BRADFORD:
ARCH AT MILLINGTON.

ago, in September, 1853, Saltaire was opened with a banquet attended by the nobility, gentry, and leading townsmen of Yorkshire, and one at least of those present can never forget such an occasion. A great man, Titus Salt of Bradford, the son of a farmer who became a successful wool-dealer, had created, in the fiftieth year of his life, a complete new town of well-employed, well-paid, loyal, honest, happy people. Five thousand men, women, and children soon found themselves inhabiting some eight hundred roomy comfortable dwelling-houses, substantially built of stone, many with gardens, in streets planned with all regard to sanitary order; with churches, chapels, and schools of attractive and elegant aspect, liberally conducted on the most approved plans; with a Club, Library, and Institute, opened in 1870, which affords the means of study, literary or scientific, and intellectual recreation; a superb hall for lectures and concerts; a delightful park, and several playgrounds, with gymnastic apparatus; an infirmary, baths and wash-houses, almshouses for some aged poor: everything that could be provided by a municipality, or could be given by individual generosity—all done by the wise proprietor of the mighty factory that suddenly arose in the fields of a pleasant rural valley. To a visitor acquainted with the real history of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, with the acts of some of the men by whom, during Queen Victoria's reign, their vast operations have been carried on, and with the general condition of the working classes outside the large overcrowded towns, it seems right that public opinion should be disabused of false and pernicious



1. Reception in the Concert Hall.

2. A Telegram from the Queen.

3. Lord Ripon reading the Address.

4. Princess Beatrice's Reply.

notions, more than half a century out of date, concerning the evils of that system. Modern civilisation is far from perfect; but such places as Saltaire, and a few others in England and Scotland, on the Continent, and in America, prove that industry allied with capital, in just subordination, can bring into existence the fairest practicable examples of social welfare.

Sir Titus Salt, the inventor of the alpaca and improver of the mixed mohair, silk, and worsted cloth manufactures, created a Baronet in 1869, died full of deserved honours in 1876. He was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Sir William Henry Salt, who resides in Leicestershire; but another, Mr. Titus Salt, of Milner Field, received the Queen's daughter and her husband on Thursday week, and conducted them to Saltaire. The opening of the Royal Yorkshire Jubilee Exhibition, intended to promote the erection of a school of science and art at Saltaire, was the occasion of the Royal visit. Mr. Titus Salt, five years ago, entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales at Milner Field, when they opened the Bradford Technical Schools. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, travelling from London by the Midland Railway, arrived on the Thursday evening at Shipley, a mile from Saltaire. Their Royal Highnesses were met by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Earl Fitzwilliam, the High Sheriff, Mr. J. C. Lister, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord and Lady Houghton, Sir Frederick Mappin, Bart., Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., and by Mr. Titus Salt. An address was read by Mr. C. Stead, Chairman of the Shipley Local Board. A procession was formed of the representatives of local authorities, in carriages, Trade Societies, and Friendly Societies, with Yeomanry Cavalry and Volunteers. They passed out of the Shipley Station beneath a pretty triumphal arch, imitating the gateway and portcullis of an ancient castle, almost covered with evergreens and flowering plants. Their Royal Highnesses were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Titus Salt that night. They saw the Saltaire Factory, a magnificent stone building, six storeys high, solidly built, 545 ft. in length, with a front in the Italian style of architecture, perfectly ventilated, warmed, and lighted with large plate-glass windows; this and the dye-works, the warehouses, and the gasworks covering nearly ten acres. On the Friday morning, at half-past eleven, they set forth to the Exhibition, with their host and friends, escorted by a guard of the 2nd West York Yeomanry Cavalry. They passed under a handsome triumphal arch, covered with different kinds of wool, and surmounted by figures of Angora

goats, which yield the finest mohair. Thousands of people cheered their Royal Highnesses along the road. At the Exhibition building they met again Lord Ripon, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Houghton, Lord Bridport, and other persons of rank, with a company including the Lord Mayor of York, the Mayors of Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Halifax, and Keighley, and many Yorkshire gentlemen and ladies. Mr. Unwin, vice-chairman of the committee, and Mr. Fry, secretary, were presented by Mr. Titus Salt, the chairman; also the governors of the Salt Schools, with which the new school of science and art is connected. Miss Theodora Unwin handed a bouquet to the Princess, and Sir George Chubb a gold key to open the door of the Exhibition. The Princess also worked a handle that set in motion all the steam machinery throughout the range of buildings. Their Royal Highnesses went through the fine-art galleries, which contain many valuable pictures by Vandyke, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and others, lent by the Queen and private owners, Mr. J. C. Robinson's collection of tapestry and jewellery, Mr. Ernest Hart's Japanese collection, and Mr. Alfred Morrison's, of ornamental metal-work. The Coldstream Guards' band performed the National Anthem. A telegram from the Queen was read, expressing her interest in the Exhibition. The Concert Hall was thronged with a brilliant assembly. A Jubilee band and choir, with the organ, performed suitable music. In the absence of Sir Frederick Bramwell, president of the Exhibition, the address was read by Lord Ripon; Princess Beatrice herself read the gracious reply, and declared the Exhibition open. After the singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus," her Royal Highness went to plant a tree in Saltaire Park. The Royal visitors took the train at Shipley, about four o'clock, and returned to London. There were banquets, a display of fireworks, and other festivities, in the evening at Saltaire.

At Monday's meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Dr. Tyndall was elected Honorary Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Lord Rayleigh was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy.

Lady George Hamilton on Monday christened and launched the twin-screw armour-plated battle-ship Sans Pareil, a most powerful addition to the Navy, at the dockyard of the Thames Ironwork and Shipbuilding Company, Blackwall. The First Lord of the Admiralty, several members of Parliament, and many other gentlemen were present at the ceremony.

OPENING OF THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition of the Arts, Inventions, Manufactures, Products, and Resources of the United States, at West Brompton, was opened on Monday afternoon in the presence of a large number of persons. The opening proceedings were begun at half-past three o'clock by a performance of "Hail! Columbia" by the Grenadier Guards' Band, after which Archdeacon Farrar, of Westminster, led the company in prayer that the Almighty would bless this undertaking and make it tend to the larger distribution among men of Heaven's gifts for the use of this life; so that man's discoveries and inventions, arts and sciences, might minister to His service, and that the time might be hastened when war should be no more and all nations clasp hands in His faith and fear. The band then played "God Save the Queen," after which Lord Ronald Gower, on behalf of the English council, delivered an address of welcome to the American guests. This council, he said, consisted of about 1000 leading Englishmen in all walks of life, animated by the common purpose of showing a strong regard and affection for America and Americans. He expressed the hope that this Exhibition might be a new bond of amity between England and America. The president of the Exhibition, Colonel Henry Russell, returned thanks for this welcome and for the encouragement given to the Americans in their efforts to make a fair show of Yankee industries. Mr. John R. Whitley, director-general of the Exhibition, explained that it had been organised and developed solely by private initiative. It illustrated, he said, the aims and conditions of that bright and active, that incalculably wealthy and varied section of human life which develops its restless energies and practically inexhaustible resources from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. He believed that both nations would gain by fuller insight into the character and products of each other. The "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Rule, Britannia," having been sung by Miss Lillian Nordica amid great enthusiasm, Colonel Russell started the machinery, proclaimed the Exhibition open, and expressed a hope that it might prove another strong link in that chain, sometimes strained but never to be broken, which bound the United States to Old England. "Yankee Doodle" was next performed by the band; after which the assembly proceeded to witness the performance of Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," the branch of the Exhibition which will probably have most attraction to the public.

BIRTH.

On the 18th ult., at the British Consulate, Aleppo, the wife of Patrick Henderson, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On March 17, at Normanton, Queensland, by the Rev. W. Abel Turner, Wilton Wood, solicitor, to Susie, second daughter of John Vivian-Williams (late R.N.), Police Magistrate; a Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Queensland.

DEATH.

On March 11, 1887, at Yokohama, Japan, Neil Douglas Cecil Frederick, jr., of Glenfinart, late Captain Scots Fusilier Guards, eldest son of General Sir John and the Lady Elizabeth Douglas, of Glenfinart, Argyllshire, N.B. Deeply regretted.

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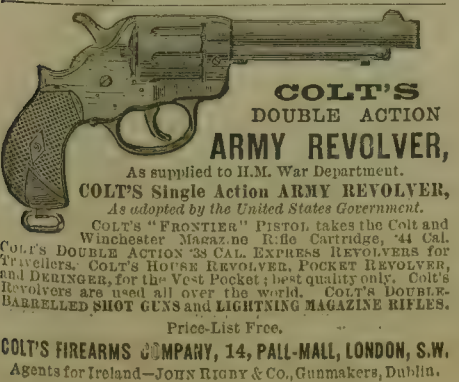
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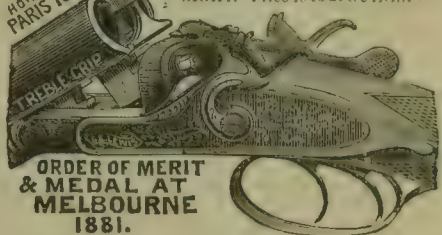
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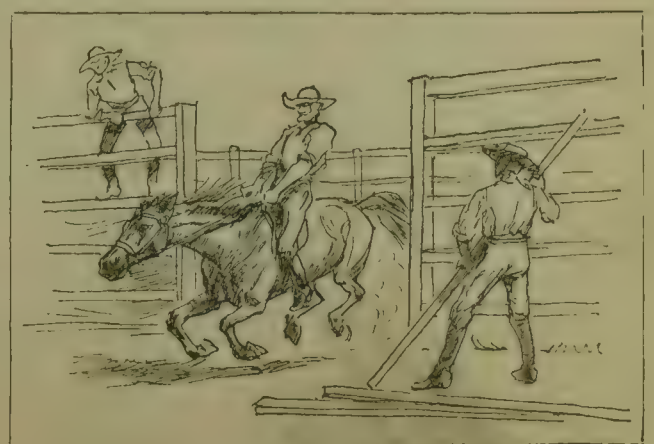
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A CENTURY AGO.

MAY, 1787.

The newspapers of Tuesday, May 1, 1787, give good accounts of the opening of the nineteenth exhibition of the Royal Academy of Paintings, then held at Somerset House. Sir Joshua Reynolds was then president, and he availed himself of the privilege of his position by exhibiting thirteen pictures, which were, of course, all portraits; the chief one being the Prince of Wales, robing, assisted by a black page. Louthborough had six pictures, the best being a view of Conway Castle; Benjamin West had but two: "St. Paul at Melita" and the "Inauguration of the Order of the Garter"; Reinagle exhibited portraits; Stubbs painted cattle; Opie showed his "Murder of David Rizzio," now in the Fine-Art Gallery of the Corporation of the City of London, Guildhall; Northcote and Cosway exhibited; but among the absent artists were Gainsborough, and Flaxman, then a young man of twenty-three, just gone to Italy to improve his art-education.

From Art to Music is an easy step, and our great-grand-fathers were essentially musical. They delighted in chamber music, and social reunions for practising the same. It was wont to be used (most unfoundedly) as a reproach by Continental nations, that we were an unmusical country. They mixed but little with us; but, since the introduction of steam-boats and railways, which have broken down the old barriers to travel, those of other nations who have come among us are fain to admit that they were wrong, and that we are decidedly musical, and that in no mean manner, our military bands especially being sources of delight and wonder to foreigners.

A century ago was decidedly an Augustan period for musical art. Handel was in England, Mozart had been, and Haydn was coming; and, among living native composers we might reckon Arnold, Shield, Storace, Linley, and Jackson, whose *Te Deum* is so very familiar to us. The Royal family were eminently musical. Queen Charlotte had been taught by one of the Bach family, had been accompanied by Mozart, and even Haydn recorded that "as a performer on the harpsichord the Queen played pretty well." The King was passionately fond of music, and played upon the organ; and when his

trial. He was taken up three times for desertion, and received 350 lashes at Colchester, which he bore without even so much as a sigh."

To turn from one kind of roguery to another, which at that time, owing to our fiscal system, was very rife, and yet was, on the whole, looked upon as a very venial offence. Still, smuggling, like poaching, led to affrays which sometimes ended in bloodshed. The smuggling episode I am about to relate did not so terminate, but it vividly brings before us the state of popular opinion a century ago as to the popularity of the illicit trade. On May 19 the Rose cutter brought a valuable prize into Southampton, consisting of 300 casks of spirits and a quantity of tea, wine, and tobacco. Nor was this all their capture; they were accompanied, no doubt unwillingly, by six men, who had had a desperate fight with the crew of the Rose before they were overpowered. They were examined before a Justice, and committed to Winchester Jail. But, as they were being conveyed thither in two coaches, guarded by sixteen well-armed men, they were met by a man, who blew a horn, whereupon some thirty well-mounted men made their appearance upon the scene, having their faces blacked and handkerchiefs tied round them. Being armed each with a blunderbuss and a brace of pistols, they were more than a match for the escort, and in the confusion that ensued the smugglers disappeared.

Last month the impecunious situation of the Prince of Wales was noted, and, undoubtedly, it formed the principal topic of conversation. It was a state of things which could not possibly last long, as it was a grave public scandal that the heir to the throne should, not only be in needy circumstances himself, but heavily in debt. The King could not help him, for he spent his income, and more; nay, in 1802, the nation had to pay his debts, amounting to £990,033. So that there was nothing else to be done but to petition Parliament for relief. The King sent a message to his faithful Commons, regretting the necessity of applying to them for help, and telling them that he had ordered an extra £10,000 a year to be paid to the Prince out of his Civil List; and the House of Commons voted £161,000 to pay his debts, and £20,000 on account of the works at Carlton House. The Prince promised in future to keep within his income, paid a dutiful visit to his father, and, for a time, his pecuniary affairs were at peace.

We have heard much lately of M. Chaffat, the sleeping man, and I am pleased to find that Switzerland has not the monopoly of such lethargic people, but that England has been in a position to compete with the Continent in their production, and that long before M. Chaffat had been in existence; for in the *World* of May 25, 1787, we read that, "About three weeks ago, at Rossgall, in the county of Donegal, in Ireland, a young woman of the name of Frances McBride, after a night's dancing, fell into a kind of trance, or lethargy, in which she continued for ten days; on the eleventh she waked as if from a sound sleep, yawned two or three times, and expired."

Another thing, somewhat in advance of its time, was the discovery of petroleum in England. "Bristol, May 26. Some workmen digging lately for making a canal, near Coalbrook Dale, discovered a thick glutinous substance issuing from a fissure of a rock, which, on examination, proved to be a mineral tar, which appears to have all the properties of the common tar. We hear several hundred barrels of it are already collected, the quantity that issues daily being very considerable."

The Royal family were easily accessible, showing themselves much in public; and, on May 26, the King, Queen, and three elder Princesses, visited Whitbread's Brewery, in Chiswell-street. The Queen and Princesses would squeeze through a small hole in order to stand in the great stone cistern, which would hold 4000 barrels of beer. The King inspected the steam-engine and machinery, and was shown a horse 17 hands 3 inches high. They all partook of a magnificent luncheon, and went away highly delighted.

Once more, to show the musical taste of the day, the Royal Society of Musicians organised a series of three concerts of Handel's music at Westminster Abbey, and the first took place on May 28, beginning with the overture to "Esther" and the *Dettingen Te Deum*. Mrs. Billington and Mlle. Mara (for whom the Continent was bidding highly) were announced to perform, but, quarrelling between themselves on a question of precedence, only Mara appeared. The King, Queen, and Royal family were present, and, on the occasion of the third concert, the King was so carried away by his feelings that he joined in the choruses. There were 800 performers, but why they were ill-treated by the mob I cannot say. At the last rehearsal "the indecent behaviour of the rabble at the west door of the Abbey when the performance was over is almost incredible. They not only jostled the company and plundered them, but grossly insulted some of the performers who came out with their violins; one, in particular, had it forced from out of his hand, thrown into the air, and kicked to pieces in the street."

The events of the month close with the Prorogation of Parliament on May 30. M.P.'s used to get through their work in those days.

J. A.

AUSTRALIAN HORSE-BREEDING.

For many years past the Indian Government has obtained remounts for the cavalry from Australia, the horses from that country having proved far more suitable for Indian military purposes than those from the Cape, from which colony the Indian remounts used to be obtained. There are many horse-breeding stations in the Australian colonies; those of Sir Thomas Elder in South Australia are perhaps the largest. At certain periods of the year the horses are mustered and yarded, after which the clean skins are branded, for every station has its separate brand; and then breaking-in commences. This in Australia is a more simple affair than breaking in a colt at home. The Australian colt is first lunged; then, perhaps on the same day, he is mouthed with a heavy bit; and the following day is backed. The horses are brought down in "mobs" to Melbourne or Adelaide, and are there sold, the buyers attending at the sale-yards and bidding for them. Sometimes buyers from India attend; but, as a rule, there are regular Australian buyers, who afterwards ship their purchases to India, where they are resold to the military authorities in Calcutta; and we believe that sometimes a very handsome profit is made out of the speculation.

The Lord Mayor has arranged to be present, on the 24th inst., at the opening of the new buildings of Sir Andrew Judd's School, Tonbridge.

A Pocket Map of London, divided into fifteen page sections, with population tables, cab distances and regulations, and other local notices, in a small penny pamphlet, is issued by C. Baker and Co.; it seems handy and useful.

Judgment was delivered by the Wreck Commissioners on the conclusion of the inquiry into the loss of the Channel steamer *Victoria*. The Court held that the master was wholly in fault for not taking soundings. But, considering that he might have been misled by the silence of the French fog-horn, it was decided only to suspend his master's certificate for six months, and to allow him the certificate of a first mate.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Mr. Holman Hunt's "Amaryllis" (119), which arrived too late to be noticed last week, is in his usual hard, glaring manner; a most unattractive personage, in half-length, dressed in a smock-frock, and a felt hat, with poppies, &c. (tansies?); her long, wavy strings of bright red hair, bound, ineffectually, with pearls, and a green oak-leaf brooch, are the sole indications of her sex. She plays on a double bone pipe (like that sucked by Mr. Burne-Jones's musician in "The Garden of Pan"). The background of Mr. H. Hunt's strange work is made up of bright green-and-blue fields, trees, and hedgerows; with sheep, some in a fold, with a shepherd in a blue dressing-gown; the whole being shown in bright daylight. In this gallery (the West), we should also mention Mr. Philip Burne-Jones's "Shadow of the Saint" (39), a curious treatment of pure moonlight; Mr. Edwin Hayes's "Hay Barge Ashore" (42); Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Good Story" (45), a girl reading in a deeply-recessed window; Mr. Markham Skipworth's "Teresa" (52); Miss Blanche Jenkins's "Tiff" (77), the prettiest child picture, as Mr. David Carr's "Telling the Bees" (89) is the most pathetic, and both are worthy of high praise. We must also say a word in favour of Mrs. Alma Tadema's "Always Welcome" (136), a child visiting her mother in bed; of Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Boathouse" (88), in spite of its consummate Cockneyism; of Mr. Jacob Hood's delicate-coloured figure of "Spring" (83); and of Mr. Napier Hemy's bright and vigorous boating scene, "Spearing Fish" (92).

Though the main interest is centred in the West Gallery, the remaining rooms contain many works not to be lightly passed over, and a few on which it is a pleasure to dwell. The peculiar idealities with which the Grosvenor used to teem are yearly fewer; but those which remain seem all the odder among new and more realistic fashions. Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope's "Love and the Casting Net" (155) is one of the few typical survivals of the pseudo-classic or purely eccentric school. A girlish Cupid, with large pink wings and limbs unset, is engaged in a limp endeavour to fling a golden net (reticulated in relief with skill which would do credit to a professed carver and gilder) over the shoulders of a bare-kneed damsel in blue and pink (to match the above wings). The latter is sitting by a stream, with her toes in the water, fishing with primitive tackle, but marvellous success. Love's footstep fails to disturb the reflected images of some pigmy *amorini*, who flit hard by among the tree-trunks, behind which is half seen an ordinary British cottage.

By way of contrast to this, a large and pretentious work by Mr. C. W. Mitchell, "Through Death unto Life" (166), hangs near, to represent quite the opposite school of so-called "historic" painting—by a theatrical treatment of the appearance of a female saint after Christ's resurrection. The scene is (or should be) a room in Jerusalem, wherein, to a pair of quiet citizens, of rather strong nerves, enters the apparition under limelight. There used, some forty or fifty years ago, in the days of the annuals, to be prayer-books and testaments adorned with steel-engravings, to one of which this would have made a telling frontispiece.

Between these is a small picture of classic aspiration, by Mr. E. Matthew Hale, called "Sea Breeze" (164), pleasantly painted enough, but before which a smile may be pardoned. On a stone bench, with the clothes beside her of some companion bathers, a stately lady sits cooling herself with ozone, the bracing quality whereof has apparently stiffened her into a statue. Mr. Walter Crane's decorative instinct removes such works as the very spirited design of the day and night races of "The Chariots of the Hours" (321), his chief contribution, at the end of the fifth room, from the sense of incongruity, incited by pictures like the above, and their obvious collisions between the real and the ideal. On the other hand, a curious reversal of the method of archaic treatment lately in vogue is employed by Mrs. Gardner Hastings, who converts an old design of Mantegna's into a picture of "Judith" (153), painted in the common academic manner of the nineteenth century, but displaying no small power and sense of beauty.

Among subject-pictures of the modern kind, Mr. Jopling's "Funeral of a Priest in Venice" (223), a perspective of richly-clad figures in procession along the path by a canal, is effectively painted, and telling in colour. And to come down to *trivia* of our time, Mr. Heywood Hardy has a pretty scene of a nice young gentleman's horse being frightened in a country lane by the barking spaniel attached to a troop of school-misses, out, like him, for an airing—"An Awkward Moment" (223) for him. He has only lost his hat (head, heart, and seat appear to be safe). Mr. J. J. Shannon's "A Queen of Hearts" (190), a full-length lady in black evening dress, with feather fan, leaning against a chair covered in fawn-coloured leather, is also queen of the portraits in this room—very admirable in painting and in colour, within sober limits. Mr. P. Wilson Steer's "Portrait of a Lady" (220) is a fair specimen of the Whistler school, but very properly placed in an obscure corner. In another top corner is a pleasant, unaffected portrait, Beatrice Crowden (201), painted with an old-fashioned freedom of hand by Miss Marion Alexander. The Hon. John Collier's Portrait of J. L. Toole, Esq. (147), could not fail to be a good likeness; but the extreme neatness of the make-up scarcely conveys the idea of a low comedian off the stage. Mr. E. Burne-Jones's "Katie" (235) is a little girl in short black frock and long black stockings, lying on an orange sofa, before orange curtains, reading a book, for which she neglects a dark apple, and a grey fluffy dog curled up behind her feet. It is only noteworthy as being a portrait of his own daughter, in the same way that Mr. Holman Hunt's "Master Hilary" (208) is that of that artist's son. Mr. Frank Dacey's "All About It" (219) is a prettily arranged English interior, with two fresh, elegant girls seated on a couch, one receiving the other's confidences with sympathy and encouragement. There is this about Mr. Dacey's art that he always represent ladies as if they were such.

Amongst the other works to be especially noted are several charming pastoral subjects, those of Mr. Edgar Barclay taking the lead. His "Tethered" (194), where a girl accompanied by a child tends cattle on high ground, hemmed in by a crown of rock, looks like a scene in Sark. The air is bathed in warm sunlight, which makes the sea glisten like molten gold. So, too, his "Surefooted" (165), a fisherboy looking down from a turf cliff to the sea, with mist above him, and birds and butterflies below and about his feet. He is much too imperturbable to lose the contents of his basket at the sight of the butterflies, like Mr. Kennedy's "Grape-Girl" (91). Mr. David Carr's "When the Sheep Come Home" (172), although wanting force in the foreground, has much feeling and good solid work, and compares favourably with Mr. Ernest A. Waterlow's "Rivals" (190), in which the figure incident, referring to looks interchanged between a peasant woman and a companion on one side of the road, and a man ploughing in a field on the other, is subordinate to the landscape. This, and Mr. David Bates's "Gleanings from the Moor" (210)—women trudging home with loads on their back—are good examples of their class. A curious, and somewhat cleverly



blindness and mental affliction left him desolate indeed, he still found some comfort in playing and singing the music of Handel, whom, as a composer, he absolutely adored.

The King and Queen were very fond of attending the Concerts of Ancient Music, founded in Queen Anne's reign by Dr. John Christopher Pepusch, and held in the reign of George III. at the rooms in Tottenham-street. At these concerts Mrs. Billington and Mlle. Mara sang music, principally from Handel's compositions, but also from those of Bach, Glück, Paradisi, Hasse, Pergolesi, Corelli, Graun, Avison, and others. In these concerts the King greatly delighted, and listened in an enraptured manner—a fact which the caricaturist, to whom, like the *sapeur*, nothing was sacred, took advantage of, and portrayed his Majesty no doubt very faithfully, and, certainly, most graphically. In the illustration here given, I have taken but a portion of the picture, representing the King and Queen, with Miss Jefferies and Madame Schwellenberg in attendance, the performers in the concert being mainly filled in by political figures performing on different instruments, and making a most fearful discord—Pitt, for instance, playing on a baby's coral whistle with bells, and a rattle.

Are we to believe the following feat of gormandising, which is copied from the *World* of May 4?—"At the Wheel, at Hackington Fen, on Wednesday se'nnight, a fen farmer laid a wager he could eat two dozen of penny mutton pies and drink a gallon of ale in half an hour, which he performed with ease in half the time, and said he had but a scanty supper, and wished for something more; in less than half an hour after he ate a threepenny loaf and a pound of cheese, and still swore he was hungry. The landlord, unwilling to starve his *delicate guest*, set before him a leg of pork, which his voracious appetite gormandised with great composure. He thanked the landlord for his civility; and said, 'I hate to go to bed with an empty stomach.'"

In the Civil War in America between the Northern and Southern States "bounty jumping," or enlisting, and obtaining the bounty in several regiments, and then deserting, rose to the dignity of a fine art, and in our own military service such a practice is not altogether unknown; but, perhaps, the champion in this line of business was one John Hodgson, a soldier, aged twenty-six, who was executed on April 27, 1787, at Bushmire, in Suffolk, for highway robbery. "He confessed at the gallows that, within the last six years, he enlisted ninety-eight times with different recruiting parties in England, Ireland, and Scotland; that he received, as bounty money, 597 guineas; that he seldom remained with the party more than two days; and that he committed a number of robberies, by which he gained £236 14s. 8d. He was a most extraordinary character. He kept a regular account of his receipts and disbursements, and died worth eighty pounds, which he took care to transfer to a favourite female, previous to his

painted picture, is "The Runaway" (189), by Mr. H. H. Lathangue, of a girl lying full-length across the foreground, with ill-defined corn growing behind her, and dusky reapers above and beyond, apparently in search. The stagey French trick of placing the lower half in a light key, and the upper in a dark, serves to attract the eye to the picture, but gives no further help to either.

We must, however, pass on to mention a goodly batch of maritime subjects, of which the best is "St. Sennen Cove" (181), by C. Napier Hemy, a landing-place with splashing waves, and a woman waiting with gear; not the eternal watcher for invisible boats, for here the boat, rowed by two real Cornishmen, is just touching the shore; the whole scene is true and real, making, moreover, an agreeable picture. Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Wrack for the Farm" (187), also good of the same class; but surpassed by No. 112 in West Room. "Ligurian Fisher-folk" (224), by Mr. Frank W. W. Topham—representing picturesque men and women hauling in a net, and strung together like beads for the purpose—is admirably painted, and pleasant to look at; here the artist breaks new ground, and treads it firmly. An unpretending little picture by Mr. Julius M. Price, "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?" (199), referring to some unwonted bustle down by the sea in a fishing-village, is deftly painted in quiet grey, and tells its story effectively. In "Dreaming and Drifting" (179), by Mr. W. Padgett—a man in a small boat, drifting under a portentous moon—the intention is good, but the water is not merely calm, it possesses no surface, and is scarcely more than vapour.

In pure landscape, the East Gallery contains three conspicuous pictures, all on the same wall. Two are by painters whose natural medium is water colour, and who do not exhibit their full strength when painting in oils. One is Mr. J. W. North, whose "Upland Water-Meadow, Somerset—Morning" (185), a large work, requires more than a passing glance to separate it from its surroundings, and enable one to take in the tender gradations both of light and colour, which give it the power of suggesting the golden sunshine that breaks through its gauzy "kerchief of cloud." It needs dwelling on; the other is Mr. Alfred W. Hunt, whose "Rose-red Village in the Twilight Time" (198), a study of Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire, has been better treated by him, in water colours, elsewhere; but his exquisitely sensitive and poetic touch is not less traceable here. The third landscape, Keeley Halswelle's "Pass of Brander, Loch Awe" (193), is by an oil-painter, essentially, and at his best—a forcible study of rock dipping directly into the lake, and catching a white gleam, under moving, fantastic clouds, that roll and curl about the mountain-sides, grey in tone throughout, relieved by a patch of brilliant rainbow.

Mr. Tristram Ellis reverses the above conditions, by sending water-colour drawings only, in which one misses the habitual force of his oil paintings. His "Birds of Prey" (340) is a scene of Cornish wreckers in olden time, effectively rendered, but built too much like a scene on the stage. It looks as if copied direct from an old-fashioned nautical melodrama. "What is it?" (324), by the same, represents two gulls pecking at a floating glove—perhaps suggested by Briton Rivière's geese encountering an old hat.

Animal-painting is further well represented by Mr. W. Hughes's agreeable study of "A Pair of Cygnets" (143), and Mr. J. T. Nettleship's study of a jaguar on the edge of a cliff, watching his prey—two striped deer on a ledge beneath. The animals are very well painted, but there is no attempt at agreeable composition. The picture is quaintly called "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" (148).

Mr. Edward H. Fahey and Miss E. M. Osborne, both of whom have exhibited elsewhere series of views on the Norfolk broads, send each a subject therefrom, in each case veiling the shore in mist: "Seafog Blowing o'er Oulton Broad" (205), by the former, is effective, and quite one of his best. In "St. Benet's Abbey, Norfolk" (293), by the latter, one regrets that the picturesque ruin is scarcely visible, its bare form looming through a thick morning haze, the painting of which, and of the gossamer webs that shroud the foreground, is the main subject for admiration.

The "Dent du Midi" (239), by Mr. J. W. Inchbold, a moderate-sized picture, is true in colour, and gives an impression of much space and half-seen detail in the distant mountains, evincing conscientious study. Mr. John R. Reid's "The Darling in Port" (346) and "The Orphan" (351), somewhat misleading in their names, are scenes on a quay or in harbour—very subtle and powerful studies of colour in a low tone. Mr. T. Hope McLachlan's "March Weather" (356)—representing sheep on a moor—too low in tone and dirty in colour, is, nevertheless, impressive in sentiment. Finally, Mr. Maurice Pollock's attempt at white sunshine, "Noon" (306), is praiseworthy as an endeavour to express light by the delicate gradations of nature alone. If it falls short of being a complete success, credit must be given to an artist who has not shrunk from grappling with difficulties which Claude, Turner, and A. W. Hunt have perhaps almost alone surmounted.

Sculpture occupies a prominent place at the Grosvenor this year—or, to speak more correctly, it is more largely represented than usual. Mr. R. Barrett Browning's bust of his father (394) is in every case lifelike, but it fails to display any delicate appreciation of character, such as we find in Mr. Ouslow Ford's bust of Right Hon. A. J. Balfour (409), or any of Mr. Nelson Maclean's work. Miss Henrietta Montalba sends a clever study, "Daphne" (373); Mr. Harry Bates one of "Rhodope" (383); and Mr. Waldo Story a somewhat dramatic figure of "The Fallen Angel" (404). Mr. Boehm, Count Gleichen, and Mr. George Simonds are also contributors to this section, but their works call for no special notice.

The Coaching Club meets at the Magazine, Hyde Park, to-day (Saturday), at half-past twelve o'clock.

Prince Christian has become President of the Kensington School of Music; and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Teck, and the Duke of Teck have become patrons.

At the meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects yesterday week, the president, Mr. Edward P. Anson, presented the Royal Gold Medal to Mr. Ewen Christian, past president, in recognition of his long and valuable career; and afterwards the prizes won by students were delivered—the Soane medallion to Mr. F. E. Masey, the Tite prize to Mr. F. W. Simon, the Grissell gold medal to Mr. J. H. Strong, the institute's silver medal for drawings to Mr. J. H. Cook; and the silver medal for essays to Mr. R. E. Smith.

About five thousand persons witnessed the launch, from the Devonport Dockyard, of the *Racoon*, one of the Archer class of torpedo cruisers. The ceremony was performed by Miss Annette Grant, daughter of the Admiral Superintendent of the yard. The *Racoon*, although of the Archer class, is of a 1000-horse power above her class, and will make twenty knots an hour. She will be armed with powerful guns as well as torpedoes, and will have electric search-lights. She will cost £100,000. Two gun-boats are to be built upon slips vacated by the *Racoon* and *Serpent*, the latter of which was launched a few months since.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, NORTH-BAG (London).—It would be impossible to notice all the incorrect solutions of problems sent to us. Only about fifty per cent of the solutions received are correct.

G. P. JUN. (Streatham).—No. 2245 cannot be solved by way of 1. Q to R 6th.

W. H. D. (Woburn).—Letter of April 30 received. It is very satisfactory. Problems received, with thanks, from F. C. Cotton and E. S. Sutton.

Mr. JAMES ADAMS, 16, Strand-road, Londonderry, is willing to play a game by correspondence with Mr. H. C. Fawcett.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2242 received from C. Lauder (Bombay); of No. 2244 from F. E. Purchas and Hereward; of No. 2245 from Section des Echecs, Société Littéraire (Geneva), James Taberner, Emile Fran, Hewart Scott, R. H. Brooks, J. D. Tucker, and E. B. Schwann; of Nos. 2245 and 2246 from Lucio Vecchi and Casimiro Bas (Lisbon); of Nos. 2245, 2246, and 2247 from Pierce Jones; of No. 2248 from Ludovic Priscotto (Bologna), Section des Echecs, Société Littéraire (Geneva), Emile Fran, Columbus, E. B. G. Hewart Scott, Sergeant James Sage, and John G. Grant.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2247 received from Shadforth, Edwin Smith, R. A. T. John Steggle, A. Blackham, Fairholme, L. Wyman, North-Bag, J. Falcon (Antwerp), Sergeant James Sage, Otto Funder (Ghent), E. B. G. Lucas, Peterhouse, N. S. Harris, C. E. Taylor, E. Elsbury, John Marr, R. L. Southwell, Hewart Scott, G. Oswald, W. Payne, An Amateur of Liege, Jupiter Junior, R. H. Brooks, W. Hillier, A. B. Horrex, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), E. Loudon, R. F. N. Banks, Ben Nevis, T. Harrison, R. Tweddell, Henry Frau (Lyons), L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Nerina, Charles T. Atkinson, H. Wardell, H. Reeve, James D. Hannan, Hereward, W. R. Hallen, J. K. (South Hampstead), C. K. Hattersley, Major Prichard, J. Heyworth Shaw, John G. Grant, H. B. S. (Tunbridge Wells), E. Casella (Paris), J. D. Tucker, S. Bullen, Jack, C. E. P. Hermit, M. A. S. (the Haguel), E. J. E. Jesse, A. C. Hunt, George Rodger, P. P. Pott, Rev. Winfield Cooper, E. B. Schwann, B. R. Wood, Joseph Ainsworth, J. Adams, A. Biddell, James Taberner, O. Tenzler, Baron Benzo (Vienna), O. Bak (Oxford), L. Beirant and other Amateurs (Bruges), T. Roberts, E. E. H. W. Heathcote, R. Winters, George Joicey, and Columbus.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2246.

WHITE.
1. B to R sq.
2. K to B 3rd.
3. K to B 4th. Mate.

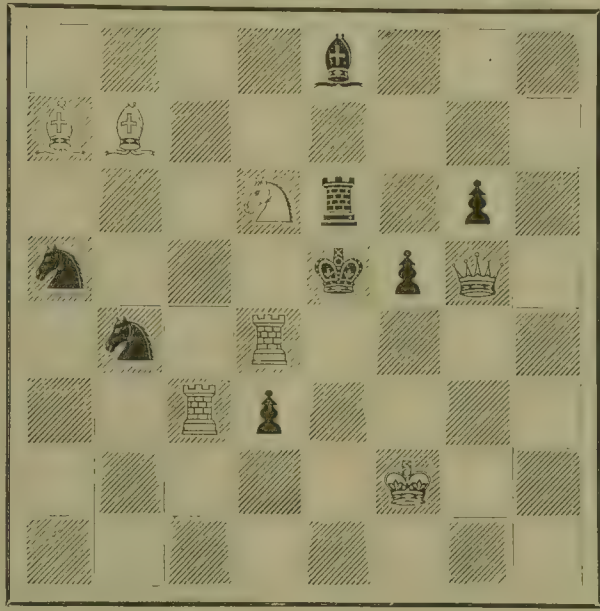
BLACK.
R P moves
K moves

PROBLEM No. 2249.

By GEORGE J. SLATER (Bolton).

(First Prize, Sheffield Independent Two-move Tourney.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A lively game, played last month at Simpson's Divan, between Messrs. W. H. K. POLLOCK and Mr. F. N. BRAUND.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. K to R 2nd	R to K 7th (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	22. K to R 3rd	R to K 7th (ch)
3. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	23. Q R to K B 7th	B to K 7th (ch)
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
5. Kt takes P	B to B 4th		
6. Kt to B 5th	Castles		
7. B to K Kt 5th			
A slip, of course. He ought to have played 7. Kt to Q B 3rd, but the move in the text gives Black a chance of enlivening the game.			
8. K to K 2nd	B takes P (ch)		
If he had taken the Bishop, Black recovers the piece at once by 8. Kt takes P (ch).			
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to K sq		
10. Kt to K 7th (ch)	Kt takes Kt		
11. Kt takes Kt	Kt to Kt 3rd		
12. K to B 3rd	Kt to K 4th (ch)		
13. K takes B	Kt takes B		
14. K to K sq	Kt to K 4th		
15. Q to R 5th	P to K B 3rd		
Correctly played. Although the outcome of this move is the loss of a Pawn, Black forces an exchange of Queens, and relieves himself from a threatening attack.			
16. Q takes Q	R takes Q		
17. B takes P	P to Q 4th		
18. B takes Kt	R takes B		
19. Kt to Q B 3rd	R to B 4th (ch)		
20. K to Kt sq	B to C 2nd		
21. R to K 7th	B to B 3rd		
22. R takes B P	R to K sq		
23. R to K B sq	R to K 4th		
24. P to K R 4th			
Too risky when opposed by careful play.			

The Sheffield Independent problem tourney, begun in October last, was closed last week, with the following result:—

Two move-problems: 1st prize—George J. Slater, Bolton; 2nd prize—H. H. Davis, Bristol; 3rd prize—H. Evans, London.

Three-move problems: 1st prize—E. J. Winterwood, Croydon; 2nd prize—George J. Slater, Bolton; 3rd prize—E. G. Laws, London.

We are indebted to Mrs. T. B. Rowland for advance copies of the first prize problems in both sections of the tourney. Mr. Slater's two-move problem appears above as No. 2249.

The tournament at the City of London Chess Club, in which there were 130 competitors, is all but terminated. In the final round, to determine the order of the prizes, Mr. Heppell has scored seven points, and has now only to draw against Mr. Atkinson to secure the first prize. Messrs. Coldwell and Zangwill rank next, each with the score of six; and Messrs. Clark, Coles, Atkinson, Cutler, Harding, Stanforth, and Levy are the other prize-winners, in the order named.

The friendly match between Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Blackburne was begun at the British Chess Club on Saturday last. The record of these masters is so well known to students of the game that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here in either case. Dr. Zukertort is foremost among the foreign masters that have dwelt among us, and Mr. Blackburne has more than once, in match and tourney, proved himself, *par excellence*, the English master of chess. In the first game of this match Mr. Blackburne had the move, and adopted the P to Q 3rd variation of the Giuoco Piano. There were exchanges of the minor pieces early in the opening, and at the twenty-first move Dr. Zukertort had the choice of winning a Pawn, with doubtful advantage of position, or drawing at once by perpetual check. He chose the latter alternative, and the game terminated on the twenty-fifth move. We go to press too early in the week to note the result of the play on Tuesday and Thursday last.

The proprietors of the *Irish Chess Chronicle* have rushed from manuscript into print, with a timidity that betokens some lack of enterprise. Its appearance is suggestive of a toy chess journal; nevertheless, within its limited dimensions will be found three games and one problem.

A "Jubilee" problem and solution tourney has been inaugurated by the *Dublin Evening Mail*. The latter commenced on the 5th inst.

Major-General R. J. Hay, R.A., Deputy Adjutant-General for Royal Artillery at the War Office, has been appointed Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

AUTHORS ON THE SHELF.

De Quincey was not altogether right in saying that every year buries its own literature. Happily for us, there are books with vitality enough in them to defy this Burial Act. The longer they live the more vigorous does their life become, and age, which decays most things, serves only to make them more virile. What a strong pulse of life there is in Homer and Dante, in Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Scott, in Milton and Wordsworth, in the "De Imitatione Christi," in the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan! The songs of Burns are a century old, but not a sign of decay is apparent; and "The Vicar of Wakefield" is far more appreciated now than it was by Dr. Johnson, who thought that £60 was as much as it was worth. He received what Boswell calls the very low price of £125 for "Rasselas," and that rather heavy performance caught the public ear, and was translated into four languages; but now the wiser criticism of Time has carried Goldsmith's "Vicar" into every household, and put "Rasselas" on the shelf. It is difficult to say why some books win for a season the most extraordinary popularity, and then fade quickly out of memory. A blaze of notoriety may be due to some temporary interest of which the writer has availed himself. A clever author without a conscience may publish a scandalous book full of personalities that will suddenly spread like fire in an American forest, and as suddenly, like that fire, die out and be forgotten. But the same fate, oddly enough, sometimes awaits books on serious and abstract topics. There was a time when Robert Montgomery's poems were very popular; but who reads them now? There was a time during the present reign when "Proverbial Philosophy" sold by hundreds of thousands, and now the demand for it is slight. And there are books as much in vogue as Mr. Tupper's once was, which before many summers have gone by will probably meet with a like fate. If we could look forward fifty years and know how many, or rather how few, of the famous authors of our day had survived the ordeal of time, what a strange reversal we should see of many critical judgments! A number of authors on the shelf received, it must be confessed, an ample reward in their lifetime. For his "Essay on Truth," now thickly covered with dust, Beattie obtained a pension of £300 a year; Hayley for his "Life of Cowper," which is "deader than a door-nail," is said to have had no less than £11,000; Young gained £3000 for his seven clever satires, known once, but, I fear, no longer known—for who reads them?—as "The Universal Passion"; Smollett, a great humourist and a wretched historian, obtained £2000 for his history; and, for his account of the South Sea Expedition, Hawkesworth received the agreeable honorarium of £6000. Scott could write nothing that he did not adorn; but his worst book, and probably the only work from his prolific pen that accumulates cobwebs, is "The Life of Napoleon," for which he received £18,000. Money is a great consolation to an author, and all the more soothing when accompanied by fame. It is only the hapless writers who gain neither that need commiseration—

The men who write what few will care to read,
The men who fail while wits and fools succeed.

There are authors on the shelf who do not deserve to be there, and some of them, thanks to Cassell's National Library and similar publications, may gain a new lease of life. Among the men who merit this revival is Cowley. As a poet he showed not a little of the perversity we seem to see in Mr. Browning; but in prose he writes without mannerism and obscurity, and his small volume of "Essays" is a delightful book for the pocket, to be read in spare moments. We don't pretend to speak with certainty—how can we?—but there are indications that certain of the great poets are not receiving all the honour that is due to them. Is it rude, for instance, to hint that some of our readers may know nothing of Spenser at first hand, and very little of Milton or of Dryden? Is it impertinent to ask whether, if they know Coleridge to be, with one exception perhaps, the most exquisite lyric poet of the century, they know also, from the study of his prose works, how great he is as a critic, how great as a Christian philosopher? Coleridge's illustrious friend, Wordsworth, is not on the shelf as a poet, and it would seem impossible that he will ever be placed there; but his "Excursion" and "Prelude" have, possibly, a light covering of dust upon them. Young lady, fresh from Girton, have you read these poems through? Have you, prize-winning Oxford scholar?

There is a poet, very dear to Sir Walter Scott, who seems to have strangely passed out of memory. In the "Rejected Addresses," a volume which contains the cleverest parodies in the language, the burlesque of Crabbe's style begins with these lines:—

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer enlisted in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.

This is done to the life, and scarcely an exaggeration of the curiously prosaic lines which distinguish, or deform, Crabbe's style.

Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher,

is a characteristic couplet with which one of his tales begins, and yet, despite this perverse realism, he is a true poet. No one has depicted more accurately certain aspects of Nature, no one has told the simple and sad annals of the poor with greater pathos; and his descriptive and pathetic passages are distinctly poetical, and have a freshness of treatment that separates Crabbe from all his predecessors or contemporaries. Coleridge found in his poetry "an absolute want of the higher imagination"—a true criticism, no doubt; but if he is the least soaring of poets, he is one of the most forcible and truthful, and it is difficult to believe that his wonderful pictures of life, coarse and painful though some of them may be, will ever be obliterated. It is a relief, sometimes, to descend from the skyey regions in which Shelley delights to the unideal and living world of Crabbe. There is a repose in his poetry, and this, perhaps, is the reason why both Fox and Sir Walter Scott listened to it with pleasure when lying on their deathbeds. Lord Byron, always a bad critic of poetry, ranked Crabbe with Coleridge as "the first" in those times in point of genius; but there is a measure of truth in the familiar line in which he praises this poet as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best." In certain moods Crabbe's poetry will be found delightful. There is nothing in Dutch painting more conscientious and exact than his portraits of men and women, and he has the poet's eye for seeing what he sees with wonderful distinctness. If, as I fear, Crabbe is on the shelf at present, he assuredly does not deserve to remain there. For my part I would far rather dispense with the spangles and paste, the forced fervour, and glittering rhetoric of the once famous singer who wrote "Lalla Rookh" and "The Loves of the Angels" and gained £20,000 from an admiring public. Possibly he, too, is on the shelf now-a-days, for the young readers of the time do not seem to be acquainted with Feramor and his gushing love strains, and even the "Irish Melodies," which owe more to the music than to the words, have lost their once boundless charm. Truly, it is "hard to climb the steep of fame;" but, after reaching the summit, it is harder still, as many a poet's lot testifies, to hold a firm footing there. J. D.



ALLUVIAL GOLD WORKINGS IN FRASER'S CONCESSION.



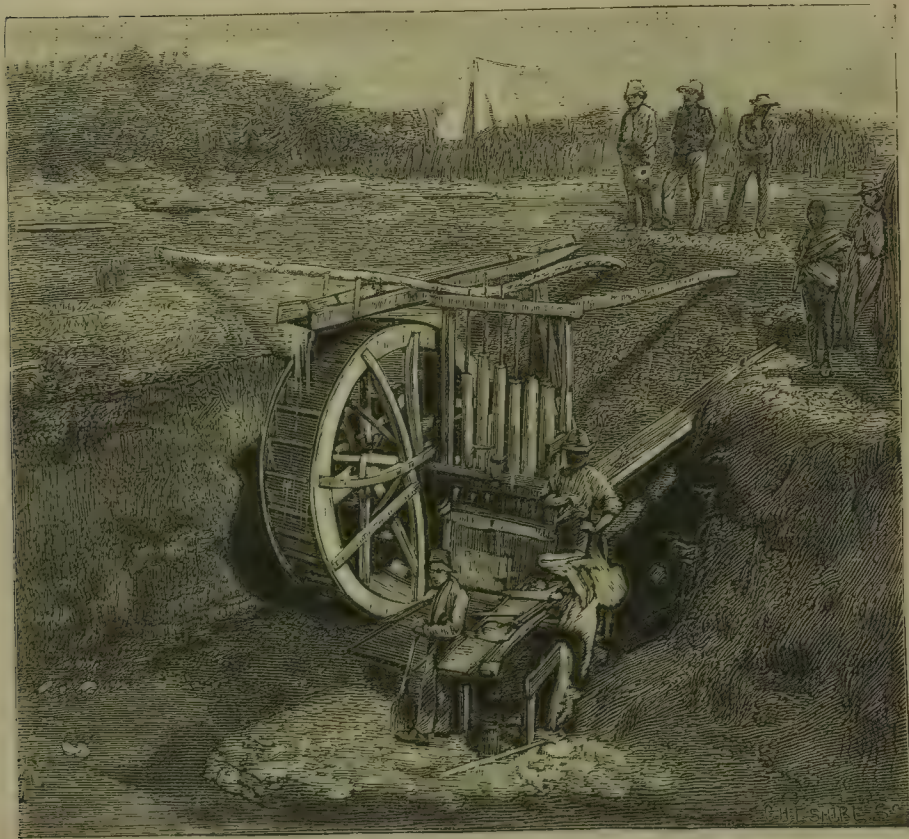
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DE KAAP GOLD FIELDS, IN THE TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

We have already given some account of Barberton and the new goldfields in the Transvaal. It was not till early in 1884 that public interest in the De Kaap gold-fields was aroused; when the discovery of the Sheba reef by Mr. Edwin Bray and Mr. Griffiths proved the marvellous richness of several of the quartz lodes. Until, indeed, some 300 tons had been crushed, few persons had much idea of their value. After the news of the result of the quartz-crushing, there was a great gathering of men from Cape Town, Natal, Kimberley, and Port Elizabeth, to these new Transvaal gold-fields.

There are at present three routes open to passengers, by which the De Kaap fields can be approached; namely, first, from Capetown by rail to Kimberley, and thence by post-cart via Pretoria and Witwatersrand; second, by train from Durban to Ladysmith, and on by post-cart via Newcastle; and third, from

Delagoa Bay, only 160 miles by waggon. Owing, however, to the deadly nature of the malaria fever arising from the swamps near Delagoa Bay, this route, though far shorter, is only used during three months of the year. A railway from Delagoa Bay has been commenced, perhaps in a desultory manner; eventually a very large proportion of the traffic will pass over this route. The mails from England are carried over the Kimberley route; the distance from Capetown is upwards of 1100 miles to Barberton; but the railway having been constructed as far as Kimberley, a distance of 647 miles, the whole journey is performed in seven days: three days less than via Durban, which includes four days at sea. The Government of Natal, grasping the importance of maintaining the quickest and cheapest route, is now pushing forward the railway to the Transvaal border.

Barberton is the business centre of the De Kaap gold-fields. This settlement, with its branches at Fairview, Eureka City, Moodie's, and Komarti, contains probably five thousand inhabitants. The town has a first-class club, two share exchanges, three banks, and three newspapers. Some of the buildings would be a credit to any colonial town; there are numerous well-appointed shops and stores, and several hotels for the visiting population. During the month of December, we are told, £20,000 was paid to the Boer Government, mainly for licenses.

The principal mines are found at some distance from Barberton. To the north, in the Elephant's Kloof, the Republic, and Kimberley Sheba have some rich quartz. The Kimberley Sheba must not be confounded with either the Kimberley Imperial or the Sheba Reef gold-mines, which lie



THE "PARDON" AT CONCARNEAU, BRITTANY: SISTERHOOD OF ST. ANNE DE FOUESNANT.
PICTURE BY GUILLOU, IN THE PARIS SALON.

some miles away. It may be as well to state that "Sheba" is the name of a range of hills, and is often added to the name of a company. Bray's Golden Quarry yielded, on a trial crushing, upwards of six ounces per ton; and there were in Barberton alone nearly 300,000 applications for the 6000 shares offered to the public. Beyond the Elephant's Kloof are the mines of the Belfast, Caledonia, and Victoria companies. The two latter were some of the earliest started, and the Victoria Company has paid dividends annually at the rate of thirty-two per cent. The average yield brings about 17 dwts. per ton.

On arriving at the bottom of the "Sheba-hill Shoot" one could hardly believe it possible for any cart or waggon to be drawn up; it seems impossible to ride up; yet a waggon has been taken up, drawn by sixty-four oxen. By this incline, all the Sheba Reef stone was carried to be crushed, being

placed on sledges and dragged down the 1200 ft. by bullocks and mules; and, even now, this is the only available route by which the quartz can be transported to the crushing-mills. Several schemes for roads and tramways have been proposed.

At the top of this hill, known as Paradise Gates, the rising settlement of Fairview is passed. This place is expected by many to become the principal town on the Sheba, as the situation is very healthy, with good running water. There are several mines worked here; and a small five-stamp battery is worked by steam.

The mine that has done so much to bring the South African gold-fields to public notice is the Sheba Reef Gold-Mining Company, often spoken of as Bray's Golden Quarry. The remarkable yield from this mine, given not by a few tons,

but from 700 tons of quartz, was between seven and eight ounces of gold per ton, which enabled the directors to declare a dividend of 63 per cent, a large sum still remaining to the credit of the company. It is the more remarkable from the primitive appliances for saving the gold at that time; the tailings, which have been preserved, show considerable free gold in every sample.

The directors are, therefore, taking precautions to secure the very best appliances for saving gold, as the stone has since been proved to contain a far greater percentage of gold than has been extracted, more especially free gold, and not the gold held by the sulphides.

Imagine an immense open cutting on the side of a hill, upwards of 40 ft. in height, 100 ft. in length, and nearly 50 ft. wide, from which quartz has been quarried out, any piece of

which, though showing no visible gold, will yield a wonderful streak of fine gold on being pounded!

A remarkable incident was striking the same stone, equally rich, in the third level, 140 ft. below the quarry. This proved the quarry to be a gold shoot or chimney of remarkable richness and not a pocket of rich ore, as was anticipated by some persons. The company have now commenced steady crushing with their own ten head of stamps, just erected, and they are making arrangements with other companies to crush stone for them as the transport can be arranged. In November last extensive operations were commenced for the rapid development of the mine, and in six or eight months it should be in a position to produce daily a large amount of ore.

Moodie's lies some eight miles southwest of Barberton, and some very good mining work has been carried out. Having had the start of others, this company have maintained their position, and several of the mines, notably the Pioneer, have been well opened out. In the early days, diggers made a good business by crushing some 70lb. or 80lb. of picked quartz daily in a dolly.

Passing through Moodie's Farms the Komarti district is reached. Here a township has been marked off, called Steynsburg; and prospecting has been carried out. The general formation is similar to the De Kaap Valley, and some of the quartz raised has equalled anything found around Barberton. It is favoured by the large river that runs through the district, and which will enable future operations to be carried out by water power.

To the east, a few miles distant, is Swazieland, where several concessions have lately been granted by the native King, and some companies already are regularly shipping gold.

Up to the end of 1886 there were under one hundred stampers crushing ore on the whole of these gold-fields; but with the machinery already ordered, some of which has arrived, the crushing capabilities will in a few months be trebled.

Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, arrived in London yesterday week, on his return to his duties.

The Town Council of Hastings have decided to raise £25,000 by debentures for the purchase of the East and West Hills.

There have been important art sales at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods'. Yesterday week the fine collection of old porcelain and decorative objects formed by the late Mr. Malcolm Orme was sold. It was exceptionally rich in old decorative furniture, for which some high figures were obtained. The principal item of the catalogue was a Louis XV. oblong writing-table, of marqueterie, with sliding and rising top, with centre cabinet and numerous drawers; a view of a ruined palace is on the top, and musical trophies at the ends, with vases and groups of flowers on the sides, mounted with chased ormolu: this produced the remarkable price of 1750 gs. The sale, consisting of 168 lots, amounted to over £10,465.—On Saturday last Messrs. Christie sold at their rooms pictures belonging to Sir Thomas Fairbairn, and others from various private collections. Good prices were realised: "Waiting for the Fishing-Boats," by P. Graham, R.A., 1863, brought 500 gs.; "Christmas at Seville," by E. Long, R.A., 1868, 1030 gs.; "A Storm in Harvest," by J. Linnell, sen., exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1873, and at Burlington House, 1450 gs.; "Going to the Hayfield," by D. Cox, 1810 gs.; a scene from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," by W. Holman Hunt, 1000 gs.; and "The Scapegoat," by the same artist, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1856, 1350 gs. The day's sale realised upwards of £30,000.

THE "PARDON" AT CONCARNEAU.

A "Pardon," in Brittany, is the birthday festival of a local "patron" Saint; the same kind of religious celebration in Ireland is called a "Pattern." The Breton name is familiar to Protestant foreigners through the opera of "Le Pardon de Plöermel." The fishing-port town of Concarneau is situated on the south coast of the peninsula of Brittany, nearly twenty miles south-east of Quimper, at the head of a narrow inlet of the sea, and partly on the islet of La Ville Close, which is surrounded by fortress walls and towers of the fifteenth century. Concarneau has five thousand inhabitants, and does a large trade in curing, packing, and exporting sardines, besides the lobsters, crabs, turbot, mullet, and other fish which are kept alive in tanks hewn out of the rock, admitting the seawater freely. Here, as in other towns of Brittany, the romantic piety of a Celtic population delights in the solemn pomp of a Saint's Day; and upon this occasion, from the village of Fouesnant, on the opposite shore of the bay, come the Sisterhood of St. Anne, with their silken banner displaying her sacred figure, the head surrounded by stars, crossing the water in their boat, to land at the quay of Concarneau. A French artist, M. Alfred Guillou, has depicted this scene in the agreeable picture which is exhibited this year in the Paris Salon. Our Engraving of his picture will be acceptable to many of our readers. It is interesting from the character of the subject; while the costume of the sisters, and the colours of their banner, contrast effectively with the figures of the boatmen, and with the hues of sea and sky.

Two shipping disasters are reported. The Transatlantic mail-steamer La Champagne, bound for New York with 1300 passengers, was run into, last Saturday, off Arromanches, by the steamer La Ville de Rio de Janeiro. Twenty lives were lost. The crew and remaining passengers were taken off by the English collier Vulture, which landed them at Havre. La Champagne is grounded on a sandy portion of the Calvados coast; La Ville de Rio de Janeiro sank shortly after the collision. Her crew and passengers were saved by the steamer La Ville de Bordeaux.—Last Saturday night the Transatlantic packet La Bretagne, which arrived in Havre on Sunday from New York, ran into a Norwegian barque, which sank immediately, her crew, however, being saved.

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ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday, the 5th inst. at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £154 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. During the current year the institution has been instrumental by its life-boats, and by other means for which it has granted rewards, in saving 210 lives, in addition to rescuing four vessels from destruction. Payments amounting to £2401 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £900 from Mr. George Motley Waud, of Bradford, to provide a new life-boat to be placed at Broadstairs, and named the "Christopher Waud, Bradford;" £200 from Frederick M. Smith, Esq., of Evesham; £200 from Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington; £50 from C. D. S.; and £253s. 1d. from the employés at the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield Lock, per Colonel Arbuthnot, R.A. The committee have appointed Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, consulting naval architect of the institution.

A meeting of the general committee of the Southport Life-boat Disaster Fund was held on the 6th inst. at Southport, the Mayor of Southport presiding. Mr. Berridge, actuary, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, reported that the fund necessary to provide annuities for the sufferers by the life-boat disasters was—for the Southport fund, £13,144, and St. Anne's fund, £13,155. It was decided to divide the funds between St. Anne's and Southport. The balance sheet showed that the total amount of donations and interest was £30,954, and the expenditure, including £26,299 for annuities, £27,509. The hon. treasurer was authorised to forward to the Royal National Life-boat Institution the surplus of the funds, subject to their undertaking in the event of the annuitants living longer than anticipated to provide for them to the extent of the surplus handed to the institution.

Viscountess Folkestone last Saturday laid the foundation-stone of a new promenade pier at Folkestone, which is being erected by the Folkestone Pier and Lift Company. The pier will be 700 feet in length, having at the extremity a convenient landing-stage and a spacious pavilion.

Before the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the bogus petitions recently presented to Parliament in favour of the renewal of the coal and wine dues, one Bidwood, a clerk out of work, stated that he was employed to get signatures, being paid at the rate of 4s. for every hundred, that he himself signed about 1600 names, and that he received £3 for his services.

The emigration returns are steadily going up. The figures for April last were 56,955, as against 40,719 in the corresponding month of 1886. For the four months ended April they are 118,248, as against 82,757 in the same period of last year. The increase is chiefly due to emigration to the United States, and it is notable that there is a great falling-off in the figures for Australasia.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Shakspeare's birthplace, held at Stratford-on-Avon on the 5th inst., Mr. Henry Irving was unanimously elected life-trustee in the place of the late Dr. Ingleby. Mr. Samuel Timmins remarked that the election was not only a compliment to a great actor, but to the dramatic profession generally. The trustees decided to send a vote of condolence to the widow of Dr. Ingleby; he having, since his election in 1875, taken active and useful interest in the management of the trust. It was stated that during the year over 15,000 persons had subscribed their names in the visitors' book at the poet's house, and a number of very valuable gifts were acknowledged.

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AN UNPACIFIC YARN.



THE Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Seas,
A Service fair, conducted there, in dignity and ease;
Though white within, and free from sin, it was a fact that he
Unto the eye, externally, was black as black could be.

The Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, beloved was of all,
The Unpacific residents, his people great and small,
They often said, "A Bishop bred, and born of native stock
Is fitter than another man to guide a native flock."

But Oh! Alas! a dreadful pass he came to on the day
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, a visit came to pay;
Whose features fair, and silver hair, their fancy quickly gain'd,
Whose tuneful voice, and learning choice, affection soon obtained.

The natives all, both great and small, admitted with a groan,
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, was better than their own;
That though they knew that Bishop Q. was pure and free from guile,
He must arrange to make a change, and leave his native isle.

Then Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, his visage wet with tears,
Repair'd to Brown, of Monkeytown, to intimate his fears
That base and rude ingratitude, and unbecoming slight,
Would bleach with care, his aged hair, because he wasn't white.

Said Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, "Although a grievous case,
I'll guarantee, if you'll agree, to change your nigger face,
That you'll obtain their love again, so buoy yourself with hope,
And I'll give you a cake or two of **PEARS'** Transparent Soap."

Then Bishop Q., of Wangaloo (his present safe to hand),
With visage bright, and spirits light, as any in the land,
And grateful heart, did now depart upon his homeward path,
And arm'd with hope, and **PEARS'** Soap, repair'd unto his bath.

* * * * *

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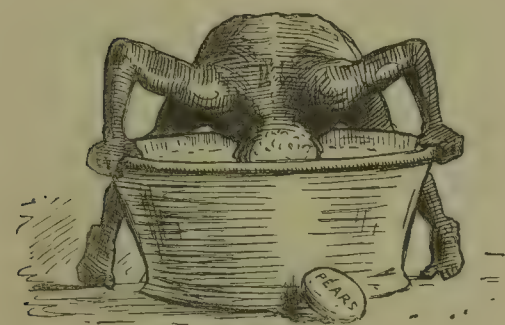
With bow polite, complexion white, and hands of lily hue,
And noble mien, he did convene that Unpacific crew:
That sable flock of native stock, who, frighten'd and amaz'd,
For pardon to the Bishop Q. their supplications raised."

And thus with hope, and **PEARS'** Soap, and bath and water plain,
The love of all, both great and small, the Bishop did regain.
And now without a care or doubt, his features wreath'd in smiles,
Lives Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Isles.

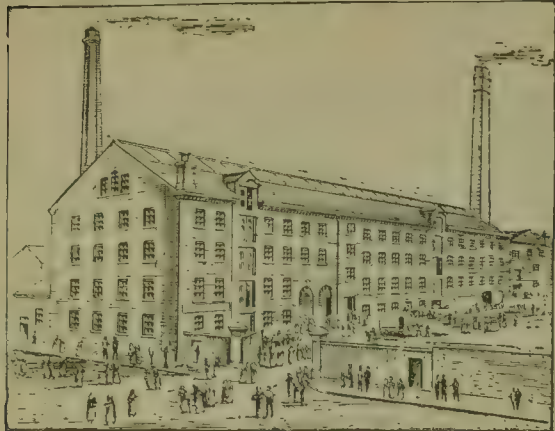
MORAL.

That cleanliness and godliness go ever hand in hand;
From maxims sage, of greatest age, we're led to understand.
The former clasp within your grasp (and for the latter hope),
By getting through a cake or two of **PEARS'** Transparent Soap.

And when you've tried, you will decide, without a single doubt,
That such a sweet and fragrant treat you'll never be without:
That all around will ne'er be found a maker that can cope,
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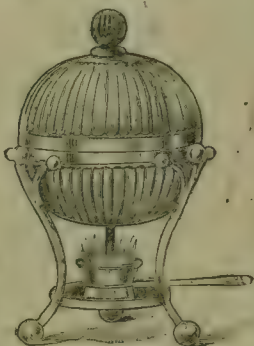
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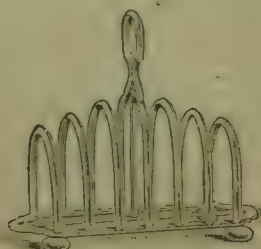
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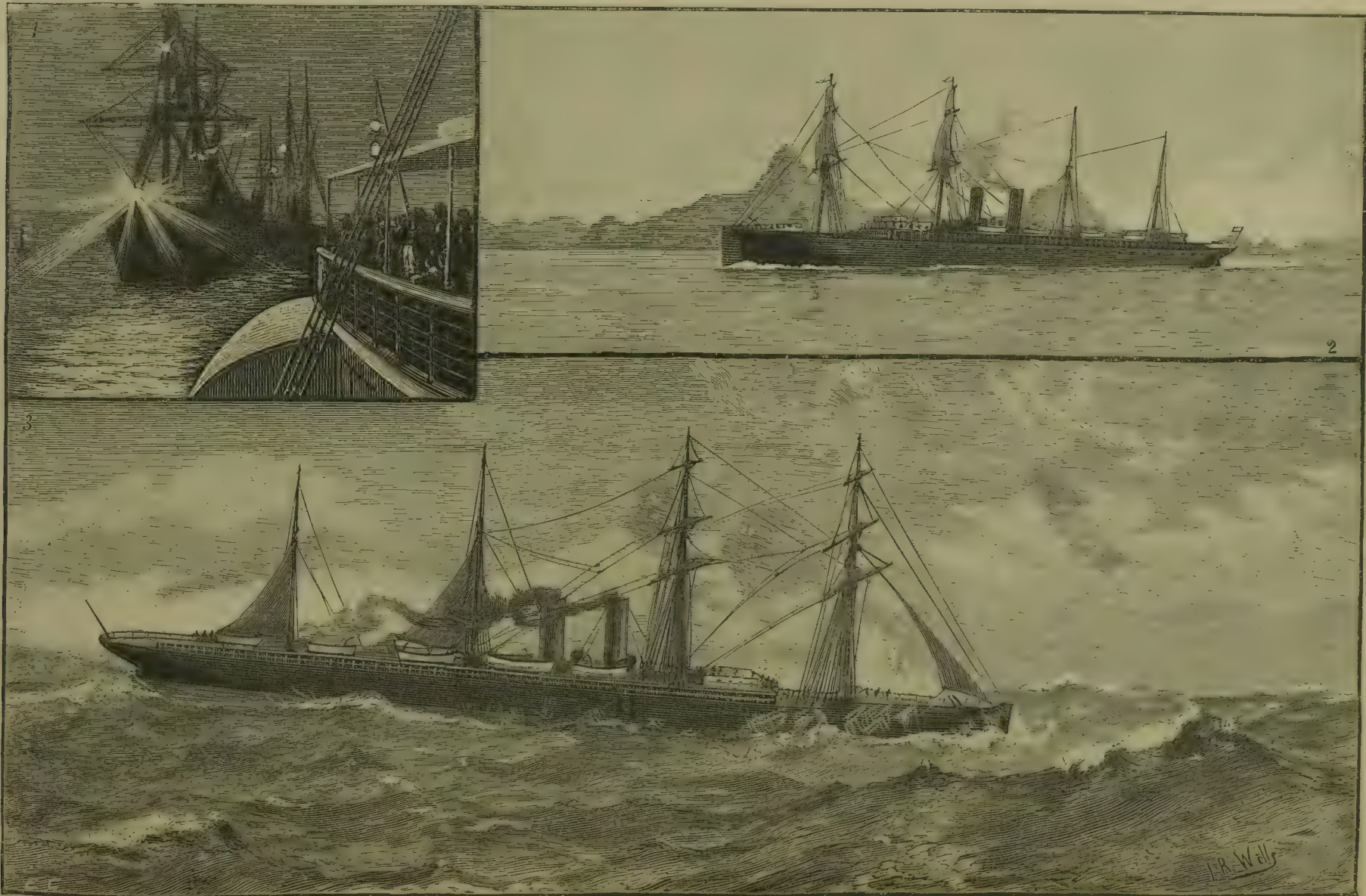


THE ORIENT LINE STEAM-SHIP ORMUZ.

This fine ocean steam-ship, the latest addition to the famous "Orient" Line between England and Australia, has achieved a wonderful home-passage, leaving Adelaide on April 4, and delivering her mails in London at a quarter past five o'clock on May 1, the shortest time that has yet been recorded, eleven thousand miles within twenty-seven days. Her departure from Sydney, on March 28, was acclaimed by the admiring cheers of many thousand assembled spectators; thence to Melbourne and Adelaide. She consumed only 110 tons of coal daily, on the average. One of the passengers, Dr. C. L. Cunningham, who left the ship at Port Said and came home by Italy, has favoured us with Sketches of the Ormuz in the teeth of a full gale, steaming fourteen knots an hour;

of her entering the Red Sea at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb; and of her passing through the Suez Canal. The Ormuz was built on the Clyde, by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company (Limited), late John Elder and Co., from special designs, expressly for the Australian passenger service of the Orient Steam Navigation Company (Limited), and was completed in nine months after signing the contract. She is 481 ft. in length over all, 465 ft. between perpendiculars; in breadth, moulded, 52 ft.; in depth, 37 ft.; her displacement, at the load-line, 26 ft., is 10,500 tons; the gross tonnage registered, 6116; and the triple expansion engines, with cylinders of 46 in., 73 in., and 112 in. diameter, with 6 ft. stroke, have 8500-horse power effective, with seven cylindrical steel boilers, working-

pressure 150 lb. The hull is wholly constructed of mild steel, carefully tested; it is formed with a turtle back at each end, and with a double bottom, divided and subdivided into many watertight compartments, as are the spaces above. Every door can be closed by machinery working on the main deck. This ship is admirably fitted for the accommodation of passengers, to which the whole of the main deck and great part of the lower deck is devoted. Elegance and luxury in the saloons, a vast promenade deck, comfortable state-rooms and cabins, and baths of hot or cold water, are provided for those of the first class. The second-class saloon passengers have a promenade deck 100 ft. long. The ship is illuminated by Swan and Edison's incandescent electric lights.



1. The Ormuz in the Suez Canal. 2. Passing through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. 3. Doing fourteen knots an hour in the teeth of a full gale.

THE PARIS SALON EXHIBITION.

Each succeeding Exhibition of the Paris Salon increases one's astonishment at the inexhaustible artistic fecundity of the French nation. Year after year the catalogue enumerates upwards of five thousand works of art; year after year the average of the works accepted by the jury remains higher than the average in any other Exhibition in the world; year after year one discovers amongst the five thousand works of the Salon a certain number absolutely remarkable, and approaching very nearly to the accepted masterpieces of the past.

THE PAINTINGS.

The French painters this year seem to have been animated by a spirit of independence, each one attempting in his own manner to render his vision of reality. Consequently we are not irritated, as we have been in former years, by meeting in every room weird imitations of the anemic figures of Puvis De Chavannes, or pale dilutions of the spirit of Cazin and Whistler. At the head of the staircase the eye is first caught by an immense cartoon by Puvis De Chavannes, destined to adorn the grand amphitheatre of the new Sorbonne. This very complicated composition represents Science, History, and Philosophy. We may reserve judgment until we have seen the work coloured and complete. Opposite is an exquisite decorative panel for one of the Parisian "mairies" by Albert Besnard, "The Evening of Life": outside a cottage on the brow of a hill are seated an old man and an old woman; at their feet is spread out a plain, and the village roofs with lights in the house-windows; on the cottage steps, under the arched vestibule, stands a young mother and her two children, watching curiously the silent ancestors who, with upturned faces, gaze intent upon the mysterious expanse of the star-spangled sky. This delicate and powerful "nocturne" is painted in tones of grey-blues, heightening into rose and yellow and white. It is a most poetical and impressive work. In the grand Salon Carré there is an immense picture by Cormon, which is supposed to represent the "Greeks rejoicing after the Battle of Salamis," a mistaken effort, absolutely without character and without significance. The same remark applies to Clairin's vast picture of the "Apotheosis of Victor Hugo." Roll's immense picture of "War: Infantry Marching to the Front," is a fine realistic work, very impressive in its simplicity, and full of delicate observation of tone and atmosphere. "Le Soir," by Duez, which hangs opposite, might have been equally effective as a smaller canvas. In this room are to be noticed two excellent portraits by Fantin Latour, two landscapes by Damoye, and a beautiful Dutch scene of a lady in a tulip-garden, by an American, G. Hitchcock.

We will now begin our promenade through the Salon by Room 10, noting rapidly the chief pictures as we pass. In the place of honour is one of the most wonderful works in the Salon: Aimé Morot's "Reichshoffen," representing cavalry manoeuvres over the luminous landscape of the vast battlefield, and, in the foreground, a squadron of cuirassiers charging full-face against the enemy's fire and full-face to the spectator. The terrible and thundering rush of the cavalry through the whistling and murderous hail of bullets is rendered with an intensity of observation and a swift surety of brush that have never been equalled. Meissonier's cavalry charges are still-life pictures compared with this picture, or with Aimé Morot's last year's picture of a cavalry charge at Rezonville. Close by is a strongly-painted and masterly portrait of a lady and her baby sitting in a garden, by Moreau De Tours; a clever picture by J. A. Meunier, representing a priest sitting in his garden, with, in the distance, the village roofs, the whole roseate with the golden light of the setting sun; J. P. Laurens, a mediæval scene, a Languedoc religious agitator making his Judges tremble; Luminais, "Un Ami Blessé," a mediæval warrior washing his horse's wound; Jules Lefebvre, a decorative portrait of a brother and sister, and "Morning Glory," which might as well be called "Ophelia" or "Veloutine Fay," for it represents a rose-and-white apparition, possessing only vaguely the semblance of a woman; A. Morlon, a vigorous seapiece, "Launching the Life-boat"; Hector Leroux, two of this artist's usual classical anecdotes: a pretty maiden confiding a secret to the Pompeian Venus, and several pretty maidens at Virgil's tomb at Naples; Laurent-Gsell, "Pasteur and Dr. Grancher inoculating a child"; and, in Room 4, a fine landscape, with figures, "Hay Harvest," by Léon Lhermitte, a very charming composition, admirably painted, and a landscape of undulating grassland fading away into the airy distance—in short, one of the great pictures of the Salon.

The large end room, No. 3, is full of horrors of more or less decorative pretensions, amongst which may be found one work of art—namely, Liebermann's Dutch women spinning hemp, a charming bit of realism and clever painting. In the succeeding rooms are two beautiful works by Kuehl, "Sail-Making" and, especially, the little girls in the refectory of the orphanage at Lübeck—a masterly piece of drawing and delicate painting; Loustaunau's "Aérostation Militaire"; Jacomb-Hood, a portrait of a pretty English girl in black on a grey Whistlerian background; Girardot's curious "Ruth and Boaz," inspired by Hugo's famous poem, and containing some interesting work, though unsatisfactory and pretentious as a whole; a pretty rustic maid sitting on a bench behind a pretty cottage, by Welden Hawkins, almost too pretty, and reminding one strangely of George Boughton's work; two minutely painted and yet broad and airy landscapes by Jan-Monchablon, very remarkable in treatment and very charming; in contrast may be noted the broad and muscular landscapes of Harpignies, and the bold sea-pieces with figures by Haquette, the panoramic landscapes of Haroux, Jean Desbrosses and Le Marié des Landelles. In the neighbourhood will be seen two pictures by Henner, red hair and white flesh set off by the usual bitumen backgrounds, and, nevertheless, charming as mere colour, in spite of the transparency of the trick. In the same room is a splendid landscape with figures, by Ridgway Knight, a very finished and powerful work.

We now pass to Room 14, and notice, first of all, Mdlle. Rongier's "Entrée au Couvent"—some little girls taking leave of their parents in the convent parlour—a very clever picture. In the next room are some first-class pictures, particularly J. F. Raffaëlli's "Belle Matinée," which is a miracle of beautiful and skilful painting; C. S. Reinhardt's "Washed Ashore," a touching scene of the finding of a dead sailor on the beach, strongly painted and full of sincere study of character and gesture; Petitjean's two landscapes; Renouf's "Hauling up the Boat"; Richet's fine forest landscape. Then one notices a wonderful picture by Vollon, representing the entrance to the port of Joliette, with the town of Marseilles in the distance; two pictures by that precocious genius, Georges Rochegrosse, who has rather come to grief this year over a "Death of Caesar" and a "Hérodiade Dancing before Herod": a "Cassandra," by Solomon J. Solomon, which is hung well up out of sight; a clever and delicate interior scene, "An Avowal," by W. T. Warrener—a peasant-girl confessing her sin to her mother—a good piece of simple and strong painting; a forest

scene, with running fawns, in early morning, by F. De Vuillefroy; and an evening landscape, with sheep, by the same distinguished master.

In the large west end room, one is struck with a charmingly painted and witty picture, by V. Chevreillard, "Il n'y a que la foi qui sauve"—an old priest pouring a bucket of pump-water into the holy-water font—and François Flameng's vast triptych for the decoration of the New Sorbonne. In the middle is Abelard and his school on the Montagne St. Geneviève, with old Paris in the background; on the left is "St. Louis giving the Charter to Robert De Sorbon"; on the right Heynin, with his printing-press in the cellar of the Sorbonne. This mural painting is most successful, and the man who painted it, young as he is, may claim the title of master. In the remaining rooms the most remarkable pictures are Bonnat's portrait of Alexandre Dumas, wonderful in drawing and modelling; Bouguereau's "Victorious Love," and portrait of a girl, both absolutely wonderful in skill and correctness; J. De Payer's two Arctic pictures representing terrible episodes of the Franklin expedition, painted with remarkable talent by this distinguished explorer, who, before he became a painter, paid three visits to the North Pole; Jules Breton's two landscapes, which are, of course, very rich in colour, very charming, and worth, in the American market, at least £3000 each. Notice, too, Skredsvig's Norwegian lake and Tuxen's fishermen on the beach by twilight, and, above all, Uhde's magnificent picture of the "Last Supper," represented without any care for archaeological exactitude, but with a simplicity, a naïveté, a directness of vision and an intensity of feeling, which, together with the highest technical qualities, make this work, perhaps, the greatest picture in the Salon. After a glance at Aubert's clever allegories of "Love's Diorama" and the "Gardeuses d'Amour," and at Emile Barau's two luminous and ravishing landscapes, we turn back and examine Benjamin Constant's two fine works, "Orpheus" and "Theodora"; Jean Béraud's "Church of the Sacred Heart" and "Salle des Pas-Perdus"; André Brouillet's already famous picture of Dr. Charcot, surrounded by his pupils, and demonstrating a case of hysteria at the Salpêtrière Hospital; Chaplin's voluptuous fantasia "Dans les Rêves"; Carolus Duran's rather garish portrait of Madame De Greffulhe and her children; Cabanel's extraordinary chocolate-coloured and impossible picture of Cleopatra trying poisons on slaves; Dantan's clever and luminous picture, "Taking a Plaster Cast from Nature"; Dagnan-Bouveret's "Breton Pardon"; Debat-Ponsan's showy portrait of General Boulanger; landscapes by René Fath, Gagliardini, and Guillemet; Fourié's clever open-air wedding-feast at Yport; and, last of all, Henri Gervex's medical scene, "Dr. Péan Surrounded by his Pupils, and about to Perform a Surgical Operation on an Anæsthetised Patient," a clever picture, certainly, but nothing very marvellous.

The number of English painters who exhibit in the Salon this year is about fifty, the majority of whom are probably students, for not many of their pictures show high merit, with the exception of those already noticed, and with the exception of the pictures of that admirable landscapist Alfred Parsons, and of the following artists, whose works are well placed: H. C. Baxter, Alfred Elias, Miss Rose Leigh, Harry Thompson, Alex. Mann, Julius M. Price, and R. Barrett Browning.

THE SCULPTURE.

In the section of sculpture one is struck by the activity and the brilliant genius of the contemporary French school; and not merely by the technical skill of the artists, but by their imaginative faculty, which enables them to embody, in bronze and marble, delightful personal and novel visions of ideas, legends, and facts, which come within the domain of their art. Can any other nation boast a sculptor of such a distinguished, simple, and puissant talent as Falguière, whose Diana, in marble, faces you as you enter the sculpture garden? Superb and chaste in her divine nudity, the goddess stands, bow in hand, in the pose of having just discharged an arrow. This statue, so majestic in line, so life-like, so perfect and strong in modelling, so fascinating in general aspect, is the pearl of the sculpture department. Next, we notice Fremiet's group representing a grinning troglodyte gorilla carrying off a woman. The woman struggles vainly against the grasp of the monster, who, with an arrow through his shoulder, holds a boulder in his free hand and looks around ready to fling the projectile at his adversaries. In contrast with this dramatic group is René De Saint-Marceaux's plaster model of a fountain for the town of Reims. From amidst a mass of trailing and grape-laden vines, in the centre of the basin, emerges the neck of a champagne-bottle, and balanced on the foam, which will be simulated by the water jets, rises a nude female figure of Gaiety, laughing and shaking the emblematic sceptre and bells of the jester. "Mousse de Champagne" is the title and *motif* of this decorative composition. In contrast, again, is Moreau-Vauthier's statue of Grief—a slender female figure entirely draped, the folds of the robe descending from the crown of her head to the tip of her toes; even the face is entirely concealed, except the chin, by her right hand which is pressed over her brow, while the left hand clasps the drapery to her breast. From the point of view of the eloquence of mere attitude and gesture, this statue is most remarkable: the bowed head, the quivering fingers, the drooping folds of the dress alone suffice to express poignant grief; and withal, as a plastic whole, the statue is most elegant and charming. Very touching and simple is Delaplanche's colossal marble of "Notre Dame des Brebières," destined to adorn a provincial church; and Stanislas Lami's "Washed Ashore," a female figure enveloped in a winding sheet, a beautiful victim of the seraglio and the Bosphorus. The painter Gérôme exhibits a marble "Omphale," evidently inspired by the Farnese Hercules; Injalbert, three fine high reliefs of river gods in the style of the Eighteenth Century, destined to enter into the decoration of a provincial Prefecture; Frederick Beer, a very fine terra-cotta bust of that very beautiful lady, Mrs. Brown-Potter. Then we have the definitive bronze or marble execution of groups which we have seen in plaster in previous Salons, notably: Alfred Boucher's three runners, "At the Winning-Post," a marvel of movement; Desca's "On Veille," Gaulish warriors on the lookout; Hiolin's "Au Loup," a shepherd egging on his dog; Marqueste's allegorical statue of "L'Art," for the Paris Hôtel de Ville; Salmson's "First Ascension of Mont Blanc," by M. De Saussure and the guide Balma in 1787, a group which is to be erected at Chamounix; Desbois's exquisite marble of Acis metamorphosed into a river; Damp's Diana regretting the death of Actæon; Aimé Millet's "Phidias," destined to be placed in the Luxembourg Garden; Gautherin's "Inspiration," and Delaplanche's "Circe."

Such are the most remarkable works in the sculpture department, and they are more than sufficient to maintain the prestige of the contemporary French school. In this section there are but very few English exhibitors: A. G. Atkinson, "Le Chagrin," a bronze statuette; E. A. Fawcett, "Un Jeune Sylvain"; Lord Ronald Gower, a bronze statue of Henry V., a fragment of a Shakspeare monument, and a work of considerable merit.

T. C.

NEW BOOKS.

TRAVELS.

The Western Avernus; or, Toil and Travel in Further North America. By Morley Roberts (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—As British Columbia is not devoid of birds, and is no part of the infernal regions, why should this author call it "The Western Avernus"? Mr. Morley Roberts, however, is familiar with Greek and Latin poetry; he also writes vigorous and agreeable English prose. He carried with him, through many months of the hardest life of a labourer "on tramp," often penniless and sometimes in danger of starvation, the "Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle. A roving disposition in youth took him to Australia, and he worked his passage home as a common seaman. He found an idle life in London prejudicial to health, so he went out to join his brother working on a cattle station in Texas; thence to Minnesota, to Manitoba, and to the Great West beyond the Rocky Mountains. He was, outwardly, from his own account of himself, at this time like an honest vagabond, willing to earn food and bed anywhere in the roughest tasks of the roughest new country; while inwardly, if we mistake not, he remained a gentleman, with refinement of thought and feeling. Strange companions—too often drunken, foul-mouthed, and rowdy—claimed equality with him, or even proved their superiority in seizing the chances of such a life. These incidents, told candidly and with good humour, are instructive, but not pleasant. The descriptions of the grand mountain scenery of the Kicking Horse Pass, the Columbia Valley, the Selkirk Range, Mount Baker, the Shushwap Lakes, Kamloops, the Fraser Cañon, New Westminster, Vancouver Island, and Tacoma, in Washington Territory, have freshness and vivid impressiveness; the author had been a disciple of Ruskin. Sympathetic esteem is due to a mind that could cherish and express high æsthetic love of natural sublimity amidst the sordid experiences of extreme poverty, and the rudest precarious drudgery of pickaxe and spade:—a man of taste and culture knocked about with the shabbiest clothing, bad and scanty eating, frequent bodily suffering, and great uncertainty of ever getting home. We think Mr. Morley Roberts a more experienced practical philosopher than Herr Teufelsdröck; we admire his courage and patience; and when he gets to San Francisco, with a shilling and a halfpenny in his pocket, we find him again bravely struggling in the crowd of city men, less kind than those of the forest and the prairie. He is a clever and accomplished writer, and must have gathered materials, if he will use them, for interesting tales of romance; but his apparently truthful narrative, in this volume, is very good reading.

Through Cyprus. By Agnes Smith (Hurst and Blackett).—After Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. Hamilton Lang, and other writers, by whom the island of ancient classical renown lately placed under British rule has been described, Miss Agnes Smith in her turn relates the observations she made last year in a tour of one month; and these notes fill nearly half the volume. The other half is filled partly with the less important incidents of her sojourn at Cairo, at Alexandria, and at Beyrout; partly with rather stale historical gleanings, second-hand statistics, and political comments which do not carry much weight. Nevertheless, we find the testimony of this lady traveller worthy of attention with regard to many points; for she feels a lively interest in the social and domestic welfare of the Greek race, whose language, as well as Arabic, she has learnt to speak; but she thinks Cyprus ought to remain under British government. She was accompanied by another lady, Miss Violet; they rode on mules, with George the dragoman from Beyrout, a Cypriot guide named Georgie, and other servants; going from Larnaca to Famagusta, on the east coast; thence to Trikomo, to Kyrenia, on the north coast, and to Kythrea and Leucosia; on to Lefka, and further, to the highland monasteries of Kykko and of Chrysoroghiatissa; lastly to Paphos, near the western extremity of the island, and thence eastward along the south coast to Limasol—almost all round Cyprus, and crossing the country inland. This was a pretty complete tour; and Miss Agnes Smith, being able to talk with the natives and to ask questions, obtained much fresh information. She could repay it by telling them, especially the Greek priests and monks, what she had seen in the Kingdom of Greece and in Thessaly. At Kykko, in a romantic site on a cliff overlooking a deep wooded valley, the English ladies slept in their own tent; at Chrysoroghiatissa, the wind blew down their tent, and they were accommodated with a room in the monastery, which they could not have had at Mount Athos, or at the Grande Chartreuse. It is curious to meet with the name of Paphos, still redolent of the fascinations of Venus, in the topography of a country where monks of fusty garb now hold a high place in popular esteem. Indeed, a German writer says that the Panagia, or Madonna, is even now called by the Cyprians "Aphroditissa"; but the author of this volume got no evidence of that odd usage, and Mr. Thompson, the Commissioner of Paphos, had never heard of it. We agree with her, for all that, in the opinion that British Government measures for improving education in Cyprus ought to be so conducted as not to disparage the use of the Greek language and the memories of Greek national history.

Court Life in Egypt. By Alfred J. Butler, Fellow of Brasenose College (Chapman and Hall).—The author of a recent work on the ancient Coptic Churches in Egypt, having been tutor to the sons of the Khedive during the year 1880, was in a position to become well acquainted with the manners and ideas of the ruling classes in Mohammedan society, and to see native life from an interior point of view. His observations and anecdotes, more especially his reports of conversations with Tewfik Pasha, and with other personages of rank and authority, upon the social as well as the political condition of Egypt six or seven years ago, make a valuable addition to the knowledge derived from several recent books. The personal character of the Khedive is most favourably delineated, yet without flattery, if we credit the similar testimony of many other respectable witnesses. Mr. Alfred Butler was at Cairo in February, 1881, when the first military mutiny, led by Arabi and two other Colonels, began to shake the Khedive's Government, compelling his Highness to appoint Mahmoud Sami to the Ministry of War. The Khedive himself confessed, upon that occasion, that he had committed an act of weakness; but he could not rely on any support from those about him. It will be remembered that, in the September of that year, a more formidable demonstration of the same kind obliged him to yield to Arabi Pasha the virtual dictatorship of Egypt; but this was after Mr. Butler's departure. Much that has been said of the grasping, reckless, and untrustworthy dealings of Ismail Pasha finds confirmation in the statements reported by this writer. Ismail, in private, avowed himself to be no Mussulman, and it is certain that a really good Mussulman, like his son now reigning, may be a very honest man. The son, in Ismail's time, was often treated very ill, and is not the less deserving of our esteem. Out of the hundred millions sterling then borrowed, says Mr. Butler, only about fifteen millions were spent on public works in Egypt; but Mr. Butler forgets to mention that a moiety was intercepted by the European loan-mongers. We do not believe, though Ismail put it down in his accounts, that the *Times* received a bribe of

£10,000; and there are some other stories, here repeated by this author in perfect good faith, which are not to be accepted without better proof than he could obtain. The shameful general immorality of Egyptian native society is exemplified by many anecdotes, which must, we fear, be true, for Mr. Butler saw and heard things bad enough—not indeed concerning the Khedive's strictly decorous and perhaps virtuous household. Latin notes, as in the pages of Gibbon, are now and then employed, not judiciously, we think, to veil these nasty features of corrupt Moslem life in "the decent obscurity of a learned language." The education of Egyptian women and children seems to be conducted in a deplorable manner, which the Khedive and his one wife, an estimable Princess, have been trying to amend. That enlightened and well-intentioned ruler is not less earnest in his desire to put an end to slavery; but we cannot forget that General Gordon was led to believe Ismail Pasha sincerely determined on its abolition. It appears certain that, before the British intervention in Egypt, slave-girls and others in bondage were often put to death by their masters for suspected infidelity; and cruel tortures were practised in the harems of wealthy Pashas. Mr. Butler gives vivid descriptions of Mohammedan religious festivals; of the Bairam ceremonies, and the procession of the Mahmal or sacred carpet annually sent to Mecca; and of the Dosah, the tramping of the dervishes, a shocking performance, which Tewfik Pasha has suppressed at the entreaty of his English friend.

Letters from a Mourning City. By Axel Munthe. Translated from the Swedish by Maude Valérie White (John Murray).—The Italian proverb, "See Naples, and then die!" is recalled, but reversed in meaning, by Dr. Axel Munthe's intensely affecting reports and reflections. He had seen Naples before; he loved the fair shores of its Bay, in former years, and sympathised with that poor, ignorant, warm-hearted, impulsive race of people, who are the Irish of Italy. He is a Swedish medical practitioner, residing in Paris, who chose, in the autumn of 1884, to spend his month's holiday—it was an heroic, perhaps angelic, choice—in solitary gratuitous service of the victims of the cholera, in the hideous alleys, courts, and cellars of that huge overcrowded city. He wrote letters to the *Dagblad*, a Stockholm paper, the remuneration from which helped to pay his small expenses and the cost of his generous charities. We thank Miss White for presenting us with these pathetic, sad, yet sweet-spirited, witty, and profoundly suggestive writings, translated into English; we hope they will also be published in French, in German, and especially in Italian. It is often better—as a text in the Bible teaches—to go into the "house of mourning" than into the house of feasting; and why? Because "the heart is made better." Passing over many shocking details of the pestilence, which were reported at the time all over Europe, and some criticisms of the measures adopted by the Municipality of Naples, we accompany the author, with full confidence in his good faith, to the dismal abodes of misery in the Mercato, Porto, Pendino, and Vicaria quarters. It is an odd procession; Dr. Axel Munthe, being unable to walk after a severe recent illness, rides a little female donkey, called Rosina, hired from the orphan heir of a deceased costermonger, while the boy, Peppino, is engaged as his attendant; and Puck, the good doctor's big dog, runs beside with a basket suspended to his neck, containing brandy, ether, morphine, and surgical instruments for injections. There is a picture of these queer "assistants" in the frontispiece; but the author's long conversations with Rosina, upon the gravest topics of moral philosophy and the problems of life's experience, are better than Sterne's discourse to the ass in the "Sentimental Journey." Dr. Axel Munthe, for his part, is no sham sentimentalist. He owns to having been perplexed, at one time, by the pessimist theory of a certain German metaphysician. In the presence of immense human suffering, of extreme destitution, filth, hunger, nakedness, neglected disease, despair, and uncounted deaths, that gloomy atheistic creed is rebuked by wonderful exhibitions of human love and faith among the distressed people, and by the consolations they derive from the Catholic religion. The Swedish physician is no Catholic, and, apparently, not a Lutheran orthodox believer; yet he reveres the example of monks and Sisters of Charity whom he met at the bedsides of the dying; and his sketch of Sœur Philomène, at the Paris hospital, is a perfect idyll of Christian compassion. Beautiful also is the story of his meeting at Sorrento the party of brave seamen and coral-fishers returned from long absence, who wanted to regain their homes at Capri—their wives, friends, and sweethearts—but were sternly forbidden by the quarantine. He gave them a feast, cheered them with frank brotherly kindness, and sailed with them, on a glorious bright morning, to within a few yards of the charming island; but his friendly intervention was of no avail. A few pages of this little book are rich in touching anecdotes of sublime tenderness, mixed with traits of genuine humour, and with revelations of the dark Camorra, of the deadly conspiracy against the hated Neapolitan police, and of the squalid wretchedness that still prevails in that unhappy city. *Vedi Napoli, e poi muori!* but first see, even there, how pain and death, sin and sorrow, may be conquered by love: then turn to the New Testament, and invoke the Spirit of Christ.

HUMOUR AND FANCY.

Travels in the Interior. Edited by a London Physician (Ward and Downey).—Ought not this volume, full of humour and fancy as it is, but accurately descriptive of the localities really explored in a very interesting region, to be classed among the narratives of travels? Let the reader consider how it would be to visit such places, with Luke Courteney and his sister Belinda, who call each other "Pill" and "Bozy," joined by their friend Sutton. They find themselves in a large vaulted red cavern, the sides of which are furnished, above and below, with a row of hard white pillars; one of these, happening to be hollow, affords them shelter, in a cell roofed with gold, during the first night of their strange adventures. They pick off a convenient quantity of the gold to carry away with them. After walking over the floor of the cavern, which is perilously undulating, often inundated with water, and beset with curious small mounds, pits, and circular ditches arranged in a peculiar order, the two young persons next day enter an inner cavern, separated from the first by a massive hanging curtain of soft red substance. This second cavern, which is two hundred yards wide and three hundred yards high, while the ledge at its entrance slopes down steeply to precipices and abysses of terrific profundity, leads through certain apertures high in its walls to the most wonderful and beautiful recesses. Belinda, an enthusiastic girl of fifteen, may well exclaim, "What a lovely place!" when she gets into "the organ loft," through passages of "live velvet," the inner surface being covered with hairs perpetually stirring and waving; but she requires a minute explanation of the surprising machinery in that secluded chamber. Her brother Luke, a medical student who has just passed a successful examination in anatomy and physiology, is able to tell both her and us a great deal that we did not know before. And nothing could be told, in our opinion, that is more interesting than these details of the set of differently shaped bones,

hammer, anvil, and stirrup, that are slung to the roof, transmitting every blow on the drum of parchment stretched across a huge oval window; and its communication to a still more amazing instrument, the complex structure of spiral canals, leading to membrane strings of different lengths and tensions (tuned like the strings of a harp) with some three thousand tiny hammers, each responsive to a particular vibration in the fluid of the winding tubes. We defy Mr. Rider Haggard, or Jules Verne, or any other romance-writer, to invent the equal of this in fictitious stories of travel. Will not our readers hasten now to follow Luke and Belinda? Their descent into the nether interior of the strange world they have to survey is effected with some difficulty and personal danger. The fourth day is spent on a platform, snugly covered by overhanging thick red doors, at the brink of a deep shaft, occasionally closed or opened by white bands crossing its mouth, through which blasts of warm and cold air pass in constant alternation. Mr. Sutton arrives while the brother and sister are here; they consult a map of the regions below, and pursue on the morrow their further journey, of which we should be incredulous, if we did not know that every bit of the local description is literally true. They descend a perpendicular "red lanc," or tunnel, to the distance of half a mile, propelled by the peristaltic action of its sides; they come into an immense cavern, half a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide, and 300 yards high. It is of great practical importance to learn the structure of this vast receptacle, and the prodigious chemical operations here applied to various materials already subjected to preparatory treatment in the outer cavern that was first mentioned. We tremble for the audacious visitors: what a dreadful fate it would be if they were *digested*! How do they contrive to escape the destructive streams of dissolving acids that pour from countless fountains, whenever masses of any proper substance, usually three or four times a day, are introduced into this enormous laboratory? Where do they reach a safe perch to overlook the swirling, seething whirlpool of a stormy lake, in which two young gentlemen and a young lady, once caught by its fierce eddies, must instantly perish? Yet we rejoice to see them, after a few hours, well out of that danger, exploring a further cavern or large tunnel, where they play hide-and-seek in a labyrinth of cross-walls and columns, the nature of which is no secret to the two medical students. Scientific knowledge, with the exercise of remarkable courage, and with the aid of a sharp fish-bone, luckily found in that place, enables the travelling party to bore their way into a quite different part of the under-world. After penetrating an intricate series of narrow tubes, by which they ascend, though vexed by torrents of white liquid, sometimes beholding and evading horrid cataracts of blood, they finally emerge to the light of day—bursting out of a pimple on Uncle Goodchild's neck! Now, this is a marvellous story; but we are assured by "a London physician," who is a wise and veracious man, and certainly a very clever author, that it is all matter of fact, except only the supposed dimensions, which are calculated in proportion, and the supposed performances of Luke, Belinda, and Sutton. It is even more exact than Dean Swift's computation of the relative sizes of the Lilliput and Brobdingnag worlds to our ordinary stature. It is not less ingenious and humorous. Grant to the author, as we do in reading "Alice in Wonderland," the initial conception of magic reducing the size of a human body—three human bodies, in this case—to the fiftieth of an inch, and please further to grant the possibility of certain apparatus for breathing, feeding, and artificial lighting being invented by chemical, mechanical, and electrical contrivances—these "Travels in the Interior" might then be a consistent narrative. It is the funniest and merriest book, and one of the most instructive, that we have lately enjoyed. Mr. Harry Furniss has drawn the illustrations.

POETRY.

Songs of Britain. By Lewis Morris (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). The Celtic vein of sentiment and imagination, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said, enriches the mines of English poetry. Mr. Lewis Morris, a Welshman, gained his place thirteen years ago in the higher rank of contemporary poets. Three narrative poems in this volume take their stories from ancient legends of "Wild Wales." The best is "Llyn y Morwynion," the Maidens' Lake, near Festiniog, where the young women of Arvon, who had been carried off, like the Sabines, to wed the men of Meirion, having soon learnt to love their new husbands, saw these killed by their fathers and brothers in fierce avenging battle, and then cast themselves into the cold deep water to die. This romantic tale is nobly told in strong and smooth blank verse. "The Physicians of Myddfa," unfortunately, is a failure in metrical experiment, ill excused by asking indulgence because of the practical impossibility of an English imitation of classical elegiac verse. Hexameters and pentameters are doomed to abortion by lack of the rare skill to use just and natural accent as the substitute for syllabic quantity. The author is, nevertheless, a proved master of the ordinary modern forms of versification. The subject might have been more suitably treated in a brief simple ballad. It is that of a supernatural Lady of the Lake, who wedded a worthy man and lived with him long, under the condition of her recall to Fairyland if he struck her thrice; he only gently tapped her shoulder to arouse her from fits of absent-mindedness; but she had to go. Being mother of three sons, her affection for them restored her to humanity, and she taught them mystical lore of the sacred healing art. "The Curse of Pantannas" is likewise a weird pathetic story; that of a Glamorgan Rip Van Winkle, held prisoner sixty years by the fairies, then released, to find his old sweetheart, with nearly all his friends, in their graves. It is simply and impressively related. In the preludes to these romantic tales, Mr. Morris sketches, both tenderly and truthfully, the present aspects of local scenery, and the manners of the Welsh people, as they are now. His epilogues, commenting on the moral and æsthetic value of their legends, should not have been made part of the poems; such reflections might better have occupied a preface in prose. The finest piece, however, in this volume is one belonging to Greater Britain. "A Song of Empire," for the Queen's Jubilee year, is as far superior to Lord Tennyson's, upon this occasion, as Tennyson's own grand "Ode on the Duke of Wellington's Funeral" is superior to his latest effusion. Its metrical structure is of the same free and oratorical form, with a varying strain of musical declamation, in which lines of different lengths, and different intervals of rhyme, announce the outburst of successive fresh passages, and of the changes of mood and thought, making one of the most effective compositions of its kind. It merits to be the inaugural Ode of the Imperial Institute, happily describing the imaginative views of India and the Colonies, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the West Indies, and the British dominions in Africa, glancing at the history of England under Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria, and closing with a hymn to Peace and Freedom.

Sonnets Round the Coast. By H. D. Rawnsley, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford (Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co.). Here is another true British poet, the Vicar of Crosthwaite,

Keswick; he is a personal friend of Lord Tennyson, and of his brother, the late Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner, whose disciple he has been in the exquisite art of composing that peculiar jewel of versifiers, the perfect sonnet, which is most fit for idyllic contemplations. Mr. Rawnsley has been yachting along the shores of the Isle of Wight, and from Portland and Weymouth to Plymouth—we wish he had seen more of Devonshire—thence all round Cornwall, and up the Bristol Channel. He has visited Barmouth; he is quite at home on the North Lancashire and Cumberland coasts. On the eastern seaboard, he is familiar with St. Andrews, with the coast of Northumberland, and with those of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. So are many English people; but here is one who can write, upon so many places, above two hundred thoughtful and beautiful little poems, each of the regular fourteen lines, without a fault or flaw in their prescribed metrical structure; and who never fails to express a clear idea, or a noble sentiment, in pure, strong, and unaffected language. Opening his little volume at random, a very good sonnet is found on every page; and it is frequently such as the reader at once feels to be precisely what ought to be the meditation of a good Englishman, acquainted with the past history of his native land, who visits those particular places of its shores. Mr. Rawnsley makes fine poetry of Skegness, Boston Church tower, and the Lincolnshire Fens.

NOVELS.

Logie Town. By Sarah Tytler. Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—The social and domestic life of a Scotch country town in the last generation affords to a writer, who knows it so well as Miss Tytler does, capital materials of pleasant humorous portraiture. Women of the educated middle class, living frugally there in those days, seem often to have been persons of some originality of character, with a robust good sense and a natural finesse in their conduct and conversation, giving zest to the story of their lives. Lizzie Lindesay, the daughter of a half-pay Army Captain, having an indifferent stepmother, quietly cherishes a will of her own; but she is a right-minded girl, though at first somewhat reserved, under the depressing conditions of her early years. This modest heroine of an agreeable and wholesome tale, the scenes of which are entirely laid at Logie, is slightly caught by an undeclared attachment to a young man, whom, fortunately, she does not marry, and whose extravagance soon brings him to the debtors' jail, with suspicion of fraudulent arson. She finds, however, a good husband before long, though quite a different sort of person from what her friends might have expected; who and what he is, let the readers of the novel discover in the proper way. Fortune at last smiles on the pair. There is an "Emperor" in the story; but that is only the nickname of a rich old gentleman, owner of the Lauder paper-mills. There is a chivalrous French dancing-master, who finally proves to be a Count, one of the emigrant noblesse who were actually, during the great French war, residing here and there in England or Scotland, and sometimes living by similar employments. A lively young lady named Hay Melville presents a contrast to discreet Lizzie Lindesay; and there is a mild young gentleman, Steenie Oliphant, whose demeanour is a foil to that of reckless Adam Lauder. A well-drawn character is the good mistress of the Crown Inn. The sad fate of fair Joan Scott is touching. Festivities on the King's birthday, a dancing-school ball, and the Sacrament Sabbath of the Scottish Kirk, contribute in turn to enliven the ordinary dullness of Logie Town. But the story of "Logie Town," as told by Miss Tytler, is by no means dull.

Thyrza, a Tale. By George Gissing. Three vols. (Smith Elder, and Co.).—The orphan daughter of a working man in Lambeth, fair, delicate, and pensive, Thyrza Trent lives with her sister, both employed at a hat-maker's. They are good girls; the sweetness and purity of their mutual confidences are delightful. The habits and manners of the industrial classes in that neighbourhood are truthfully described, in a most friendly spirit; and the portraiture of individual characters is excellent. That of Gilbert Grail, a middle-aged bachelor, modest, grave, and studious, with a passion for literature, drudging at a candle factory, is one of the finest with which we have become acquainted. Into this world of honest and humble toil comes a true gentleman, a noble fellow, Walter Egremont, the son of a rich Lambeth manufacturer, with schemes of lectures, reading-room, and library, for the social benefit of the people. Our sympathies are strongly engaged in the welfare of these persons. The frank and cordial relations between Egremont and Grail, when the latter is appointed superintendent or librarian of Egremont's new institution, are full of promise. But love comes in the way; to both men, Thyrza is lovely. It is sad that her engagement to worthy Gilbert should be broken off by a natural preference for one nearer her own age, his superior in rank and culture; yet she is childlike and innocent; nothing occurs to mar the purity and delicacy of the sorrowful story. Indeed, she grows to moral strength, overcoming her despair; while Egremont, who is a man of high principle, and has a wise friend in Mrs. Ormonde, goes away to America, and subdues his passion by work. The author of a tale so noble in its aim can do without much praise for literary talent; but merits it, nevertheless, by the firm drawing of the characters, the judicious connection of incidents, and the quiet simplicity of the dialogues, with a general air of true refinement in dealing with familiar scenes of common London life.

Babel. By Hon. Margaret Collier, Countess Galletti di Cadilhac (Blackwood and Sons).—The title is appropriate; this sprightly, pleasant story is laid in a household in which the Italian, French, English, and Russian nationalities, with Anglo-Italian offspring, are represented; and in which there is a corresponding confusion of tongues, with the addition of German, to render the confusion worse confounded. Readers who were fortunate enough to fall in with "Our Home by the Adriatic" will not be surprised to learn that the writer of that really instructive as well as amusing book has an exceedingly happy manner of telling a tale, the scene of which is between Ancona and Brindisi. The curious life they lead there is described with all the fidelity of personal knowledge, and with all the picturesqueness that belongs to the locality; and bright as this story is, with its sunny accessories, there is the further light of a playful humour, to dissipate any small clouds of gloom and melancholy. Great sport has frequently been made of a solemn footman's sudden appearance as an involuntary witness of tender love-passages; but the description of such an incident, at the close of this charming little romance, is irresistibly funny. We are diverted also by the two Italians, a Count of awfully ancient and noble descent, but of idyllic sentiments and rustic manners; and his faithful friend. They come over to London, in garments fearfully and wonderfully made, to have the blood of an English Mylord. His offence is that he has won the heart, and is falsely accused of having compromised the character, of the lovely heroine, who was nearly betrothed to the Italian Count. All readers will agree that it would have been ten thousand pities had the English Lord not missed his train, not partaken of Italian hospitality, not been struck with admiration, not produced an impression, and not caused this story to be written.



THE QUEEN'S HALL, PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON: OPENED THIS DAY BY HER MAJESTY.

THE ROYAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Tyneside has been en fête this week; the Duke of Cambridge has visited the northern city, and has opened the Royal Jubilee Mining, Engineering, and Industrial Exhibition. It is forty years since a gathering of this kind has taken place in Newcastle-on-Tyne. The special features of the present collection in many respects, are such as have never before been submitted to public view. The merit of its origination is due to the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, whose president, Mr. John Daglish, has been chairman of the executive council, and a leading worker in connection with the

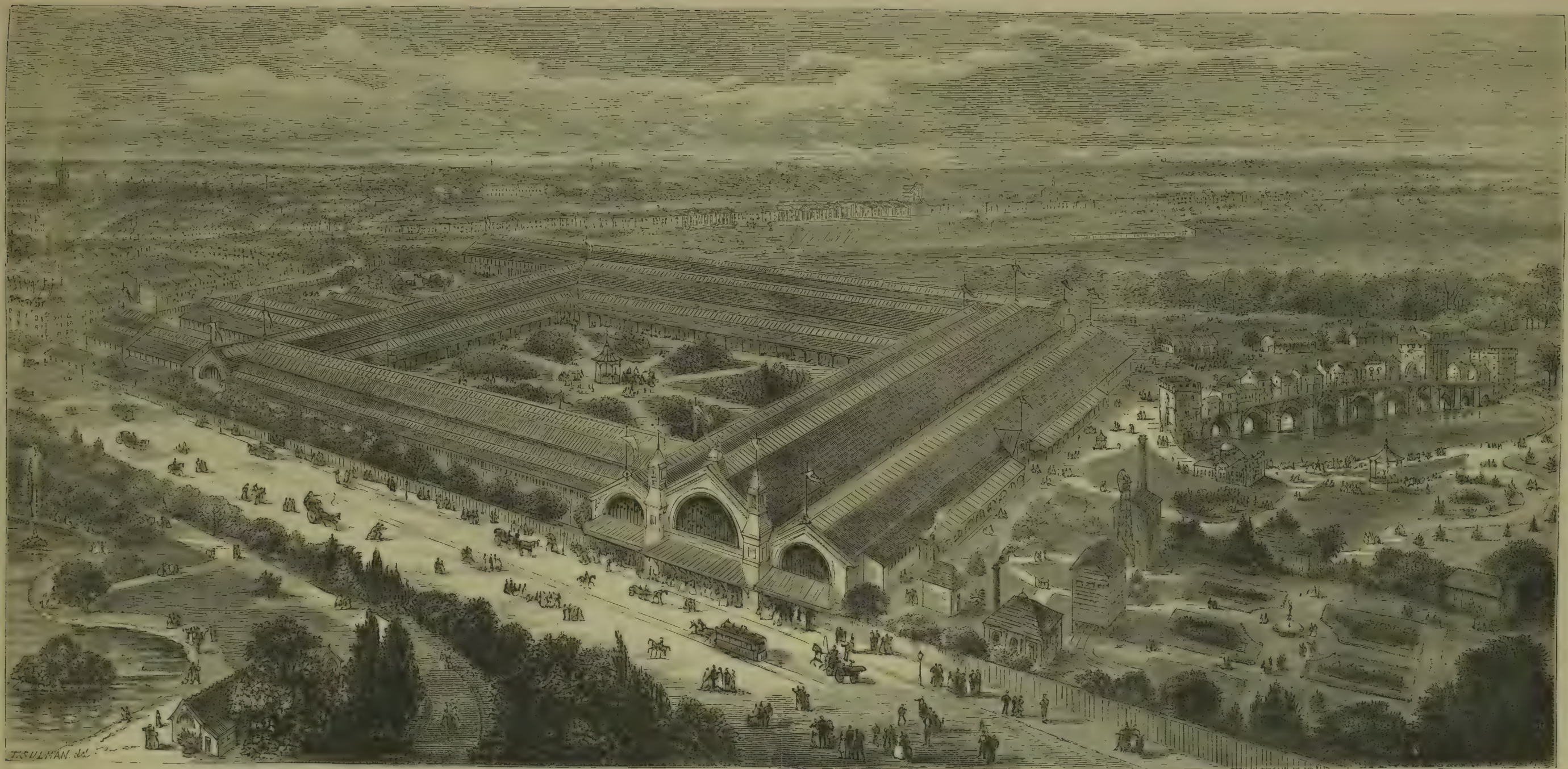
Exhibition. No sooner was the proposal made than it was taken up with spirit; public bodies and private individuals vied in their efforts to make it a success. The results of their labours are to be seen in the splendid collections. The present Mayor of Newcastle, Mr. B. C. Browne, has been most zealous in his efforts on behalf of the enterprise. The Duke of Northumberland as patron, and the Earl of Ravensworth as president, have lent valuable aid to the council. A special building has been erected on the Bull Park and Town Moor, in a very convenient position, as the North-road, which passes the gates, has lines of tramways connecting it with all parts of the city. The building and grounds, of which we give a view, are constructed on the system adopted at South

Kensington, and, with the grounds, occupy thirty-one and a half acres. The site chosen for the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, which opens on July 11, and is to be visited by the Prince of Wales, adjoins the Jubilee Exhibition.

Newcastle-on-Tyne has many advantages for an attempt of this kind: its features seem to combine the characteristics of the past and of the present. Some remnants—alas! only too few—are still left of the walls that in less peaceful days defended the citizens against their hereditary enemies from across the Border. In the names of principal thoroughfares we find reminders of the past. Some of the old towers are yet to be seen in the town; and a model of one, the Weavers' Tower, which was taken down to make way for the new Free



THE ROYAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: THE OLD TOWN BRIDGE.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ROYAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Library, is shown in the Exhibition grounds. Even the grand old church of St. Nicholas, now the Cathedral church of the new diocese of Northumberland, has looked down on scenes altogether different from those which can be seen from its lantern now. Yet, as compared with the grim Norman castle near to the church, and at the north end of Robert Stephenson's great work, the High Level Bridge, the church itself is modern. This castle is not the one erected by Robert, Duke of Normandy, to curb the northern rebels, and from which, "New Castle upon the Tyne" the city takes its name, but was built in the twelfth century by Henry II. At that time, and for several centuries afterwards, the lower valley of the Tyne was peaceful and smiling, so far as the strife of industrial conflict was concerned. Where busy factories and populous streets only are to be seen, were pleasant fields and hedgerows. Yet even then the Novocastrian could feel that he was "a citizen of no mean city." In commerce and in war alike, Newcastle was rightly regarded as "the metropolis of the north." Of the work wrought by its citizens of later generations, especially by Richard Grainger, to whom the magnificent series of streets which cover the centre of the town are

due, we shall have something to say later. Newcastle has every reason to be proud of the long array of illustrious citizens she has produced. Perhaps the blending of the spirit of bygone days with the new life of later times has had much to do with the production of such Newcastle men.

From the top of the old castle a remarkable scene is to be contemplated. Down the precipitous sides of the bluff upon which part of the city is built cling many of the old houses; behind the castle rises, in tier upon tier, the modern city. At the foot of this bluff runs the rapid flowing river Tyne, spanned by three bridges; the first, Robert Stephenson's great work; then the swing bridge, due to the marvellous hydraulic inventions of Sir William Armstrong; and, higher up the river, the spiderlike Redheugh Bridge. On both sides of the river, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is seen but factories and works of various kinds. Only one coal-mine is embraced in this prospect; for, though Newcastle is the centre of the northern coal-field, the mines are not near the town itself. The works we can see here are of varied kinds, including those of iron in almost every form, from the smallest nail to the gigantic man-of-war. The

Exhibition now opened shows in what ways the ingenuity of man has utilised the natural advantages and products of this district.

The important uses to which iron and steel have been put are fully exemplified. The interest of whatever is connected with war and implements of war will draw visitors to the great Armstrong trophy, occupying so prominent a place in the north courts. Here are to be seen guns of all sizes and makes, from the small but deadly "Hotchkiss," to the gigantic 110-tonner, a weapon which costs a king's ransom to buy, and which is finished with the greatest nicety. At the same stand are the exquisite models of war-vessels built at the Elswick shipyard for the British, Spanish, Italian, and Chinese Governments. One gun shown at this stand, that with the disappearing carriage, is a marvellous adaptation of the long-unsuspected power of water for the storage of force. There are engines of every kind—locomotive and marine. At the Stephenson stand is displayed the old No. 1 engine, as well as many models, lent by that eminent firm, and exemplifying the progress since George Stephenson made the first locomotive. This No. 1 can be compared with the best type of present-day engines, several of which are on

exhibition by the leading railway companies. A possible development of the future is indicated in the electric railway, upon which passengers can make a tour of the North Gardens. Near to this electric railway are two models which ought to command a large share of attention from visitors. We refer to those showing the working of coal and lead mines. Here all the operations are reproduced; and to visitors who have never examined the process of "getting" coal, they will be of deep interest. The collection of lamps and of mining implements is very complete; and the mining section forms rightly an important portion of the whole. Compared with other exhibitions, this one presents much that is novel; there are very few exhibits that have been seen before, either at South Kensington or elsewhere. One fabric, however, from the Indian and Colonial Exhibition last year deserves notice: the Baroda pigeon-house, which was so prominent a feature in the Indian Court, and has been lent by the Prince of Wales. Her Majesty the Queen has sent several old carriages, including a wicker-work basket perambulator, used for the Prince of Wales when an infant. Newcastle has long been famous for carriage-making.

Since the representation of "Old London" at South Kensington, models of architectural antiquities, to illustrate the historical aspects of a town, have become very popular. Nowhere has there been found a better subject than the Old Tyne Bridge, which is prominent in this Newcastle Exhibition. Within the grounds is a natural lake, across which has been built, under the direction of Mr. P. J. Messent, C.E., engineer to the River Tyne Commissioners, a reproduction of the Old Tyne Bridge, built in the middle of the thirteenth century. The reproduction is made in length and height to a scale of two-thirds of the actual structure represented, the width being that of the bridge as it stood. The south end, next to the Exhibition, represents the Durham end of the bridge; and the north, the Newcastle end. There were three towers upon the bridge, which have been reproduced—namely, the Gateshead Tower on the south side, the Prison Tower near the middle, and the Magazine Tower at the Newcastle end. The actual houses and shops have been carefully imitated, and the identical blue stone, which on the bridge marked the boundary between the counties of Northumberland and Durham, is here used again. This blue stone is in itself an interesting relic—one that will command much attention. The Old Tyne Bridge was not unlike old London Bridge, and, with the houses and shops upon it, has a very picturesque effect, as shown in our illustration. At the Gateshead end there was originally a drawbridge, and, as at the central tower, a portcullis. The warder gates and strong towers were for the purpose of preventing night surprise on the part of enemies from either side of the river. But the enemy that destroyed it could not be guarded against, for during the great floods of November, 1771, a portion of the bridge was swept away. There are, in addition to this bridge, several other mementos of Old Newcastle. The most important is that already mentioned, the Weavers' Tower, the representation of which will give a clear idea of those ancient defences. Adjoining the Old Tyne Bridge, to exemplify modern military engineering, the north of England being very strong in its Volunteer engineer corps, is a siege battery of two guns, with magazine, trellis-bridge, and a treble sling-stiffened bridge. The Exhibition as a whole is admirably arranged, and will certainly prove one of the most successful in our provincial towns.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on the 6th inst. at a festival given at the Hôtel Métropole, in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the Victoria Hospital for Children, which is situate close to Chelsea Hospital and the river, and opposite Battersea Park. The main object of the festival was to provide funds for a large addition to the hospital buildings, which were opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in June. In proposing the toast of the evening, the chairman said:—Commencing modestly in 1866-7 with thirty-nine inmates for their first year's work, their last year's number reached 561, while the whole number of children that had passed through the wards was 7972. Their out-patients for the first year were 5147, while for last year there were 37,566, the total since the foundation of the hospital reaching the astounding aggregate of 364,161. Four thousand pounds were needed to pay for the recent additions, and he hoped a considerable proportion of that would be forthcoming as the result of that gathering. The toast having been duly honoured, the secretary, Captain Blount, R.N., read a list of subscriptions and donations amounting to over £1200.

A JAPANESE BALLET.
A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Kiôtô on Feb. 15, gives an account of the festivities in connection with the visit of the Mikado to that city. He says:—It would have been strange if, among the preparations for the Imperial visit, there had not been included some special form of entertainment by the celebrated Maiko, or *dansuses*, of Kiôtô. Stage dancing in Japan is an institution of great antiquity. Kiôtô, as the Mikado's capital and the centre of aristocratic residence, was always famous, and is famous still, for the variety and excellence of its dances, as well as for the beauty, grace, and skill of the performers, whose accomplishments are a household word in Japan. No visitor should leave Kiôtô without seeing a Maiko entertainment. A representation of this refined dance has just been prepared for the stage with great care in honour of the Mikado's visit; and I had an opportunity of witnessing its performance a few evenings ago. The theatre of the Kaburenjo, or chief training-school of the Kiôtô Maiko, has all the simplicity of architecture and decoration that is characteristic of the majority of Japanese buildings. The lighting is of the simplest—foot-lights, with candles, for the stage, and hanging lamps and rows of candles for the rest of the interior. On the rise of the curtains, the scene in front represents a summer-house in the grounds of the Mikado's palace, girt by a verandah with red lacquered steps and railings and hung with bamboo blinds. Right and left, on each side-stage, is a crimson dais, on which are seated eight girl-musicians, or geisha, from about eighteen to twenty years of age, clothed in soft raiment of brilliant hues, and got up from head to foot in the highest style of Japanese art. The eight on the right are players of the *samisen*, a species of three-stringed guitar, the chords of which are struck with an ivory plectrum. Of those on the left, four play the *tsuzumi*, a small drum held in the air and struck with the hand; the other four performing alternately with the *taiko*, or flat drum, and bells of delicate tone. Music and singing are at once begun. These are of the quaint and for the most part somewhat dismal type peculiar to the higher flights of the musical art in Japan. After a short overture the Maiko appear, entering at the extremities of the side-stages, right and left of the Imperial box, and moving in single file towards the main stage. Their advance, extremely slow, can only be described as a progress. It is not a march; neither is it a dance as we understand the term. Stately almost to solemnity, yet full of grace, it is a series of artistic posturings and pantomime, in time with the music, and accompanied by the slowest possible forward movement. By the time all the *dansuses* have entered, there are sixteen on either side— young girls of from about fifteen to seventeen years old. In dress they are counterparts of the musicians—aglow with scarlet, light blue, white, and gold, in robes of great length and voluminous folds, bound with girdles of truly prodigious dimensions. In spite, however, of the gorgeous colouring, there is nothing garish or distasteful to the eye. In person the Maiko are the prettiest little specimens of budding Japanese girlhood, rosy-lipped and black-eyed, with comely and delicate features, tiny hands and feet, and an air of graceful modesty and innocence rarely seen on any stage. As for their coiffure, it is a miracle of the Japanese hairdresser's skill, and rich with adornments of flowers and coral. Fans, of course, play a prominent part in the intricate gestures of the Maiko. Those carried now are large and circular, and richly bedecked with red and white flowers. With these, as with their heads,

hands, limbs, and bodies, the files display to the full, on their slow progress up the theatre, that music of motion which so delights the eyes of the Japanese. Thus, turning, bowing, swaying, kneeling, and waving, always gracefully and in time with the music, the ranks at length meet on the front stage, pass one another, and retire again down the sides, at the end of which they turn, form into pairs, and regain the stage, one wing soon leaving it, while the other continues the dance before the foot-lights for a few minutes, when it also retires. All this while the music goes on, now sad and slow, anon in livelier strains, and is accompanied by the voices of the *samisen* players, chanting a hymn of happiness, prosperity, and peace in which the reign of "our Lord the Mikado" is likened, in highly flowery language, to the beauty and tranquillity of nature "at this first dawn of spring." Next, the bamboo blinds of the verandah are raised, revealing the first squadron of dancers postured in picturesque groups between a background of dead gold and the crimson lacquer of the verandah. These descending to the stage resume the dance. They have parted with their flower-girt fans, and each girl has a *tsuzumi* attached to her girdle, with which she accompanies the orchestra while dancing. To them on their withdrawing succeed the second squadron, who, with scarlet and white fans, go through a measure of singular grace and beauty, and at length retire to the verandah, which rises with them, bringing the first scene to a close. The second scene is laid in the famous gardens of Arashiyama in the suburbs of Kiôtô, and appears as a fairy-land of flowering cherry-trees, lit by a galaxy of minute star-like lamps. Here the whole corps gradually re-assemble, and at length execute a final dance of the same type as before; after which they retire by the side-stages, with the slow measured movements that marked their first entrance. Thus, after about an hour's performance, ends the *Miyako-Odori*. It illustrates no tale or plot. It is only an elaborate measure, of "woven paces and of waving hands," such as Vivien may have trodden "in the wild woods of Broceliande." It has no objects but those of exhibiting colour, raiment, grace, and beauty with all the skill that Japanese art-taste can contrive, and of preserving the old classic style of dancing, and setting examples of the highest forms of strict feminine etiquette.

The Clothworkers' Company have responded to Mr. Goschen's appeal on behalf of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching by raising their annual subscription of £50 to £100 for the next two years.

Mr. Bromley Davenport, M.P., has told all the tenantry on his Calveley and Cholmondeston estates that, in consideration of the agricultural depression, it is his intention again to remit 10 per cent on their rents. This is the fourth half-year in succession that Mr. Bromley Davenport has remitted 10 per cent.

The sixty-ninth annual meeting of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society was held on the 6th inst. at the Mansion House. The Bishop of London presided. The report stated that the income of the society for the past year reached a higher total (£12,395) than in the preceding twelve months, but this arose chiefly from a larger income locally raised and expended. The expenditure during the past year had been £10,890. The general fund, the only real source at the disposal of the board for the manifold projects of the society, had shown no elasticity.

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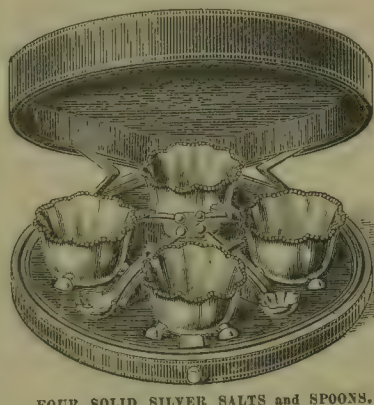
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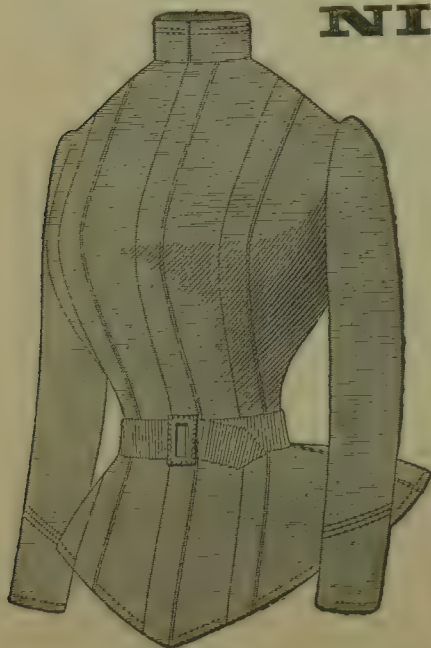
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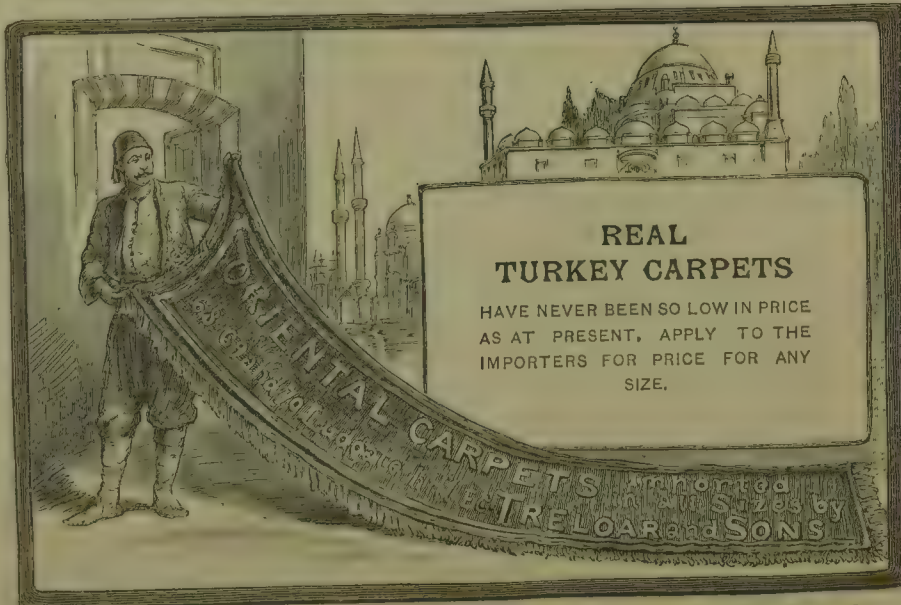
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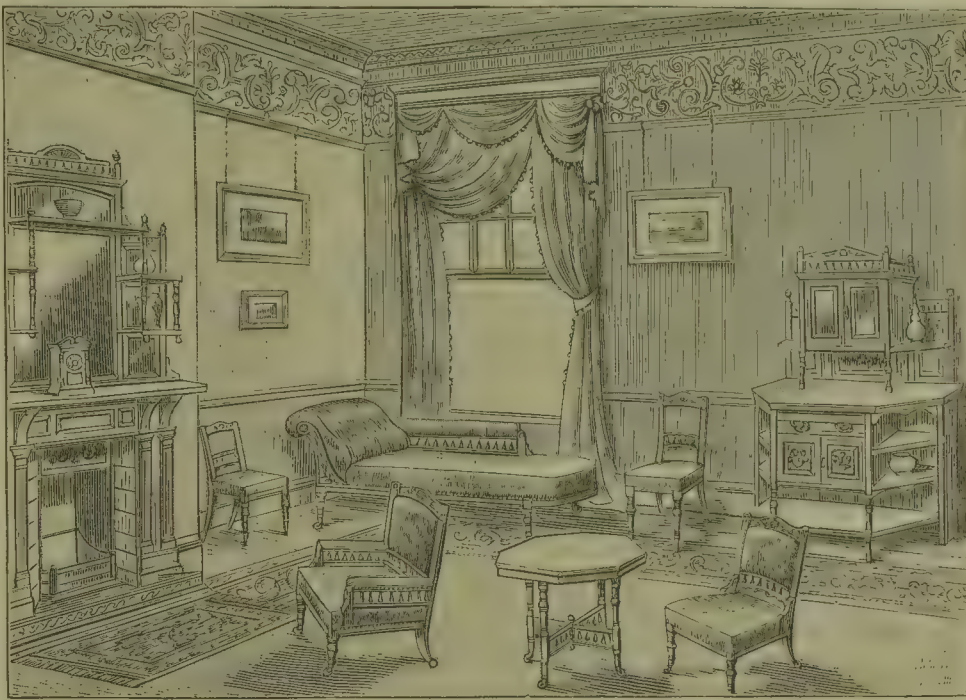
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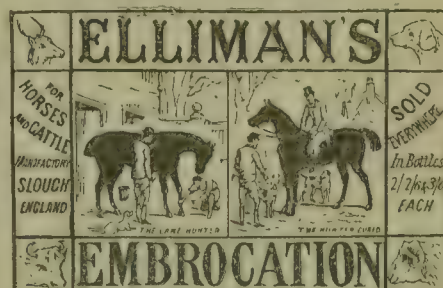
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—"HUDSON, DUBLIN."

London Address—OLD TRINITY HOUSE, E.C.

The "Irish Times," Aug. 8, 1886—Alluding to the visit of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition Deputation to the Custom-House Whiskey-Vaults, Dublin—says "that many were the ejaculations of surprise on seeing the vast amount of Whiskey stored therein." Mr. Hudson, of Hudson and Co., guided the distinguished party through the subterranean passages; the celebrated Blend of O'Connell Monument Whiskey was then sampled, their conductor explaining that good Whiskies by different makers, when blended, were superior to the Whiskey produced by an individual distiller. The Lord Mayor concurred with the general opinion that the blended Whiskey tasted well.

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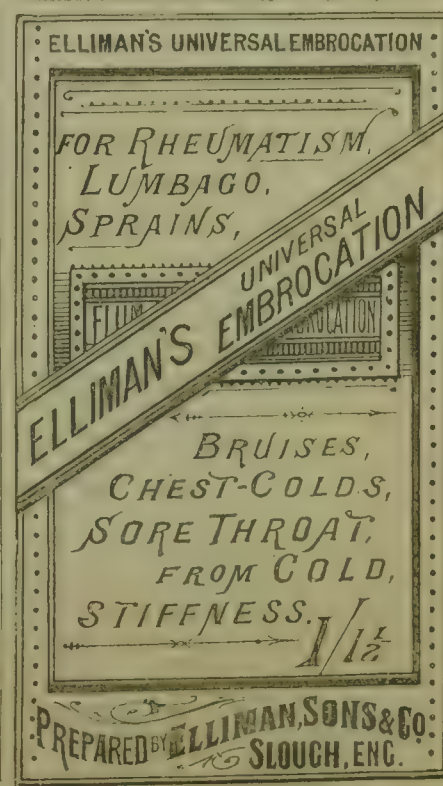
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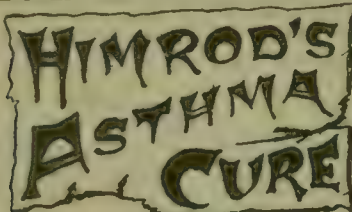
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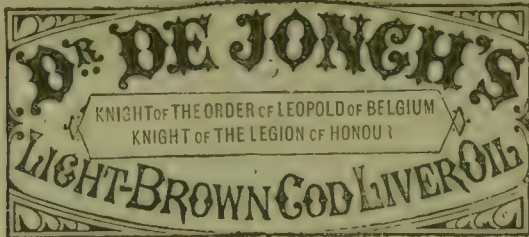
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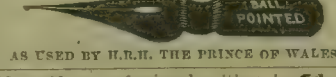
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On hearing such wonderful good things said of
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I take this opportunity of stating that I have
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time I have tried various doctors and used many
so-called rheumatic remedies in my efforts to
obtain relief, without effect. Finally, I obtained
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"32, Granton-road, Liverpool.
I suffered most excruciating pain arising from
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rheumatism in its worst form. Not only was he unable
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would hardly support him. Twelve hours after
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only walk without a stick, but can run, and works
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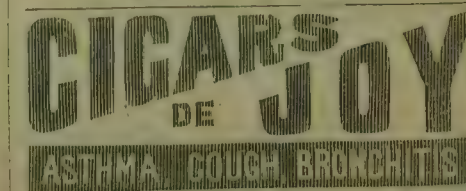
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Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short
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most delicate patients.
Price 2s. 6d. per Box of 25, post-free, and of all Chemists.

TO CALL HER MINE

BY WALTER BESANT



He looked down upon the man whose words he was repeating with contempt and astonishment.

CHAPTER I.

ON AN ISLAND.

"I will now," said the German, "read your statement over, and you can sign it if you like. Remember, however, what your signature may mean. As for what I shall do with it afterwards, depends on many things."

"Do what you like with it," replied the Englishman, slowly and huskily. "Send it to the police in London, if you like. I don't care what becomes of it, or of myself either. For I am tired of it; I give in. There! I give in. No one knows what it is like until you actually come to fight with it."

He did not explain what "it" was; but the other seemed to understand what he

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

meant, and nodded his head gravely, though coldly. "It," spoken of in this way, is generally some foe to man. If toothache, or earache, or any ordinary physical evil had been meant, that German, or any other German, Frenchman, Russian, or Englishman, would have nodded his head with a sympathetic murmur. Since

there was no murmur, therefore there was no sympathy.

The two men were, as you will presently admit, a most curious couple to look upon, set among most remarkable surroundings, if only there had been any spectators or audience to watch and admire them. The scene—none of your conventional carpenter's scenes, but a grand set scene—was, if possible, more interesting than the couple in the foreground. For in front there stretched the seashore, the little waves lapping softly and creeping slowly over the level white coral sand; beyond the smooth water lay the coral reef with its breakers; at the back of the sandy shore was a gentle rise of land, covered with groves of cocoa-palms and bananas; among them were clearings planted with fields of sweet potatoes and taro; two or three huts were visible beneath the trees. Again, beyond the level belt rose a great green mountain, five or six thousand feet high, steep, and covered to the summit with forest. Here and there a perpendicular cliff broke the smoothness of the slope, and over the cliff leaped tiny cascades—threads of light sparkling in the evening sunshine. The time was about six—that is, an hour before sunset; the air was warm and soft; the sloping sunshine lay on grove and clearing, seashore and mountain side, forest and green field, making everything glow with a splendid richness and prodigality of colour, softening outlines and bringing out new and unsuspected curves on the hillside. The mid-day sun makes these thick forests black with shade; the evening sun lights them up, and makes them glorious and warm with colour.

As one saw the place this evening, one might see it every evening, for in New Ireland there is neither summer nor winter, but always, all the year round, the promise of spring, the heat of summer, and the fruition of autumn; with no winter at all, except the winter of death, when the branches cease to put forth leaves and stretch out white arms, spectral and threatening, among their living companions in the forest. Sometimes one may see whole acres of dead forest standing like skeletons by day and like ghosts by night, till the white ants shall have gnawed their way through the trunks to prepare their fall, and till the young shoots at their feet shall have sprung up round them to hide the ghastly whiteness of death. The reason of this commingling of spring and summer, autumn and winter, is that the latitude of New Ireland, as everybody knows, is about 4 deg. south, which is very near the isothermal line. People who desire to feel the warmth of this latitude—a warmth which goes right through and through a man, like light through a pane of glass—need not go so far as New Ireland, but may stop on their way at Singapore, where there are not only no cannibals, but the hotels—there are no hotels in New Ireland—are "replete," as the advertisements say, "with every comfort."

Considering that New Ireland has been visited by so very few, and that the place is as yet entirely unexplored, the fact that here were two Europeans upon it at the same time, and yet not arrived there with the same objects, was in itself remarkable; the more so because its people have a curious and cultivated taste in cookery, and prefer roasted Brother Man to the roast of any other animal, inasmuch that missionaries have hitherto avoided these shores, feeling that to be killed and eaten before converting anybody would be a sinful waste of good joints. After the conversion of many, indeed, the thing might take the form and present the attractions of serviceable martyrdom.

Where the situation and the scene were both so remarkable it seems almost superfluous to point out that the appearance of both men was also remarkable; although, among such surroundings, any man might well strive to live and present an appearance up to the scene. One of them—the German—was a man of colossal proportions, certainly six feet six in height, and broad in proportion, with strong shoulders and well-shaped legs—both legs and shoulders being bare, and therefore in evidence. He was still quite a young man—well under thirty. His hair was light brown,

short and curly; an immense brown beard covered his face and fell over his chest. His eyes were blue and prominent, and he wore spectacles. His dress was modelled generally, but with modifications, on the dress of the inhabitants of these islands. His only robe was a great piece of Fiji tapu cloth, white, decorated with black lozenges and a brown edging; it was rolled once round his waist, descending to his knees, and was then thrown over his left shoulder, leaving the right arm bare. The sun had painted this limb a rich warm brown. He wore a cap something like that invented, and patented for the use of solitary, by Robinson Crusoe: it was conical in shape and made of feathers brightly coloured. He had sandals of thin bark tied to his feet by leather thongs, and he wore a kind of leather scarf, from which depended a revolver case, a field-glass in a case, a case of instruments, and a large water-proof bag. These constituted his whole possessions, except a thick cotton umbrella, with a double cover, green below and white above. This he constantly carried open. He was smoking a large pipe of the shape well known in Germany. Lastly, one observed in him a thing so incongruous that it was really the most remarkable of all. You know the Robinson Crusoe of the stage; you know the holy man or the hermit of the Royal Academy. Both the Robinson Crusoe of the stage and the St. Anthony of the desert in the picture, are just as clean as if they had just come out of the bath, or at least had been quite recently blessed with a heavy shower, and they are, besides, as well groomed as if they had just completed a careful morning toilette. Now, Robinson on his island and the hermit in his desert may have been picturesque, but I am quite certain that they were always unkempt, unclean, and uncared for. This young man—say this young gentleman—was most carefully groomed, although he was on a cannibal island. His hands were clean, and his nails did not look as if they had been torn off by the teeth—I have often thought of poor Robinson's sufferings in this respect—his face was clean; his hair neatly cut, though it was cut by his own hands, and had been brushed that day; his great beard was carefully combed; and his toga of native cloth was clean. Now, a neat and clean beachcomber is a thing never heard of. Always they are in rags; and, when they do descend so low as to wear the native dress, they have generally assumed and made their own the manners and customs of a native.

This interesting person was, as I have said, a German. Now, what is pedantry in an Englishman is thoroughness in a German. No Englishman could have worn this dress without feeling as if the whole world's finger of scorn was turned upon him: but to the German the dress was part of the programme. He had learned the language, and what he could of the manners, before landing on the shore. A dress as nearly as possible approximating to the Polynesian garb was a natural accompaniment to the language. The spectacles, the umbrella, and the cap of feathers were necessary concessions to European civilisation.

The other man, one could see immediately, was an Englishman. It was also clear to anyone who had eyes and understanding that he was an Englishman of country birth and breeding. To begin with, his clothes were not those of a sailor. The rough flannel shirt which had lost all its buttons and one of its sleeves; the coarse canvas trousers; the old boots broken down at heel, and showing in the toes an inclination—nay, a resolution—for divorce between sole and upper; the broad shapeless felt hat,—all spoke of the soil. His gait and carriage sang aloud of ploughed fields; his broad and ruddy cheeks, his reddish brown hair and beard spoke of the south or west of England. No doubt he was once—how did such a one contrive to get to the shores of New Ireland?—a farmer or labourer. He was a well-built man, who looked short beside this tall German. But he was above the average height. His age might be about six or eight and twenty. His hair hung in masses over his shoulders, and his beard was thicker than his companion's, though not so long; and so far from being clean and trim, he presented a very unwashed, uncombed, and neglected appearance indeed. His face, which had been once a square, full face, was drawn and haggard; his eyes, which were meant to be frank, were troubled; and his carriage, which should have been upright and brave, was heavy and dejected. He seemed, as he stood before the other man, at once ashamed and remorseful.

"Listen: I will read it carefully and slowly," said the German. "Sit down while I read it. If there is a single word that is not true, you can alter that word before you sign."

The man sat down obediently—there was a curious slowness about his movements as well as his speech—while the German read the document, which was written very closely on two pages of a note-book. Space was valuable, because this note-book contained all the paper there was on the island of New Ireland, and had, therefore, to be husbanded. He read in a good English accent, not making more confusion of his f's and v's than was sufficient to assert his pride of nationality. And as he read, he looked down upon the man whose words he was repeating with contempt and astonishment. For the man had done so dreadful and terrible a thing; he had committed a crime which was horrible, and required the white heat of rage and fury; and yet the man looked so pitiful a creature!

"Listen," he said again, "and correct me when I am wrong."

This was the paper which he read on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and on the island of New Ireland, one evening in the year 1884:—

"I, David Leighan, farmer, of the parish of Challacombe, Devonshire, being now on an island in the Pacific Ocean, where I expect to be shortly killed and eaten by the cannibals, declare that the following is the whole truth concerning the death of my uncle, Daniel Leighan, of the same parish, farmer."

"He jockeyed me out of my property; he kept on lending me money in large sums and small sums and making me sign papers in return, and never let me know how much I owed him; he made me mortgage my land to him; he encouraged me to drink, and to neglect my farm. At last, when I was head over ears in debt, he suddenly brought down the law upon me, foreclosed, and took my land. That was the reason of our quarrel. I stayed about the place, sometimes at Challacombe, sometimes at Moreton, and sometimes at Bovey, till my money was nearly all gone. Then I must either starve, or I must become a labourer where I had been a master, or I must go away and find work somewhere else. I had but thirty pounds left in the world, and I made up my mind to go away. It was a day in October of the year 1880, which I remember because it was the cold, wet season of 1879 which finished my ruin, as it did many others, who that year came to the end of their capital or their credit. I went to see my uncle, and begged him to lend me thirty pounds more, to start me in Canada, where I'd heard say that fifty pounds will start a man who is willing to make his own clearance and to work. I was that sick of myself that I was willing to work like a negro slave if I could work on my own land. But work in England on another man's land I could not. Said my uncle—I shall not forget his words—'Nephew David,' he said, grinning, 'you've been a fool and lost your money. I've been a wise man and kept mine. Do you think I am going to give you more money to fool away?' I wonder I did not kill him then and there,

because it was through him and his lendings that I came so low. He sat in his room at Gratnor, his account books before him, and he looked up and laughed at me while he said it, jingling the money that was in his pocket. Yet I asked him for nothing but the loan of thirty pounds, which I might pay back, or, perhaps, I mightn't. Thirty pounds! And I was his nephew, and by his arts and practices he'd jockeyed me out of a farm of three hundred acres, most of it good land, with the brook running through it and a mill upon it. What was thirty pounds compared with what he'd got out of me?

"I remember very well what I said to him—never mind what it was—but I warrant he laughed no longer, though he kept up his bullying to the end, and told me to go to the Devil my own way, and the farther from my native parish the better. So I left him, and walked away through Watcort to John Exon's Inn, where I sat all that day drinking brandy-and-water. I told nobody what had happened, but they guessed very well that I'd had a quarrel with my uncle, and all the world knew by that time how he'd got my land into his own possession."

"About six o'clock in the evening Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, came to the inn, and Grandfather Derges with him, and they had a mug of cider apiece. And then, being more than a bit in liquor, but not so far gone as not to know what I was saying, I began to talk to them about my own affairs. I told them nothing about the quarrel with my uncle, but I said, what was quite true, that I had no stomach to stay and take labourer's wage in the parish where I should see all day long the land that had been mine and my father's before me, and his father's, further back than the church register goes. Why, the Sidcotes and the Leighans came to Challacombe together—the Sidcotes to Sidcote Farm and the Leighans to Berry Down—as everybody knows, when it was nothing but hillside and forest, with never a house, or a field, or a church, or anything upon it. Therefore I said I should go away; and it was my purpose to go away that very evening. I should walk to Bovey Tracey, I said; I should take the train to Newton Abbot and so to Bristol, where I should find a ship bound for foreign parts. That was what I said; and, perhaps, it was lucky I said so much. But I don't know, because the verdict of the jury I never heard."

"Well, Mr. David," says Harry the blacksmith, 'you've been an unlucky one, Sir, and we wish you better luck where you be going—wherever that may be.' And so said Grandfather Derges. And Mrs. Exon must pour out a last glass of brandy-and-water, which I took, though I'd had more than enough already. Then we shook hands and I came away."

"'Twas then about eight and there was a half moon, the night being fine and breezy, and flying clouds in the sky. As I crossed the green, the thought came into my head that I was a fool to go to Bristol when Plymouth and Falmouth were nearer and would suit my purpose better. I could walk to Plymouth easy, and so save the railway money. Therefore, I resolved to change my plan, and, instead of turning to the left by Farmer Cummings', I turned to the right at Ivy Cottage and walked across the churchyard, and took the road which goes over Heytree Down to Widdicombe, and then leads to Ashburton and Totnes."

"It was only a chance, mark you, that I took that road; only a chance. I did not know, and I did not suspect, that my uncle had ridden over to Ashburton after I left him. All a chance it was. I never thought to meet him; and he might have been living till now if it hadn't been for that chance."

The man who was listening groaned aloud at this point. "The first two miles of the road is a narrow lane between high hedges. What with the brandy I had taken, and the memory of the morning quarrel, I was in as bad a temper as a man need to be; which was the reason why the Devil took possession of me."

"Presently I passed through Heytree Gate, and so out where the road runs over the open down, and here I began to think—the Devil getting in at my head—what I would do if I had my uncle before me; and the blood came into my eyes, and I clutched the cudgel hard. Who do you think put that thought into my head? The Devil. Why did he put that thought into my head? Because the very man was riding along the road on his way home from Ashburton, and because I was going to meet him in about ten minutes."

"Why," asked the German, looking up from the paper, "why is it that criminals and ignorant people cling so fondly to their Devil?"

As nobody replied, he went on reading.

"I heard the footsteps of his pony a long way off. I was in the middle of the open road when I heard him open Hewed-stone gate with his hunting-crop and clatter through. I saw him coming along in the moonlight. While he was still a good way off, before I could see his face, I knew who it was by the shape of his shoulders and the way he bent over the pony as he rode. Then I saw his face, and I stood still by the side of the road and waited for him. 'Murder him! Murder him!' whispered a voice in my ear. Whose voice was that? The Devil's voice."

"My stick was a thick heavy cudgel with a knob. I grasped it by the end and waited."

"He did not see me. He was looking straight before him, thinking, I suppose, how he had done well to get his nephew out of the way—the nephew he had robbed and ruined. So, as he came up to me, I lifted my arm and struck him on the head once, crying, 'Give me back my land, villain!' But I do not know whether he heard me or saw me; for he fell to the ground without a word or a groan."

"He fell, I say, from his pony clean on to the ground, his feet slipping from the stirrups. And there he lay, on the broad of his back—dead."

"He was quite dead. His face was white and his heart had ceased to beat. I stood beside him for an hour, waiting to see if he would recover. I hoped he would; because it is a dreadful thing to think that you have murdered a man, even when you are still hot with rage. If he would only recover a little and sit up, I thought, I should be a happy man."

"But he did not. He lay quite still and cold."

"Then I began to think that if I were caught I should be hanged. Would they suspect me? Fortunately, no one had seen me take that road. I was certain of that, so far, and they thought I had gone to Bovey. I must go away as quickly as I could, and leave no trace or sign that would make them suspect me."

"Then I thought that if I were to rob him people would be less inclined to think of me; because, though I might murder the man who had ruined me, they would never believe that I would rob him."

"I felt in his pockets. There was his watch—no, I would not touch his watch. There was some loose silver, which I left. There was a bag containing money. I know not how much, but it was a light bag. This I took. Also he had under his arm a good-sized tin box in a blue bag, such as lawyers carry. The box I knew would contain his papers, and his papers were his money. So I thought I would do as much mischief to his property as I could, and I took that box. Then I went away, leaving him there cold and dead, with his white cheeks and grey hair, and his eyes wide open. I felt

sick when I looked at those eyes, because they reproached me. I reeled and staggered as I left him, carrying the box with me in its blue bag, and the little bag of money."

"I was not going to walk along the road. That would have been a fool's act. I turned straight off and struck for the open moor, intending to cross Hamil Down, and so, by way of Post Bridge, make for Tavistock and Plymouth. And I remembered a place where the box could be hidden away, a safe place, where no one would ever think of looking for it, so that everybody should go on believing that the old man had been robbed as well as murdered. This place was right over the Down, and on the other side, but it was all on my way to Post Bridge."

"I climbed the hill then and walked across the top of Hamil Down. On the way, I passed the Grey Wether Stone, and I thought I would hide the bag of money in a hole I knew of at the foot of it. Nobody would look for it there. Not twenty people in a year ever go near the Grey Wether. Then I walked down the hill on the other side and got to Grimspond, where I meant to hide the other bag with the box in it."

"Tell them, if you ever get away from this awful place, that the box lies on the side nearest Hamil, where three stones piled one above the other make a sort of little cave, where you might think to draw a badger, but which would never make anyone suspect a hiding-place. The stones are in the corner, and are the first you come to on your way down. There I put the box, and then I walked away past Vitter to Post Bridge, and then along the high road to Two Bridges and Tavistock. But I did not stop in Tavistock. Perhaps there would be an alarm. So I went on walking all the way without stopping—except to sit down a bit—to Plymouth. There I got a newspaper; but I could read nothing of the murder. Then I took the train to Falmouth, and waited there for three days, and bought a newspaper every day—one would surely think that a murder in a quiet country place would be reported; but I could find not a single word about my murder."

"Then I was able to take passage on board a German ship bound for New York. I got to New York, and I stayed there till my money was all gone, which did not take long. There I made the acquaintance of some men, who told me to go with them, for they were going West. They were all, I found, men who had done something, and the police were anxious to take them. I never told them what I had done, but they knew it was something, and when they found out that I knew nothing about robbery and burglary, and couldn't cheat at gambling and the like, they set it down that it must be murder. But they cared nothing, and I went along with them."

"Your confession, my friend," said the German, stopping at this point, "of what followed—the horse-stealing adventure, your own escape, and the untimely end of your companions; your honesty in California, and its interruption; your career as a bonnet or confederate; and your experience of a Californian prison—are all interesting, but I cannot waste paper upon them. I return, therefore, to the material part of the confession. And with this I conclude."

"I desire to state that from the first night that I arrived in New York till now I have every night been visited by the ghost of the man I killed. My uncle stands beside the bed—whether it is in a bed in a crowded room or on the ground in the open, or in a cabin at sea or on the deck—whether I am drunk or sober, he always comes every night. His face is white, and the wound in his forehead is bleeding. 'Come back to England,' he says, 'and confess the crime.'

"I must go back and give myself up to justice. I will make no more struggles against my fate. But because I am uncertain whether I shall live to get back, and because I know not how to escape from this island, I wish to have my confession written and signed, so that, if I die, the truth may be told."

Thus ended the paper.

"So," said the big German, "you acknowledge this to be your full and true confession?"

"I do."

"Sign it, then." He produced from his bag a pencil and gave it to the man, who signed, in a trembling hand, "David Leighan." Under the signature the German wrote, "Witnessed by me, Baron Sergius Von Holsten."

This done, he replaced the note-book in his wallet.

"The reason why I wanted you to sign the paper to-night," he said, "is that there seems as if there might be a chance of your getting away from the island."

"How?"

"Look out to sea."

They were almost at the extreme south point of the island—the maps call it Cape St. George, but what the islanders call it has not yet been ascertained. In the west the shores of New Britain could be seen, because the sun was just sinking behind them; to the south and the east there was open sea.

"I can see nothing."

"Look through my glass, then."

"I can see a ship—a two-masted sailing-ship."

"She is in quest of blackbirds. She will probably send a boat ashore. Fortunately for you, the people are all gone off to fight. You will, therefore, if she does send a boat here, have a chance of getting away. If she sails north, and sends a boat ashore fifty miles or so further up the coast, that boat's crew will be spared, and you will probably see portions of their arms and legs for some little time to come in the huts. Well, my friend—for the man shuddered and trembled—"better their arms and legs than your own. Yet, see the strange decrees of fate. The men in the boat are very likely no worse than their neighbours. That is to say, they will have done nothing worse than the smaller sins freely forgiven by every tolerant person. They have drunk, fought, sworn, lied, and so forth. But they have not committed murder. Yet they will be spared; while you, thanks to my protection, have hitherto escaped, and may possibly get clean off the island. Yet consider what a sinner—what a sinner and a criminal—you have been. Now, my friend, the sun is about to set. In ten minutes it will be dark, and we have neither candles nor matches. Go to your bed and await the further commands of the Herr Ghost, your respectable uncle. On the eve of your departure, if you are to go to-morrow, he will probably be more peremptory and more terrifying than usual. Do not groan more loudly than you can help, because groans disturb neighbours. Such is the abominable selfishness of the repentant, that their remorse is as great a nuisance to their companions as their crime was an annoyance to their victims. Go to bed, David, and await the Herr Ghost."

CHAPTER II.

A JONAH COME ABOARD.

"Then you think," said the Mate, looking about him with doubt, "that we shall do no business here?"

He was a young fellow of two-and-twenty or so, a frank and honest-looking sailor, though his business was that of a cunning kidnapper. Perhaps he had not been long enough at it for the profession to get itself stamped upon his forehead. He was armed with a revolver, ready to hand, and a cutlass hanging at his side. Behind him were four sailors, also armed, in readiness for an attack, for Polynesians are treacherous; and in the boat, pulled as near the shore as the shallow water

allowed, were two more men, oars out and in their hands, guns at their side, ready to shove off in a moment. But there were no islanders in sight, only these two Europeans: one a tall man of nearly seven feet, dressed in fantastic imitation of the natives; and the other, apparently, an ordinary beachcomber, quite out of luck, ragged, dejected, and haggard. A little way off the land lay the schooner. Her business was to enlist, kidnap, procure, or secure, by any means in the power of the captain and the crew, as many natives as the ship would hold and to bring them to North Queensland, where they would be hired out to the planters, exactly as the redemptioners were hired out, in the last century, in Maryland and Virginia, to work out their term of service, and, also exactly like the redemptioners, to find that term indefinitely prolonged by reason of debt for tobacco, clothes, rum, and all kinds of things. They would be privileged to cultivate sugar, coffee, and other tropical productions, and to witness, a long way off, the choicest blessings of civilisation; they would also be allowed to cheer their souls with the hope of some day returning to their native islands where these blessings have not yet penetrated, and where they would have to live out the remainder of their days in savagery of that deplorable kind which enjoys perpetual sunshine and warmth, with plenty to eat, nothing to wear, and nothing to do. Warmth, food, and rest—for these as a bribe what would not our people resign of their blessings? The clothes they wear? Well, it would be a good exchange, indeed, from their insufficient and ragged clothes in a cold climate to none at all in a place where none are wanted. To exchange the food they eat for the food of the South Sea Islander? Well—apart from roasted Brother—it would certainly seem, at first, a change for the better. To exchange work—hard, horrible, unceasing work—for rest? Who would not?—oh! who would not? Free institutions and Socialist clubs for a country with no institutions at all? Why, why is there not an extensive emigration of the Indolent, the Unlucky, and the Out-of-Work for these Fortunate Islands?

"It is an unlucky voyage," said the Mate, gazing earnestly at the two men before him, whose appearance and the contrast between them puzzled him. "Two months out and five weeks becalmed; no business done, and the skipper drunk all day long. Say, strangers, how did you come here?"

"For my part," said the German, "I am a naturalist. I make the coleoptera my special study. I have, I believe, enriched science with so many rare and previously unknown specimens, if I succeed in getting them to Europe, that my name will be certainly remembered in scientific history as one of those who have advanced knowledge. Can any man ask more?"

"Colly!—colly what?" asked the Mate. "But never mind your Colly-what's-her-name. How the devil did you get such a rig, man?"

"I am a linguist," the Baron Sergius Von Holsten went on to explain, "as well as a naturalist. I therefore learned the language before landing here, having found a native or two of New Ireland in the mission of the Duke of York Island. It is a great thing to know how to talk with these black children. I am also a surgeon and a physician, so that I can heal their wounds and their diseases when they get any. You see, further, that I am bigger than most men. I am also thorough. I adopted their dress—at least, some of it," he looked complacently at his toga of tapu cloth; "and, therefore, being able to talk to them, to impress them with my stature, and to cure them, I landed among them without fear. When they came round me with their spears I shouted to them that I was a great magician, come to their help straight down from the sun. And as I know a little prestidigitation and conjuring, and am a bit of a ventriloquist, I am from time to time able to work a few of the simpler miracles. So that they readily believe me."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"I know not; New Ireland is rich in new species; but I shall have to stop as soon as my means of collection and description come to an end. When that day comes I shall be glad to see a ship. But it will not be yet!"

"They may kill you."

"It is possible," the Baron shrugged his tall shoulders, "they are like little children. It may occur to one of them some day to find out what I should do, and how I should look, if he were to drive his spear into my back. We all run our little dangers, and must not allow them to stop our work."

The Mate looked doubtful.

"I am also an ethnologist, and I assure you, Lieutenant, that the study of these people is of profound interest."

"Have you no arms?"

"I have a revolver; but what is one revolver against the spears of a whole people? I have really no other weapon but my power of persuasion and my reputation for magic and sorcery. These will not fail me, unless, as I said before, one of them may be anxious to see how a god behaves and how he looks with a spear stuck through him."

"And how do you live?"

"The people bring me food every day. If they did not, I should afflict them with horrible misfortunes, as they very well know. I should tell them that in three days such a one would be dead, and then it would be that man's duty to go away and die, in fulfilment of prophecy. I suppose his friends would never speak to him again if he refused to fulfil the words of the Prophet, so great is their faith. They bring me the unripe coconut for its milk; there are fish of every kind in the sea, which they net and spear for me; there are kangaroo and cassowary on the hills, which they snare and trap for me; there are birds, which they shoot for me; there are mangoes, bread-fruit, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes, and taro. I assure you we feed very well. Don't we, David?" He laid his hand on the other man's shoulder. "We have also tobacco. There is, however—which you regret, David, don't you?—no rum on the island."

"Is your—your—clum also worshipped?" asked the Mate, regarding David with an obvious decrease of interest.

"No; David is recognised as of inferior clay. This poor fellow was wrecked upon the island; he came ashore on a plank, the rest of the ship's crew and passengers having given indignation to the sharks. He is not happy here, and he would like you to take him off the island."

"Yes," said David, eagerly, but still in his slow way, "anywhere, so that I can only get on my way to England."

"He was just getting off his plank, and the people were preparing to receive him joyfully, warmly, and hospitably, after their fashion; that is to say, into their pots—they have a beautiful method of cooking, in a kind of sunken pot, which would greatly interest you if you were a captive and expecting your turn—when I fortunately arrived, and succeeded, by promising an eclipse if I was disobeyed, in saving him. The eclipse came in good time; but I had forgiven the people for their momentary mutiny, and I averted its power for evil. So long as David sticks close to me now he is safe. If he leaves me his end is certain. But he is no use to me, and for certain reasons I should very much prefer that he was gone. Will you take him?"

"The ship doesn't carry passengers," said the Mate; "besides"—

"He is harmless and you can trust him not to make mischief. I will pay for him if you like."

"What does he want to go home for?" asked the Mate doubtfully. Indeed, the appearance of the man did not warrant the belief that he would be welcomed by his friends.

"He has to pay a pilgrimage: he has to deliver a message before a magistrate, and to be subsequently elevated to a post of great distinction," said the Baron.

"Humph!" said the Mate. "He looks as if he'd done something. Better keep in these latitudes, stranger; where no one asks and no one cares. But about his fare—who's to pay for his passage and his grub, if we take him?"

"You will return some time to Queensland. Take or send this note." He took his note-book, tore off half a leaf, and wrote a few words upon it. "Send this note to Messrs. Hengstenburg and Company, Sydney. Tell them where you got it, and they will give you £20 for it, and will thank you into the bargain for letting them know that, so far, the Baron Sergius Von Holsten is safe. If there is any money left after paying for your passage, give it to this poor devil. He is not such a bad devil, though he looks so miserable, unless he begins to confide in you. When he does that, lock him up in a cabin. Perhaps he has done something, as you say: what do we know? As for doing things," he said, regarding his humble companion with the utmost severity, "a man who is tempted to commit a crime ought always to remember that he will some day, in all probability, be wrecked on a desert island, an island of cannibals, in the company of one, and only one, other European, and that man greatly his superior; and he ought truly to resolve, that under no temptations will he do anything which may make him a nuisance and a bore to that companion through the vehemence of his repentance." David Leighan groaned. "Man," added the Baron, sententiously, "does not live for himself alone; and he who rashly commits a crime may hereafter seriously interfere with the comfort of his brother man." David hung his head. "I forgive you, David. I have protected you from the natives' spears and their pots and carving-knives for six months, though it has cost me many foolish threats and vain curses. I have fed you and sheltered you. I have been rewarded by penitential groans and by outward tokens of fervent contrition. These have saddened my days, and have disturbed my slumbers. Groan, henceforth, into other ears. I forgive you, however, only on one condition that you return no more. If you do, you shall be speared and potted without remorse. As for the document in my note-book"—

"I shall get to England before you," said David; "and when I get there, I shall go at once to Challacombe or Moreton and make a statement just like the one you have in your note-book. By the time you come to England, I shall be"—

"Exactly," said the Baron, smiling sweetly. "You will have been a public character. Well, to each man comes, somehow, his chance of greatness. I hope you may enjoy your reputation, David, though it may be shortlived."

The Mate, meantime, was considering the note put into his hands. It was very short, and was a simple draught upon a merchant's house in Sydney—the shortest draught, I suppose, ever written, and on the smallest piece of paper.

"Messrs. Hengstenburg and Co., Sydney. Pay bearer £20. New Ireland. 1884. Baron Sergius Von Holsten."

"I will take him," said the Mate. "The Captain is always drunk, so it is no use waiting to ask him. Most likely he will never know. I expect to be out another three or four months. He can come aboard with me. But, stranger," he said, persuasively, "can no business be done? Are they open to reason?" He looked round at the forest and the deserted huts. "Can we trade for a few natives, you and me, between us? Lord! if I could only see my way to persuade 'em to worship me, I'd—blessed if I wouldn't—I would ship the whole island. There would be a fortune in it."

"They are open to no reason at all. In fact, if they were at this moment—nothing is more probable—to come down upon us unexpectedly, it would be a painful necessity for me—if I valued my reputation as a Prophet—to order them to attack and spear both you and your crew; otherwise, I should be considered a false Prophet and should pay the penalty in being myself speared and put into these curious large sunken pots in which one lies so snug and warm. They are a bloodthirsty, ferocious race. In their cookery they are curious, as I have already informed you. They are wonderfully handy with their lances, and they move in large bodies. Those pop-guns of yours would knock over two or three, but would be of no avail to save your own lives. Therefore, I would advise that you get into your boat and aboard your ship with as little delay as possible."

The Mate took his advice, and departed with his passenger. "And now," said the Baron Sergius, "I am alone at last, and can enjoy myself without any of that fellow's groans. I never knew before how extremely disagreeable one single simple murder may make a man."

That evening the rescued man, David Leighan, sat on the deck with his friend the Mate. They had a bottle of rum between them and a punikin apiece. The island of New Ireland was now a black patch low down on the horizon; the night was clear, and the sky full of stars; there was a steady breeze, and the schooner was making her way easily and gently across the smooth water. David was off the island at last, and once more free to return to England, yet he did not



Dantel Leighan, or Old Dan.

look happier; on the contrary, the gloom upon his face was blacker than ever.

"The Skipper," said the Mate, "is drunk again. He's been drunk since we sailed out of port. Don't you never ship with a skipper that is drunk all day long. Once in a way—say of a Saturday night when a man may expect it—there's no harm done; and not much when the fit takes him now and

then in an uncertain way, though it may put the men about more than a bit. Whereas, you see, the Captain has got the owners' private instructions—those which they don't write down. He knows how far he may go with the natives, and where he's to draw the line. So that if he's always drunk, what is the Mate to do? Either he may take the ship home again and report his own Captain, in which case he makes enemies for life, or he may get a berth again, or he may fill his ship with goods in the easiest way they can be got, which, I needn't tell you, mate, is a rough way. And when he gets back to port what is to prevent some of his men from rounding on that Mate? Then all the blame falls on him, and he is prosecuted, because it will be shown on evidence that the Captain was drunk all the time. Either way, therefore, the Mate gets the worst of it. Sometimes I think it would be best for him to join the Captain. Then the command would devolve upon the bo's'n, and how he'd get his goods everybody knows."

The officer was loquacious, and talked on about his trade and its difficulties, not at first observing that his companion took no interest in it.

"Seems as if you're sorry you've left the island," he said presently, remarking a certain absence of sympathy.

"I wish I had stayed there," said David, with a groan. "There at least I was safe, except for the—the Thing at night; whereas, if I get back to England, supposing I ever do"—here he stopped.

"If you've done something, man, what the devil do you want to go back to England for?"

"Because I must. There's ropes pulling me back, and yet there's something that always stops me. I was going home from Brisbane, but the ship was wrecked. That is how I got on New Ireland. Before that, I was travelling down to Melbourne to get a passage from there, but the train was smashed, and I had three months in hospital and spent all my money. I dare say something will happen to this ship. She'll run on a rock or capsize, or something."

The Mate made no reply for a little. He was superstitious, like all sailors. Just then the drunken Captain began to sing at the top of his voice. It was a sound of ill-omen. The Mate shuddered, and took another sip of the rum.

"Man," he said, "I don't like it. If the crew had heard them words, they'd have had you overboard in a minute. Don't tell me they wouldn't, because they would, and think nothing of it. This is a voyage where we want all the luck we can get; not to have our honest endeavours thwarted by such an unlucky devil as yourself. Well, I won't tell them. But keep a quiet tongue in your head. And now go below and turn in."

Later on, the Mate was able to turn in for an hour. His passenger was sitting up in bed, remonstrating with some invisible person.

"I am going home," he said, "as fast as I can go. Leave me in peace. I am going home, and I will confess everything."

The Mate asked him what he was doing, but received no answer, for the man had fallen back upon the pillow and was fast asleep. He had been talking in his sleep.

"I'll put him ashore," said the Mate, "at the first land we make where he won't be eaten by cannibals. I believe he's committed a murder."

The next day, and the next, and for many days the vessel sailed among the islands of the Southern Seas. But David grew daily more miserable and more despondent; his face looked more haggard, and his eyes became more hollow. He was dismal when sober, and despairing when drunk. The Mate left him now altogether alone, and none of the ship's company, who regarded him with doubtful, if not unfriendly eyes, spoke to him. So that he was able to revel in the luxury of repentance, and to taste beforehand, in imagination, the pleasures of the atonement which awaited him.

It proved a most unlucky voyage. They lost two men in an encounter with the natives; they had no success in trading; the Captain continued to drink, and the Mate wished devoutly that the cruise was finished and the ship back in port, if only to have done with a voyage which he foresaw would continue as it had begun.

The end came unexpectedly. One night the watch on deck were startled by a bright light in the Captain's cabin. The light shot into a flame, and the flame leaped and ran along the sides of the cabin and caught the deck and licked the timbers of the ship. The old schooner was as dry as tinder, and caught fire like a piece of paper. In



"I do not know whether he heard me or saw me; for he fell to the ground without a word or a groan."

five minutes it became apparent that they must take to their boats. This they did, having just time to put in a little water and some provisions. As to the drunken man who had done the mischief, he came out of the burning cabin and danced and sang until the flames dragged him down.

In the fierce glare of the burning ship, the Mate looked at David reproachfully, implying that this misfortune was entirely due to his presence.

"Even now," he whispered, "I will not tell the men you have ruined the voyage, burned the ship, killed the Captain and maybe killed us as well. What have you done that we should be punished like this for taking you on board? Is it—is it murder?"

David nodded his head gloomily.

"Then," said the Mate, "whatever happens to us, you'll get safe ashore. You won't be drowned and you won't be starved."

Three weeks later there were only two survivors in that boat. The other men had all drunk seawater, and so gone mad one after the other, and leaped overboard in their delirium. Only David Leighan was left with the Mate, and they were lying one in the bows and one in the stern, as far apart as the boat would allow, and they were black in the face, gaunt, and hollow-eyed.

When they were picked up, the signs of life were so faint in them that the Skipper, a humane person, took counsel with his Mate whether it would not save the poor men trouble to drop them into the water at once. But in the end, as there was just the least and faintest pulse possible, he hoisted them aboard and laid them on the deck, with their heads propped up. Then, the ship having no doctor aboard, he began to administer whiskey and rum in alternate spoonfuls, so that the dying men got so drunk that they could no longer die with any dignity. They therefore recovered, and sat up, gazing about them with rolling heads and vacuous eyes. Then they fell back, and went sound asleep for six hours. At the end of this time the misery of the long fasting began again with pangs intolerable. But the Captain rose to the occasion. Pea-soup, also exhibited in spoonfuls, proved a specific. Next day they had boiled pork; and the day after, sea-pie. Now, the man who can eat sea-pie can eat anything. The two survivors of the unlucky schooner were once more well and hearty.

For the rest of the voyage the rescued Mate kept aloof from the rescued passenger. He would not speak to him; he avoided that part of the ship where he happened to be. As for the latter, he found a place abaft, near the helm, where he could sit upon a coil of rope, his head upon his knees. And there he remained, gloomy and silent.

"There was trouble, too. First the ship sprang a leak, and the pumps had to be worked. Next, there was a bad storm, and the mizen-mast went by the board. Thirdly, a fire broke out, and was subdued with difficulty. However, the ship at last sighted land, and arrived, battered and shattered, at the port of Sydney.

When they landed, and not till then, the rescued Mate spoke his mind.

First he went to the house of Hengstenburg and Co., where he presented the Baron's draught, gave news of his safety, and touched the money. He then led his passenger to a drinking-saloon, and entered into a serious conversation with him.

"As for this money," he said, "you weren't a passenger more than a few days, and I can't rightly charge you much. Take fifteen, and I'll take five. With fifteen pounds you can get home, which I take to be your desire, and give yourself



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up, which I take to be your duty." It will be understood that the unfortunate David in the extremity of his starvation and remorse had been talking.

"A Providence it is," said the Mate, "that where so many honest fellows were took, I was spared; else you would never have had this money, and you wouldn't therefore have been able to give yourself up, and you would never have been hung. A clear Providence it is; and you must regard it as such, and remember it when they take you out, comfortably, with the chaplain and the rope."

David took the money, rolled it up in a rag, and placed it in his pocket; but said nothing.

"I don't want," continued the Mate, "to hurt your feelings; but if you could go home on a raft by yourself; or, being a Jonah"—

"What is a Jonah?"

"Being a Jonah, in a whale's belly, it would be kind and considerate and might save many valuable lives. As for me, I don't mind owning up, that if I was to find myself aboard with you again, after all I've gone through, and you carrying about wherever you go an infernal, invisible ghost and talking and confessing to him every night—I say, if I was to find myself aboard with you again, I'd get into the dingy and row ashore by myself—I would, if it was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."

David groaned.

Then the Mate moralised upon the situation. "Strange to say, he took something of the line previously taken by Baron Sergius."

"One fine ship wrecked, and all her crew, for aught I know, cast away; another tight schooner burnt and the Captain and all the crew killed, except you and me; and a third ship half-burned and brought water-logged into port—and all along of you! Blow me! if you'd knifed a Bishop there couldn't have been more fuss made! I won't reproach you, my lad, because you've got your ghost to do that every night, and because you've got to face the racket of the chaplain and the rope and the long drop; but, considering the mischief you've done, I wish to put it to you, that what you've done was a beastly and a selfish thing to do."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST DREAM.

At half-past four exactly, Mr. Leighan, of Gratnor, commonly called Daniel Leighan, or Old Dan, or Mr. Daniel, according to the social position of those who spoke of him, awoke with a start from his afternoon nap. Mr. Leighan always took his dinner at one; after his dinner, he took a tumbler of brandy-and-water hot, with two lumps of sugar and a slice of lemon—as his grandfather had done before him, only that the ancestral



The ship having no doctor aboard, he began to administer whiskey and rum in alternate spoonfuls.

drink was rum, and the brew was called "punch." With the glass of brandy-and-water he took a pipe of tobacco. This brought him, regularly and exactly, to half-past two. He then knocked out the ashes, laid down his pipe, pulled his silk handkerchief over his head—which kept off the draught in winter and flies in summer—and went to sleep till half-past four, when he woke up and had his tea. This was his way of spending the afternoon. He had never varied that way, even when he was a young man and active; and now he would never attempt to vary it, for he was old and paralysed; and he passed his days wholly sitting in a high-backed arm-chair, with pillows and cushions at the back

and sides, and a stool for his feet. From eight in the morning until nine in the evening he lived in that chair and in that room. There was always a wood fire burning in the grate, even on such a hot summer day as this; for Challacombe is a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the clouds roll up the valleys of the Teign and the Bovey from the sea, or they roll down from the Tors and the Downs, and envelop it; so that half the year one lives in cloud. This makes it a damp and trying air, so that the domestic hearth at Challacombe is like the Altar of Vesta, being never quenched even in July and August.

Old Dan—we all belong, I am sure, to the upper circles, and can, therefore, permit ourselves this familiarity—was now white-haired, and advanced in years; but not so old as he looked by a good many years. His locks were long, but, though certainly impressive, they did not, as in another and a famous historical case, cause him, therefore, to look benevolent. Perhaps this was because he wore a black skull-cap: a thing which, like a biretta, generally causes its wearer to appear bereft of all charity, meekness, tenderness, and brotherly love. A black skull-cap is even said to have a really malignant influence as regards these virtues. Perhaps, however, no artifice or invention of science could make that face look benevolent. In youth, before its features were sharpened and stiffened, it must have been a singularly handsome and striking face. It was now a masterful and self-willed face. The nose was long and hooked, the forehead high and narrow, the chin sharp, and the mouth square: any one of these points may indicate self-will, but, taken all together, they bawl it aloud. If his eyes were open, as they will be in a moment, you would say that they must have been beautiful in youth, when their bright blue was set off by the brown hair; now, after seventy years of greed and avarice, they were hard and keen, but as bright as ever—even brighter than in youth, because they were set off by thick white eyebrows like a pent-house. Before his affliction fell upon him he was taller than the generality of men. Even now, when he sat upright in his chair he produced the same impression of great height which he had formerly been used to exercise when he stood half a foot or so above any man with whom he was conversing. Great stature, properly used, is a wonderful help to personal influence. Too often, however, it is, considered as a means of self-advancement, a gift clean thrown away. It was not, in short, a common face which one looked at in that chair, nor a common figure. Any candid person—that is to say, any man who had never had business relations with Mr. Leighan, and might, therefore, be reasonably free from the vindictiveness and rage which blinded the eyes of his tenants, debtors, and dependants—would allow this to be the face of a man originally intended by Nature to make a mark in the great world, if he should get the chance. He never did get that chance, and his abilities had been expended in the interesting and absorbing, though petty, business of over-reaching neighbours not so clever as himself, extorting the uttermost farthing, and adding bit by bit to his property. He was now the rich man of a parish in which there was no Squire; he was the village miser; he was the terror of those who owed him money; he was the driver of the hardest bargains; he was the strong and masterful man; he was the scourge of the weak and thriftless; he was the tyrant of the village. He knew all this, and, so far from being humiliated, he enjoyed the position; he exulted in the consciousness of his own unpopularity; he alone in the parish had risen among his fellows to the proud distinction of being universally detested. Men like David Leighan love the power which such a position means; they even think of themselves complacently as wolves lying in ambush to rush upon the unwary, and to rend and devour the feeble.

The girl who sat working at the open window was his niece, Mary Nethercote. That is to say, the work lay in her lap; but her hands were idle, and her eyes were far away from the sewing. She lived with Daniel, and took care of him. He relied at all the world except her; he quarrelled with all the world except his niece; and those persons who averred that he was kind to her because he had the keeping of her money and took all the interest for himself, and had her services as housekeeper for nothing, were perhaps only imperfectly acquainted with the old man's motives and his feelings. Yet, the statement was true. He did have the keeping of her money—a good lump of money; and he did give himself the interest in return for her board and lodging; and he did have her services as housekeeper for nothing.

I declare that when one considers such a girl as Mary Nethercote, and thinks how helpful she is, how unselfish, how ready at all times to spend and be spent in the service of others; how full she is of the old-fashioned learning which fills the homestead with the happiness of material comfort; how little she thinks about herself; how simple she is in her tastes, and yet how sweet and dainty and lovely to look upon, one is carried away with gratitude and admiration. What, one asks at such a moment, is the wisdom of Girtton and Newnham compared with the wisdom of the farmer's daughter? What, in fact, can the Girtton girl make? Doth she solace the world and profit her kind by her triple integrals? Doth she advance mankind by her cherished political economy? Mary, for her part, keeps the fowls and ducks; Mary considers the fattening of the geese and the welfare of the turkeys; Mary looks after the dairy; Mary superintends the baking of the wholesome and sweet home-made bread under the red pots; the confecting of puddings, pies, tarts, and cakes; the boiling and skimming and potting of the most beautiful jams and jellies; Mary conducts the garden, both that of flowers and that of vegetables—there is, in fact, only one garden, and the flowers flourish in the borders beside the onions and the peas; Mary directs the brewing of the cider; Mary keeps the keys, and “gives out” the linen; Mary inspects the washing and the ironing; in short, Mary “openeth her mouth with wisdom, and looketh well to the ways of her household.” She is up at five in summer and at six in winter; all the morning she is at work with her maids; in the afternoon she takes her needle and sews; in the evening she plays and sings a little, to keep her uncle in good temper, and sometimes reads a novel for an hour before she goes to bed. This is her life. Sometimes there may be a tea-drinking. Sometimes she will mount her pony and ride over to Newton Abbot, to Moreton Hampstead, or to Ashburton, where the shop-people all know her, and are pleased to see her. But mostly, from week to week, she stays at home. As for a summer holiday, that is a thing which has never entered into her mind. The girl-graduate, perhaps, scorns the work of the household. I, for my part, do not scorn the work of the farmer, whose work exactly corresponds to that of Mary. It seems to me a better and a happier life, in and out of house and barn, and linney, and dairy, in the open air, warmed by the sun, beaten by every wind that blows, breathing the sweet smells of newly-turned earth, of hedge and ditch, and the wild flowers, than any that can be found in the study and at the desk.

The maids of Devon are, we know, fair to outward view as other maidens are, and perhaps fairer than most; though in so delicate a matter as beauty, comparisons are horrid. Some there are with black hair and black eyes. These must be descended from the ancient Cornish stock, and are cousins of

those who still speak the Celtic tongue across the Channel. But there is talk of the Spanish prisoners who had no desire to go home again, but settled in Devon and Cornwall, and became Protestants in a land where there was no Inquisition. Others there are who have brown hair and blue eyes. Mary came of this stock. Her eyes, like her uncle's, were blue, but they were of a deeper blue; and they were soft, while his were hard. Her hair was a rich, warm brown, and there was a lot of it. When all is said, can there be a better colour for hair and eyes? As for her face, I do not claim, as the Americans say, for Mary that she was a stately and statuesque beauty; nor had she the least touch of style and fashion—how should she have? But for sweetness, and the simple beauty of regular features, rosy lips, bright eyes, and healthy cheek, lit up with the sunshine of love and truth, and coloured with the bloom of youth, there are few damsels, indeed, who can compare with Mary Nethercote, of Gratnor Farm. As for her figure, it was tall and well proportioned, full of health and yet not buxom. Need one say more? Such was Mary in the summer of the year 1886; nay, such she is now, as you may see in Challacombe church, where she still sits in her old place with the choir, beside George Sidcote. Many things—of which I am the historian—have happened since the summer of last year; but Mary's place in church is not changed, nor has the bloom of her beauty left her cheek:—many things, as you shall learn, with many surprises and great changes; yet methinks her face is happier and more full of sunshine now than it was twelve months ago.

The room in which she sat was low and long: it was an old-fashioned wainscoted room, rather dark, because it was lit by one window only, and because a great branch of white roses was hanging over the window, broken from its fastenings by the wind, or by the weight of its flowers. It had a south aspect, which, in winter, made it warm; its chief article of furniture, because it was always in one place and took up so much room, was Mr. Leighan's arm-chair, which stood so that his back was turned to the light. This prevented him from looking out of the window, but it enabled him to read and write and pore over his papers. The best scenery in the eyes of Mr. Leighan was the sight of a mortgage or a deed of conveyance. As for the sunshine outside—the flowers, and the view of hill and vale and wood—he cared naught for these things. There were, besides, two or three ordinary chairs—Mary had never enjoyed the luxury of an easy-chair or a sofa—there was a small work-table for her “things,” and there was a really splendid old cabinet, black with age, wonderful with carvings, for which Wardour-street would sigh in vain; in fact, the reputation of that cabinet had gone abroad, and overtures had been made again and again for its purchase. And the contents! Your heart would sink with the sickness of longing only to look upon them. There were old brass candlesticks, old silver candlesticks, brass and silver snuffers and snuffer-trays; silver cups of every size, from the little christening-cup to the great silver whistle-cup holding a quart and a half; there were punch-bowls and ladles; and there was old china—yea, china which would move a collector to sighs and sobs of envy. These things represented many generations of Leighans, who had been settled in Challacombe since that parish began to exist. It is now five hundred years since their ancestors moved up from the lowlands to the hillsides and combs on the fringe of the Moor. It was about the time when the Yorkists and Lancastrians were chopping and hacking at one another, though no report of the battles came up here for many a month after the event, that the church was built. Civil wars, indeed, never caused any broils at Challacombe: the Reformation found the people obedient; Queen Mary burned none of them, for they were easily reconverted; and Queen Bess found them docile to the Royal supremacy. The only enthusiasm they were ever known to show was a hundred years after Queen Bess's time, when King Monmouth rode across the west country to try his fate at Sedgemoor. One of the younger Leighans, a hot blood, who heard of his landing when at Ashburton on market-day, so far forgot the family traditions as to gallop over to Torquay and shout for the new King, and rode in his train, and did his share of the fighting. More lucky than his companions, he found his way home, and went on farming—'twas John Leighan of Foxworthy—as if nothing had happened, and nobody afterwards troubled him. In this great cabinet were kept the treasures of all those generations—about fifteen in number—who now lie—fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters—in the green churchyard of Challacombe. Daniel Leighan, the owner of the cabinet, thought himself a warm man; but his warmth, in his own mind, consisted of his fields and his investments: he little knew or suspected how valuable were those treasures in his cabinet.

There were pictures on the walls—coloured engravings and mezzotints of the last century. I take it that Art, in the form of pictures, did not reach the Devonshire farm earlier than the year 1750, or thereabouts. On the mantelshelf were certain china vases which caused anguish to the critical soul: they dated from the year 1820, I think. Above the vases were old-fashioned samplers in frames, things which made one babble of Madame Barbauld, Mrs. Trimmer, and Joanna Baillie. I don't know why—because I never saw any of Mrs. Barbauld's samplers, or those of the other ladies.

A piano stood at the wall laden with songs and music—not, I fear, of the highest classical kind, for Mary's school at Newton Abbot, where she had spent two long years, knew little of classical music. Will Nethercote—I who write this story am that Will—sent her the songs from London, and George Sidcote bought her the music at Newton or at Teignmouth. There was also a shelf of books; but these were even less successful, from the classical point of view, than the music. For they consisted of novels, also given by this London person, and of pretty books bought for her in their boyish days by George Sidcote, and if we just hint that the leading bookseller of Bovey is apparently—to judge by the works laid out upon his shelves—under the influence of two young men who wear broad hats and flopping skirts, and talk loud as they walk in the streets, and profess a longing to restore Church discipline, you will understand how satisfying to the imagination these books were. Mary reproached herself for liking the works of Mrs. Oliphant, Thomas Hardy, and Wilkie Collins—those quite mundane persons—better than these gaudy volumes.

She was dressed for the afternoon in a pink chintz, with a pink-and-white-flowered apron, of the kind which covers the whole front of the dress; round her neck she had a white lace ruffle. All the morning she had been at work about the house and the poultry-yard, yet now she looked as if she had not done a stroke of hard work all day, so cool, so quiet, and so dainty was she to look upon. Her hands—not, to be sure, so white and so small as those of a Countess—were brown but not coarse; and her face, though she was out in all weathers, was not burnt or freckled. Yet in her eyes there was a world of trouble. She was troubled for others, not for herself; she was suffering, as some women suffer all their lives, from the dangers which hung over and threatened her lover. You will find out, presently, that these were very real and terrible dangers, and that his life, and therefore hers, was menaced with shipwreck, imminent and unavoidable.

Daniel Leighan awoke at half-past four. Generally, the waking from an afternoon nap is a gentle and a gradual process: first a roll of the head, then a half opening of the eyes, next a movement of the feet and hands, before full life and consciousness return. This afternoon Daniel Leighan, who had been sleeping quite peacefully and restfully, awoke suddenly with a cry, and sat upright in his chair, clutching the arms, his eyes rolling in horror and amazement.

“Mary!” he cried; and then the horror passed out of his face, and his eyes expressed wonder and bewilderment only. The girl, who was sitting at the window, work in hand, was at his side in a moment.

“Mary!” he gasped and panted, and his words came painfully, “I saw him—I saw him—the man who robbed me. I saw him plain—and I have forgotten—I have forgotten! It was—oh! I knew just now—I have forgotten, Mary!”

“Patience, uncle; patience,” Mary patted and smoothed the pillows into their places. “Another time you will remember; you are sure to remember, if the dream only comes again. Lie down again and think.”

He obeyed, and she covered his head again with his silk handkerchief, which sometimes soothes into slumber if the silk is soft enough. He had started from his sleep, as if stung into wakefulness by the recollection of something horrible and painful; and his dream had vanished from his memory, leaving not a trace behind. With such trouble did King Nebuchadnezzar awake, to find his dream unintelligible; but the terror left—and the foreboding. Mary saw the terror; but she knew nothing of the foreboding. Yet her uncle's mind was filled with anxious fears springing out of this vision. She saw the rolling eyes, the clutching of the chair-arms, and the look of bewilderment; but she only thought her uncle was startled, like a child, in his sleep, and crying out, like a child, for help when there was no danger. He lay still for a few moments while she stood beside him and watched. Then he tore off the handkerchief and sat up again.

“It is quite gone,” he said in despair: “I have lost the clue. Yet I saw him—oh! I saw him, clear and distinct—the man who robbed me. And while I was going to cry out his name—just as I had his name upon my lips—I awoke and forgot him.”

“If it comes again,” said Mary, incredulous in spite of her words, “you will be sure to remember. Perhaps it will come again. Patience, uncle.”

“Patience! when I had the clue? Patience! when I could follow up the robber and tear my papers out of his hands. Patience!—don't be a fool, Mary!”

“Well, uncle, if it has gone, and you can't bring it back again, try to forget that it ever came: that is the wisest thing to do. You shall have your tea, and then you will feel better.”

“Mary”—he turned to her piteously—“it is cruelly hard. Can't you remember? Think. Perhaps I talked in my sleep—some men do. Have you never heard me say anything—call someone by name? If I had only the least little clue, I should remember.”

“Why, uncle, how should I remember?”

“It came back to me—all so clear—so clear and plain. And I have forgotten. Oh! Mary, my money—my money!”

“Yes, uncle. But it is six years ago, nearly, and you have done very well since. And it is not as if you had lost all your money. Why, you have prospered while all the rest have been doing so badly. You must think of that.”

“Lost all my money?” he repeated testily; “of course I've not lost all. As if a man could bear to lose a single penny of the money that he has spent his life in saving. Do you know what I have lost, girl?” She knew very well, because he told her every day. “There were bonds and coupons in the bag to the sum of near upon a hundred and fifty pounds a year—nearly three thousand pounds they meant. As for the share certificates, they didn't matter; but coupons—coupons, Mary; do you hear?—payable only to the bearer—a hundred and fifty pounds a year—a hundred and fifty pounds a year!—near three thousand pounds!”—His voice rose to a shriek, and suddenly dropped again to a moan. “Three thousand pounds! Payable to the bearer, and I haven't got them to present! If I were a young man of thirty I might recover the loss; but I am old now, and I can never hope to make it up—never hope to make it up again!”

It was six years since that loss had occurred; but this wail over the lost money was raised nearly every day, and almost in the same words, so that the girl felt little sympathy now with the bereavement of her uncle.

“It was six o'clock when I left Ashburton.” The girl had also heard this story so often that her interest in the details had become numbed. “Six o'clock when I started to ride home. I had seventy pounds in gold upon me: fifty pounds in one bag and twenty in another; my tin box in a blue bag was round my neck, and it was filled with securities and bonds and share certificates. ‘Better leave 'em here, Mr. Leighan,’ said Fennell, the bank manager. I wish I had! I wish I had, Mary! But I was headstrong, and would have everything in my own strong box under my own eye. So I refused, and rode off with them. At half-past seven—it was dark then—I rode into Widdicombe. There I pulled up. I well remember that I stopped there and had a glass of brandy-and-water. It was brandy-and-water hot; and they tried to make it weak, but I wouldn't be cheated. And then I rode on. I remember riding on. And then—then—” At this point he paused, because here his brain began to wander, and his memory played him tricks.

“At Widdicombe, uncle, you must have paid somebody twenty pounds and left your bag of papers; and now you can't remember who it was.”

“No, child; no. I paid away no money at all in Widdicombe, except fourpence for the brandy-and-water. Why should I? There was nothing owing to anybody. Why should I leave a box full of securities and bonds in the hands of anyone when I refused to leave them in the bank? Was I ever a foolhardy person that I should trust anybody with property of that kind?”

“No,” said Mary. “It is difficult to understand why you should do so.”

“The landlady—she's a respectable widow woman and it's only right that she should be near with her brandy—she bears me out. She remembers my paying the fourpence and riding away. After that I remember nothing. Why have I forgotten the ride through the lanes under Honeybag? Why don't I remember passing through Hewedstone Gate to the open down? Yet I remember nothing more. Mind you, I won't have it said in my hearing that I ever gave anybody anything or that I left my bag lying about like a fool. Yet, when George Sidcote picked me up, the bag was gone, and twenty pounds had gone, too—twenty pounds!”

“Well, but, uncle, consider: you had seventy pounds in gold in your purse and only twenty were taken. If it had been a thief he would surely have taken the whole, and your loose silver as well as your watch and chain. Why, all those were left.”

“I don't know. Perhaps he thought the bag of papers would satisfy him. How do I know? What made me fall off the pony? I never fell off the pony before. If I was Balaam I would make that old pony tell me who found me lying in



The girl who sat working at the open window was Mary Netherco's.

the road and robbed me. Fell off the pony!—how in the world did I come to fall off the pony? I wasn't drunk, girl; nobody ever saw Daniel Leighan drunk. I wish I was Balaam—I wish I was—just for five minutes—to have a few words with the pony."

"You must have given the twenty pounds to somebody in Ashburton or Widdicombe, with the bag of papers. Everybody says so."

"I didn't, then! I felt the bag round my neck when I rode out of Widdicombe—the bag round my neck and the money in my pocket. Do you think I should not remember if I had paid away twenty pounds—twenty pounds!—do you think I shouldn't have taken a receipt, and the bill and the receipt both in my pocket? Twenty pounds—twenty pounds!—one would think the sovereigns grew in the hedge like the roses."

"Well, uncle, but think: every day you trouble your poor head about it, and nothing comes of it; why not try to forget the loss? Think what a prosperous man you have been all your life. Think what your property is now, though you began with only one farm: money in the bank, and money invested and all; everybody talking about your good fortune. You should be thinking of what you have, not what you have lost."

"Go on; go on. Easy for a girl like you to talk. There's that difference with a woman that she only enjoys the spending; while a man"—he heaved a deep sigh and did not complete the sentence. "Oh! Mary," he reached out his long bony fingers and made as if he were raking in the gold, "to think—only to think!—of the pleasure I have had in making the money! It was little by little, not all at once. No, no; I saw my way, and I waited. I laid my plans, and I had patience. Be sure that not a field have I got but I worked and planned for it. The world is full of fools: weak men who have no business with property; men without grip; men who just hold on till somebody comes and gives 'em a shove off. Your cousin David was such a fool, Mary."

Mary said nothing. Her cousin David was doubtless a great fool, but people said unkind things about her uncle's conduct towards him.

"If I had not secured his property someone else would. It is still in the family, which ought to be a great comfort to him, wherever he has gone. George Sidcote is another—well, he isn't exactly a fool, like David; but he doesn't get on—he doesn't get on. I fear very much!"

"Uncle, spare him!"

"Because he wants to marry you, child! Is that a reason for interfering with the course of business? When the pear is ripe it will drop!—if not into my mouth into some other man's. Business before love, Mary."

"If I could give him my fortune he would be out of his difficulties."

"Your fortune, Mary? Where is it? What fortune? You have none unless you marry with my consent. Your fortune? Why, it depends upon me whether you ever get it. I don't say that I shall never consent. Show me the right man—not a spendthrift, Mary."

"George is no spendthrift."

"Nor a sporting and betting man."

"George is not a sporting and betting man."

"Nor a man in debt."

"If George is in debt it is not his fault."

"A substantial man, and one who knows the worth of money: bring that man along, and we will see. If not—well, Mary, I am getting on for seventy, and I can't last for ever, and perhaps—perhaps, I say—I shall leave you my money when I die. You can wait till then. Six thousand pounds is a tremendous great lump to part with, when a man

is not obliged to part with it. And I am not obliged to give my consent. No, no; and after I've lost three thousand—three thousand! Besides, you're comfortable here: what do you want to marry for? What's the good of marrying? Better stay at home and save money. I give you your board and your lodging, Mary, while you are here, for nothing; and your clothing, too—yes; your clothing." He spoke as if many young people had to go without.

Mary interrupted with a little laugh.

"Yes, uncle, I know." She laughed, thinking how much her uncle had given her for dress in the last year or two. Now, since a girl may make up her own things, but cannot very well make the chintz, cambric, and stuff itself, gossiping people often wondered how Mary managed to dress so well and prettily. Perhaps the fowls helped her, or the pigs.

"Well, uncle, but if I do marry without your consent, you will have to give the money to my cousin David."

"Yes, yes; of course. What's the good of telling me that? But David is dead, no doubt, by this time; and then the money must remain with me, of course"—the will did not say so. "But you won't do that, Mary; you'll never be so wicked as to do that. Besides, if you did, David's accounts with me have never been made up—that is, properly made up—and I don't doubt that when we come to look into them it will be found that he owes me a great deal still—a great deal of money still. I was very soft—foolishly soft—with David."

Mary made no reply.

Her uncle had been, indeed, soft with David; so soft that he had sold him up and turned him out, and now possessed his land.

Mr. Leighan sighed heavily, no doubt over his foolish softness, and became silent. It was not often that he talked so much with his niece.

Six years before this, about half-past nine one evening in the autumn of the year 1880, George Sidcote, walking home, found Mr. Leighan lying in the middle of the road on Heytree Down. His pony was grazing quietly beside him, close to the road, and he was lying on his back senseless, with an ugly wound in his head, the scar of which would never leave him. He had fallen, apparently, from his pony, and, as farmers do not generally get such ugly falls when they ride home at night, the general conclusion was that he must have been drunk to fall so heavily and to fall upon his head. No suspicion of violence or robbery was entertained: first, because no one ever heard of violence at Challacombe; and, secondly, because he had not apparently been robbed. So, at least, it seemed to those who carried him home, for his pockets were full of money and his watch and chain had not been taken.

For three days and three nights Daniel Leighan lay speechless and senseless, and but for a faint pulse he seemed dead. When he recovered consciousness, the first questions he asked were concerning a certain tin box containing papers which he declared was hanging in a bag from his neck. Now, of that tin box no one knew anything. Presently, when he counted his money he swore that he was twenty pounds short.

I am sorry to say that no one believed him. That is to say, there was no doubt that he had taken that box from the bank, because the manager knew of it. But in his drunken fit—people were quite sure that he must have been drunk—he must have dropped the thing somewhere, or put it somewhere: it would be found some day. Time passed on, but that box was not found. And the loss, the inconvenience, and the trouble resulting from its loss were frightful. To begin with, there were coupons of municipal bonds and such securities, things only paid to bearer and never replaced if lost, representing investments to the amount of nearly three thousand pounds. The whole of this money, with its yearly interest, gone, unless the box should be found—clean gone. Is it wonderful that Daniel Leighan went mad, and tore his hair only to think of this terrible blow? Other papers there were, share certificates and so forth, which could be replaced by payment of a fee, but the coupons could not be replaced. Their payment could be stopped, but without presentation there was no payment possible.

Perhaps it was the agony of mind caused by this loss, perhaps the blow upon his head, which caused the paralysis of his legs. This affliction fell upon him a month or so after the accident. Then they put him in his chair beside his table and propped him up with pillows, and he went abroad no more. But his brain was as clear as before, his will as strong, and his purpose as determined.

"Take your tea, uncle," said Mary, "and try to think no more of your horrid dream."

CHAPTER IV.

CHALLACOMBE-BY-THE-MOOR.

The village of Challacombe is known by sight to those excursionists from Teignmouth, Dawlish, or Torquay, who take the train to Bovey Tracey, and then go up by the char-a-bancs—locally called "cherrybanks"—to Hey Tor and back; because, on the way, they pass through a little bit of Challacombe. It is also known to the people who take lodgings at Chagford for August, in the belief that they are going to be

upon Dartmoor. Once during their stay, it is considered necessary to drive over to Challacombe. They do this, and when they have arrived, they get out, stand upon the Green, and gaze around. Then they either climb up the Tor which rises just beyond the Green, or they go to John Exon's inn for a cup of tea, or they get into the trap again and are driven away, under the impression that they have seen Challacombe. The village Green, however, is not the parish of Challacombe. Again, there are two or three farmhouses scattered about in the great parish, where lodgings can be procured; and those who take them for the season, if they are good walkers and do not mind roads which cannot show one single level foot, or hot lanes which are deep and narrow, and run between high hedges of rose, blackberry, honeysuckle, and holly, which keep out the air—after six or seven weeks of exploration and research, allow themselves rashly to boast that they know Challacombe. But no; after a second visit, or a third, they are fain to confess that, of all the places they have ever visited, Challacombe is the hardest to know, and takes the longest time to learn.

This being so, no one will expect me to describe the place. Besides, it is so far from the ordinary track, so remote from fashion, so little adapted for visitors, that it would be cruel to tempt strangers there. Let them be contented with a glimpse of the Green from the cherrybank or the Chagford pony-carriage, just as the fashionable world which talks so much of art is contented with one single glimpse of the walls of the Royal Academy on the afternoon of the private view.

There is no village at Challacombe. There is a village Green, and there is a church; on one side of the Green is a long, low, picturesque old house with a porch, called Ivy Cottage, which was formerly the Rectory; on another side are John Exon's inn and Susan Wreford's village shop, which contains the post-office; on the third side are the walls of the Rectory garden, the village schools, and the farm buildings of Hedge Barton; lanes and another small house make up the fourth side of the irregular quadrangle formed by the Green. One or two primeval boulders still stand upon the Green too deeply bedded to be removed, and Farmer Cummings's pigs, geese, and turkeys claim the right of running over it. Close to the Green there was formerly a rude stone circle, one of the many on and around Dartmoor; but there was a Rector—Must one sling stones at the Church? Yet this is lamentably true. Once there was a Rector; pity that 'tis true. This good man—I say good, because I know nothing except this one sin to charge against him—and one may commit one sin in a lifetime and yet be a good man—this Rector, therefore, suffered himself to be annoyed because antiquaries came and examined this circle, sketched it, planned it; walked around it and across it, measured it, laid their heads together over it, shook their fingers about it, and wagged their chins at each other over it—would have photographed it, but Dame Science did not yet permit that art to be practised—picnicked amid its stones, and brought with them their young friends—male and female they brought them, two by two—to look at these mysterious stones, and hear them talk. The young friends—those who were not antiquaries—only said, "How deeply interesting!" and made the day, if it was fine, and the place, which is a very beautiful place, an occasion and a spot for the most delightful flirting. I think it was the flirting rather than the archaeology which vexed his reverence, who had now grown old, poor dear, and could flirt with nobody any more, except his wife, and she was old too; not so old as her husband, but yet she wanted no more flirting. However, the Rector became so seriously annoyed that, one day in the winter, when there were no antiquaries about, he sent to Bovey for two men and some blasting powder, and in a couple of days he had this rude stone monument blown into little pieces and carted away. Melancholy ghosts of Druids, it is said, come to scream upon the spot all midsummer night, in guise of owls; and for many years the enraged and baffled antiquaries came regularly once in the month of June, which is sacred to stone circles and to Druids, and on the site of the perished circle they performed a solemn service of commination upon that Rector. They cursed him with the curses of Erulphus; they cursed him out of the Psalms; they cursed him out of the Book of the Greater Excommunication; they cursed him after the manner of the Ancient Briton, the Mediæval Briton, and the Modern Briton. Whether any of the curses took, as vaccination takes, I know not; certain it is that the Rector is now no more, so that perhaps the commination killed him; perhaps, however, it only gave him toothache.

The village of Challacombe-by-the-Moor, even with the advantages held out to it of a church, a Green, a shop, and a public-house, refused to grow, or even to be born. This is odd. One reads of American cities with their church, their school, their hotel, and their weekly paper; but never of an American church, school, hotel, and weekly paper without a city. It is gratifying to be ahead of these pushing Americans even in so small a matter. Challacombe is a parish of farms and farm-houses, with a hamlet or two—such as Watcrount and Frellands. It stretches on the east from Watersmeet, where the Bovey and the Becky fall into each other's arms, to the outlying farm of Barracot-on-the-Moor; it goes beyond Hamil Down on the west; and it begins on the north at Foxworthy, in the valley of the Bovey, and extends to the slopes of mighty Hey Tor on the south. Within these limits there is scenery of every kind except one: the fine champaign country which our forefathers loved so much is altogether wanting. Every field is on a slope, every lane runs up a hill, and every stream—there are four at least—goes plunging and tearing downwards over its bed of boulders and of gravel.

When Mary had given her uncle his tea, and cleared away the "things"—you will not think the worse of her when I tell you that she washed the cups and saucers—they were lovely cups and saucers and almost priceless, if Mary had but known—put them back upon the cabinet, and carried out the tray with her own hands—she left him to his papers and his pipe, took her hat and went into the porch, where she stood for a moment dangling her hat by its strings, shading her eyes with her hand, and taking a deep breath as if to change the atmosphere of age, disease, and avarice in the parlour for the sweet fresh air of the mountains outside. The porch, which was covered with jessamine, now beginning to put forth its waxen blossoms, led into the garden, which in front of the house is only a narrow patch with a tall Norfolk pine. But at the side of the house it is a goodly garden planted with every kind of herb for the service and solace of man; stocked also with fruit-trees, and having an orchard where the cider apples hang rosy red and golden yellow, yet sour enough to set the children's teeth on edge even unto the fourth and fifth generation. Beyond the low garden hedge stretched a great pasture-field, known as Great Camus—Little Camus being his neighbour. It lay quite across the ridge, here broad, on which the house was built, and sloped over into the valley below, where the Becky ran down its narrow gorge, hastening to keep its appointment with the Bovey beyond Riddy Rock. It is a quiet little stream in summer, and generally the water is so clear that you might as well fish in your bath as hope to entice the trout; in the spring, however, you would have heard it babble up here as it ran from boulder to boulder, under alder and willow and



It was an old-fashioned wainscoted room . . . and there was a really splendid old cabinet, black with age, wonderful with carvings.



Old Dan's Farm, Gratnor.

filbert-tree, beneath the trailing arms of the bramble. You would have heard its roar as it leaped down the rocks of Becky Fall. Beyond the valley Mary gazed upon a huge lump of a hill, Blackdown, solid, round, and steep. In its side they have cut the new road; its line lies a clear and well-marked scar upon the green slope, until it is hidden among the deep woods of Becky. Above these woods there rose and floated in the still air a thin wreath of smoke, just to show that among the trees were houses and human companionship. For my own part, I love not those wild and savage scenes where no hut or wreath of smoke speaks of brother man. Robinson Crusoe was of the same opinion. Above the woods and beyond the hill, three miles and more away, rose the two great pyramids of Hey Tor, standing out against the clear blue sky, which had not yet assumed the haze of evening. Everywhere hills; to the right of Hey Tor, but lower down, the tumbled rocks of Hound Tor, looking like the ruined walls and shattered fragments of some great mediæval castle; lower still, Hayne Down, with its rocks thrown carelessly like coals from a shovel down its steep face. They were the playthings of some infant giant in the days gone by; he built houses out of them, and then kicked them over, just as a child builds his houses of wooden bricks and knocks them down. One of his toy structures still remains; a pile of stones one above the other, making a pillar thirty feet high, which men call Bowman's Nose. There had been rain in the morning; the clouds had passed away, though they were still clinging to the trees and rolling along the sides of the valley below, as often happens at Challacombe after rain; the air was so clear that you could see the rocks of Hey Tor as plainly as if you stood beside them, and every change of curve in light and shadow on Blackdown across the valley.

The birds in July are mostly silent, yet at Challacombe their song never wholly ceases all the year round. From the trees behind the house there was heard the song of the thrush; a robin whistled from the garden-croft; from a neighbouring hedge Mary heard the shrill screech of the wren; somewhere was a jay chattering in his harsh voice; somewhere was a dove cooing; the swifts screamed high in the air, thinking of their nests on top of the church tower; and the chiffchaff sang the merry notes which delight him all the summer long.

Mary saw this scene and heard these sounds every day of her life, yet she never tired of it; though she would have been unable to put into words the desire for the mountains which grows with the growth of those who live among them. Then, with a little flush upon her cheek and a brightening of her eye, she went out of the garden and to the back of the house, where she knew George Sidcote waited to take her to the choir practice, for 'twas Saturday evening.

Most houses, even in the country, put their best side to the front. Gratnor kept its best side at the back. There is no view, to be sure; but there is a babbling little stream, about two feet broad, which runs merrily among miniature cañons and gullies; a leet is taken from this stream by a little wooden canal to the great water-wheel which stands more than half hidden in its dark and mysterious recess; the canal is leaky, and the water trickles for ever melodiously upon the stones below. The place looks like a clearance in the forest; but an old clearance, not one of those where the stumps stand dotted about the field. Beyond the stream the ground rises steeply. This is the slope of Oddy Tor, by some called Nymphenhole and by others Viper Tor. It is clothed with thick woods, dark and impenetrable, which hide the moss-grown boulders on the top. A gate opens to a lane which leads to the Green through the hamlet of Watercourt, past the little chapel, where the people who go to church in the morning gather in the evening, to hear what they consider a purer gospel—though less respectable. It is "served" from Chagford, where I think that the illustrious Mr. Perrott could tell you something about it. There is something pathetic in the way that country people go contentedly to church, and listen to a gentleman and a scholar in the morning, and in the evening gather round one of their own folk, who speaks to them in the language they can understand, and out of the ideas which are in their own heads. The lane also passes the smithy, where Harry Rabjahns and his two 'prentices all day long blow the bellows and beat the anvil.

It was to the back of Gratnor that George Sidcote came to meet his sweetheart. He might have gone to the front had he chosen—the house was not closed to him—Daniel would have received him with such cordiality as he bestowed upon any. But it is not pleasant to call upon a man who refuses his consent to your marriage, and to whom you owe more money than you can pay. George, therefore, usually sat upon a tree—there were always the trunks of trees lying about—or, if it rained, took refuge in the linney, where he waited for Mary before they went together to the church to practise next day's hymns and chants.



We walked through the darkening lanes, our faces to the west, so that Mary's glowed in the golden light like an angel-face in a painted window.

CHAPTER V.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

The reason why farmers, gardeners, and cultivators of the soil generally are so fond of sitting down upon anything that offers, leaning against door-posts, hanging over gates, and in every way relieving the legs of their natural duties, is, I suppose, because they get up so early. If a man is crossing a meadow after rain, or a ploughed field after a thaw, at six in the morning, he finds comfort on a waggon-shaft at seven in the evening. It is not because he stands so much, but because he is standing so early. Shop-girls do not want to be always sitting when the shop is closed: they would rather be dancing: and policemen off duty are said to take their rest standing, for aught I know, on one leg, like the secretary bird. George Sidcote, on this July evening, had been up since five, and he waited for his sweetheart, a briar-root between his lips, sitting on the shaft of a waggon under the linney, where it was shady and cool. When Mary came through the garden-gate he rose slowly, partly because he was a Devonshire man and partly because if a man is over six feet in stature he naturally takes longer to get upon his feet than one of the short-legged brotherhood, who are jointed with indiarubber. Then he laid his pipe down upon the waggon, took both her hands in his, bent over her and kissed her gravely on the forehead, as if to seal her once more for his own. There was little of the sweet love-language between these two; they belonged to each other; they were so well assured of the fact that there was no need to renew their vows any more than between a couple who have been married a dozen years.

"George!" said Mary, softly.

"Mary!" George whispered.

Some maidens would like more of the passion and rapture which finds vent in passionate and rapturous words—such as those employed by all poets, and by novelists in that line of business. Very few young persons, even of the most dazzling beauty, get this passion and rapture, simply because their lovers, however capable in other respects, are incapable of finding those words. Men, therefore, fall back upon the commonplace of passion—mere "dear ducky" language—though their hearts be red hot, and though, in the language of the last century, they burn, and melt, and die. You may observe in the law reports, though many actions for breach of promise are tried, and many love-letters are read, the lover seldom, indeed, rises above the "dear ducky" level, except when he drops into verse, which is never original. George Sidcote, certainly, could not rise to these flights of articulated speech, nor would Mary have understood him had he made the attempt. She was satisfied to know that he was her lover. To have a lover, or a sweetheart at all, my dear young ladies, ought to make you extremely proud, though never arrogant; and, really, to have such a comely lover as George Sidcote, yeoman, of Sidcote Farm, Challacombe, is, perhaps, the greatest gift that the fairies have in their power to bestow. As for his stature, it was over six feet; and as for his form, it was like Tom Bowling's—of the manliest beauty; but Tom had the advantage, denied to George, of setting off that beauty with a greased pigtail as thick as a club. His face was steadfast, his cheek ruddy, his eyes clear and honest; but, like Mary's before her uncle had his dream, his eyes were troubled.

They sat down together on the waggon-shaft, side by side, and George took up his pipe.

"I saw him this morning," he said, slowly—Mary knew very well who was meant by "him"—"and I told him what I told you the other day, my dear."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he knew it beforehand. He had calculated it all out on paper, and he was certain, he said, that this season would be the last. 'Very well,' he said, 'the law provides a remedy when the interest or the principal cannot be repaid. Of course,' he added, 'I am not going to lose my money.' That is what he said first, Mary."

"Oh! and what did he say next?"

"I told him that if he would give his consent, your fortune would nearly pay off the mortgage."

"What did he say then?"

"Well, Mary, then we had a little row—not much. He said that it was clear I only wanted your money, and he should never give his consent. I said that it was clear he meant to make any excuse to refuse his consent, in order to keep your money in his own hands."

"I am sorry, George," said Mary. "He told me nothing of this."

"It was not likely that he would tell you. He heard what I had to say in his dry way, and then asked me if there was anything more that I wished to say. Well, Mary, I was roused a bit by this, and I reminded him that, if you did not receive your aunt's fortune, David would be entitled to the money. Well: he was not the least put out. He only laughed—his laugh is the sort that makes other people cry—and said that you were a good girl, but silly, like most girls, and if you chose to throw away your fortune he was sorry for you, but he could not prevent it. Well, Mary, I came away. So that is done with; and this is the last year there will be one of the old stock in the old place."

"Courage, George," she said, "we will do something; we will go somewhere—somehow we will live and prosper yet."

"Somewhere!" he echoed, "and somehow!" Well, I have a pair of hands and a pair of broad shoulders—yes. But you, Mary, and my mother?"

"Courage," she said again: "have faith, George. Even if we have to go away, we shall be together. I was reading yesterday a story about settlers in Canada. It had pictures. There was the wooden house, and the clearing with the forest all round; I thought it might be ours. I read how they worked, this pair of settlers, and how they gradually got on, clearing more land, and increasing their stock till they became rich in everything except money. I thought of ourselves, George: we shall not want money if we can live on a farm of our own somewhere, and if we can work for ourselves. You are so strong and brave: you do not mind hard work; and—and—let us have faith, George. God is good. If we must go from here, we will go with cheerful hearts, and leave my poor uncle to his lands and wealth."

Thus, when Adam and Eve went forth together from their Paradise into the cold world, it was the woman who admonished and exhorted the man.

In these latter days it hath pleased Providence in wisdom to afflict the British farmer with bad seasons and low prices, and the prospect of worse to follow; wherefore, he will perhaps soon become a creature of the past, and the broad acres of Great Britain and Ireland will be turned into pheasant preserves and forest land for the red-deer, let at fabulous prices to millionaires from the United States. As for the rustics, all except one in fifty will migrate to the towns, where they will seek for work and will find none, and then there will be riots and risings, with murders and robbery. What will happen after that I do not know, except that there will certainly be no recruits left for the British Army; so that, unless, as seems possible, other nations may be similar and similarly affected, our nation will

presently go under, and be no more heard of, except in history; and someone will write "Britannia fuit" on a gigantic slab, and stick it up on the cliff at Dover for all the world to read.

George Sidcote's history may be guessed from his words. An inheritance of a small estate, a single farm, his own land and the land that had been his forefathers'; the estate encumbered with a mortgage, which had become in these bad times harder to pay off than rent, because rent may be adjusted, but the five per cent is like the law of the Medes and Persians. And the time had come when the struggle could no longer be maintained; the land would be taken from him. It is not wonderful if the young man looked sorrowful, and his countenance was heavy. "What does it mean?" George asked, in ever-increasing wonder. "Formerly, there was nothing in the world so valuable as the land. If a man had money, he bought land; if a man wanted an investment, he put it out on mortgage. Is the land gone worthless? My father, Mary, was offered, if he would sell his land, three times the money that old Dan lent him on mortgage, and now it would not sell, at most, for more. What does it mean?"

Alas! This is a question which is asked daily not only by farmers, like George, but by Deans and Canons, Rectors and Vicars, colleges and schools, landlords and investors, widows and orphans, those who keep shops in country towns, the thousands who live by working for the farmers, the engineers and wheelwrights, the corn factors and middle men; nay, even by those who live by providing the pleasures of the rich—What does it mean? And are the fields of these islands to become as worthless as the slag that lies outside the smelting furnaces? Shade of Cobden, deign to listen! What does it mean?

"Oh, George!" said Mary, "does it help us at all to ask that question?" Indeed, George was as importunate with this difficulty as her uncle was with his lost money. "Let us face the trouble, whatever it is. You will let me go with you—I will not be a drag upon you—if it is only to take care of mother for you."

He threw his arm round her neck and kissed her again—an unusual demonstration from him.

"You would put courage into a cur, Mary," he said. "There! I have done what I could, and I have told your uncle my mind. Let us talk of something else. Oh! I forgot to say that Will has come down. We shall find him waiting for us at the church."

"Will? I am glad."

"He got away a week before he expected."

"He will cheer you up, George."

"Yes; he talks as if nothing mattered much, and everything was a game. The Londoners have that way, I suppose. It is not our way."

They left the linney and the little brook, and walked away through the narrow lanes, holding each other by the hand like two children, as they had always done since they were children together, and George, who was three years older, led little Mary by the hand to keep her from falling.

This Will—I do not mean the Will and Testament of Mary's Aunt—that George spoke of with irreverence was none other than myself, the person who narrates this true history of country life for your amusement and instruction. I am sure, at least, that it is fuller of instruction than most of the leading articles that I am allowed to write. I am Will Nethercote, in fact; and though of the same surname as Mary, and a Devonshire man by birth and descent, am no relation to Mary. I once endeavoured, it is true, to remedy this accident, and proposed to establish a very close relationship indeed with that dear girl, but I was too late. My father was the Rector—you may see his monument in the churchyard—and when I left Oxford I found I had no vocation for the life of the country clergyman. Heavens! what a calm and holy life some men make of it, and how some do fret and worry because of its calmness and inactivity! Therefore, I became a journalist. It is a profession which suits me well, and I suppose if I live another forty years and arrive at seventy I shall have written nine thousand more leading articles, and my countrymen will then be saturated with wisdom. And when I retire no one will ever know the name of the man who led them upwards to those higher levels of knowledge and philosophy. I did not wait for these young people in the churchyard. I walked down the lane to meet them.

I declare that my heart leaped up only to see that sweet, fond girl walking with her lover, only to see the glow upon her cheeks and the soft light in her eyes. What says the foolish old song, "I'd crown resign to call her mine"? Crowns, quotha! If I had Earl's coronet, Bishop's mitre, Royal crown, or even a tiara, I would resign it with the greatest alacrity for such a prize. Happy lover! though to win his bride he must take her penniless, while he has to give up his own broad lands! Well, she was not for me. Mary greeted me with her usual kindness, bearing no resentment on account of that proposition of mine above referred to.

"And how is George behaving, Mary? And has the Dragon relented?"

"George always behaves well," she said. "But as for the Dragon"—She shook her head.

"See now, Mary," I said, "I mean to put the case before a lawyer. I will do it directly I go back. In the will—I went to Somerset House on purpose to see it—your aunt leaves you £6000, to be paid to you on the day that you marry with your uncle's consent. If you marry without his consent it is to go to David. Well; David has gone away, no one knows where, and perhaps he is dead, or will never come back. Suppose you were to marry now without your uncle's consent, who is to have the money?"

"My uncle says it will be his own."

"We shall see to that. It is a case for a lawyer's advice. And I will get that advice directly I go back."

I did not consult a lawyer on the point for a very good reason, as you shall hear. I suppose that as civilisation advances such wills with conditions so absurd will cease to be made; or, if they are made, will be put into the hands of novelists for their purposes in treating of a world that has gone by. Girls who have money left to them will have it handed over when they come of age, with perfect liberty to marry as they please. Certain it is, considering the great interest which we all take in each other's affairs, there will not be wanting plenty of friends to give advice and information as to the character, reputation, and income of aspirants. I have sometimes thought that nobody ought, under any circumstances, to make any will at all, or after his death to do by his own provision and ordering any good or evil whatever. But I find this doctrine at present in advance of the world, and therefore it commands no favour.

"I am not back in Challacombe yet, Mary," I went on, because I knew the trouble that was before them and in their minds, and so I began to make talk. "This is only a dream. I am in Fleet-street. I am in the lobby of the House. I am writing a political leader at midnight, and just dreaming of Challacombe. It takes a week to get the streets and the papers out of my head—a whole week! what a curtailment and docking of a holiday. A whole week sliced off of a month! and then eleven months more of slavery! Man's life is not a

vapour, Mary. I wish it was. Vapours don't grind at the mill every day."

I turned and walked towards the church with them, in the narrow lanes between the high hedges. The beauty of early summer was gone, but there are still flowers in plenty to make them beautiful in July and August. The honeysuckle was out; the blue scabius and the foxgloves are not yet gone; there are the pink centaury, the herb-robert, the red-robin, the campion, the meadow-sweet, the sheep's-bite, the ox-eyed daisies, the blackberry blossom, and the rowan berries—green, or greenish-yellow, as yet—old friends all, and friends of Mary's.

We talked of indifferent subjects, of what had happened since I last came down. One of the rustics was dead, another had nearly lost the use of his legs in the cold weather and now hobbled on crutches—in these high lands rheumatism seizes on all the old and on many of the middle-aged, so that Moreton Hampstead, the metropolis of the moor, seems on market-day like the native city of M. le Diable Boiteux; one or two village girls had been married; such a farm was still wanting a tenant, and so on. Pleasant to talk a little of the place where one was born, and of the people whom one has known from infancy; pleasant to be back once more among the hills and streams. But that subject of which we were all thinking—George's impending ruin—lay like a lump of lead on our hearts. And so we walked through the darkening lanes, our faces to the west, so that Mary's glowed in the golden light like an angel-face in a painted window, and presently came to the church.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHOIR PRACTICE.

In the church the choir were already assembled, and were waiting for them. They are so old-fashioned at Challacombe that they actually suffer the maidens to sing in the choir with the boys and the men. 'Tis a Christian custom, though forbidden by some modern Ecclesiastics; and why women still consent to go to churches where their sex is continually insulted by exclusion from the choir, as if they were really the unclean creatures of the Monkish mind, I know not. Some day, when they understand the thing, and what it means, and what a deadly insult it is to Mother Eve and her daughters, there will be a revolt the like of which no Church has ever yet seen, and a schism compared with which all previous schisms will have been mere trifles. The choir of Challacombe consisted, therefore, of half-a-dozen boys, and as many village maidens, with Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, for bass, and George Sidcote for tenor. There was a harmonium at the west end, and the choir sat in front of it. Formerly there were violins, a cello, and a clarinet; but these have fallen into disfavour of late years, and I know not where one may now go to hear the quaint old village church music, which had its points, of which a solemn and awe-inspiring droning and a mysterious rumbling were perhaps the chief.

As soon as we arrived, the practice began. They sang, right through, first the chants and then the hymns both for Morning and Evening, so that the practice took an hour and more. The voices and the singing were as familiar to me as the rustling of the trees outside and the cackling of the geese upon the green.

I sat in the porch and listened, watching the fading light in the windows and the shadows falling along the aisles, while the voices of the choir, uplifted, rang out clear and true, and echoed around the walls of the empty church, and beat about among the rafters of the roof. It is an old church and a venerable, though they have now taken away the ancient, crumbling, and worm-eaten pews, which were, I dare say, ugly, and yet gave character to the church. With the old pews disappeared certain memories and associations. You could no longer picture, because you could no longer gaze upon them, how, in the old days, Grandfather Derges went round, came in hand, to chastise the boys in the middle of the sermon; he did not take them out into the churchyard and there administer his whacking, but he whacked them in the very pews. Grandfather Derges has now retired from his function as sexton, though he still breathes these upper airs, and hobbles along the lanes upon his sticks. Great-Uncle Sam Derges, however, still carries round the plate on Sunday. The old pews are gone, and with them, also, the memories of the yeomen who sat in them, each family in its own place, from generation to generation. As the yeomen, too, are gone, and only tenant-farmers left, perhaps it is as well that the pews have gone. Something, however, is left of the old church. They have not taken down the ancient rood-screen, with its painted Apostles in faded colours, on which, in the old days, I was wont to gaze with wonder and curiosity, what time my father mildly read his discourse, which everybody heard with attention and nobody heeded. Had the Rector possessed the lungs of Peter the Hermit, and the persuasion of Bernard of Clairvaux, 'twould have been all the same, for the sermon to the rustic means nothing but a quarter of an hour of good behaviour in the presence of his betters.

Presently it grew so dark that they lighted two or three candles on the harmonium, where they showed, amid the shadows of the aisles, like far-off glimmering stars. Among the voices I could clearly distinguish George's clear high tenor and Mary's soprano. They rose above the rest and seemed to sing each for each alone, and to fit the music by themselves, as if they wanted nothing but each other, and could together make sweet music all their lives.

Outside, the clouds had come up again and were now rolled over all the sky, so that the evening was strangely dark for the time of year, and there was a rumbling of summer thunder among the hills and in the combs, which echoed from side to side and ran down the valley slopes.

Then my thoughts left the choir and the singing and wandered off to the subject which made them both so sad.

The situation was gloomy. How could I help save to stand by and encourage to patience? George had already told me all. It was, indeed, what I fully expected to hear.

"I can no longer keep up the struggle," he said, "the land cannot pay the interest on the mortgage, even if I live as poorly as a labourer and work as hard. I have seen Daniel Leighan, and I have told him that this year must be the last. When the harvest is in, he must foreclose if he pleases. It is hard, Will; is it not?"

"Is there no hope, George?"

"None. Either the interest must be paid, or the principal. Else—else"—he paused and sighed—"else there will be no more Sidcotes left in Challacombe."

"But if he would consent"—

"He will never consent. He would have to part with Mary's money if he did consent. He means to keep it in his own hands. We are tight in the old man's grip. He will foreclose; then he will have Sidcote, as he got Berry Down and Foxworthy, and he will keep Mary's fortune."

"What will you do, George?"

"I shall emigrate to some place, if there is any place left, where a man can till the land and live upon it. Will, is there some dreadful curse upon this country for our sins, that the land can no longer be cultivated because it will not even keep the pair of hands which dig it and plough it?"

"I know nothing about our sins, old man: that department never furnishes the theme for a leader. But there are

certain economic forces at work—which is the scientific way in which we put a thing when we don't see our way about—economic forces, George, by which the agricultural interests of the country are being ruined and its best blood is destroyed by being driven from the fields into the towns. Our sins may have been the cause; but I don't think so, George, or else you would have been spared. Now, economic forces—confound them!—act on saint and sinner alike."

"I work like the farm-labourer that I am. There is nothing I do not try to save and spare; but it is in vain. The land will no longer bear the interest."

"What does Mary say?"

"She will go with me. Whatever happens, she will be happier with me than here—alone."

"Right, dear lad. Where should she be but with you?"

"We will marry without his consent. Then he will be unmolested in her fortune and my farm. I dare say there will be a hundred or two left after the smash. Poor girl!—and I thought we should have been so happy in the old place. Poor Mary!"

Here was enough for a man to think about in the porch! What could I do? How could I help? Was there any hope of bending the will of a stubborn, avaricious old man by pleading and entreaty? Could I pay off the mortgage? Why, I had no more money than any young journalist just beginning to make an income may be expected to have. At the most, I might find a few hundreds to lend. But Challacombe without Mary! Sidcote without George!—then there would be no more beauty in the woods; no more sunshine on the slopes; no more gladness on the breezy firs! And the Past came back to me—the Past which always seems so tender and so full of joy: I saw again the two boys and the girl playing together, rambling over the downs, climbing together the granite rocks, reading together—always together. How would Challacombe continue to exist unless two out of those three remained together?

The black clouds hanging low made the evening so dark that outside the porch one could see nothing. But the lightning began to play about and lit up the gravestones with sudden gleams. Presently, looking out into the blackness I discovered, in one of these flashes, a man in the churchyard walking about among the graves. This was a strange thing to see. A man walking among the graves after dark. I waited for the next flash of lightning. When it came, I saw the man quite clearly: he was bending over a head-stone, and peering into it, as if trying to read the name of the person buried there. There is something uncanny about a man in a quiet village churchyard choosing a night darkened with thunder-clouds for the perusal of tombstones. One thinks of a certain one who lived among the tombs: and he was a demoniac.

Then the man left the grass, probably because he could no longer read any of the names, and began to walk along the gravel walk towards the porch; perhaps because he saw the lights and heard the singing. You know how, sometimes, when the air is full of electricity, one shivers and trembles and hears things as in a dream? Well, I seemed to recognise this man's footstep, though I could not tell to whom it belonged; and I shivered as if with prescience of coming trouble.

Whoever the man was, he stood at the entrance of the porch, and looked about him in a hesitating, doubtful way. The choir were just beginning the last of their hymns—

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on.

"That's the voice of George Sidcote," said the stranger aloud, and addressing himself, not me. "He always sang the tenor: I remember his voice well; and that's the voice of Mary Nethercote: I remember her voice, too. That's Harry Itabjahns, the blacksmith, singing bass: a very good bass he always sang. Ay; they are all there—they are all there."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Who are you to know all the people?"

A sudden flash of lightning showed me a ragged man with a great beard, whom I knew not by sight.

"I know you, too. I didn't see you at first. You are Will Nethercote." His voice was hoarse and husky. "You are the son of the Rector. I remember you very well."

"I am; but the Rector is dead; and who are you?"

"Before I go on," he said; "before I go on," he repeated these words as if they had some peculiar significance to him, "I thought I would come here first and see his grave—his grave—the place where they laid him—and I thought I would read what they wrote over him—how he died, you know—just out of curiosity, and for something to remember."

"Laid whom?" The man, then, was, like that other, doubtless a demoniac.

"I should like to think that I had seen—actually seen—his grave," he went on. "But the night has turned dark, and I can't read the names, and haven't got a match upon me. Will you tell me where they've laid him?"

"Laid whom, man? Who are you looking for?"

"I am looking for the headstone of Daniel Leighan."

"Daniel Leighan?"

"Old Dan, they used to call him. Who died six years ago, or thereabouts?"

"You mean Mr. Leighan, of Gratnor?"

"The same, the same! I suppose Mary Nethercote got Gratnor when he died. They always said that he would leave her all he had, Gratnor Farm and Foxworthy and Berry Down. Oh, she'd be rich with all those lands."

"Who told you that Daniel Leighan was dead?"

"I saw it," he replied, hesitating, "I saw it in the papers. There was some talk about it at the time, I believe. A—a—Coroner's inquest, I was told; but I never heard the verdict. Perhaps you remember the verdict, Will Nethercote, and would kindly tell me? I am—yes—I am curious to hear what the verdict of the jury was."

"You are strangely misinformed. Daniel Leighan is not dead."

"There is only one old Dan Leighan, and he is dead," returned the strange man.

"I tell you that old Dan Leighan is still living. He is paralysed in his legs, if you call that dead; but if you have business with him you will find that he is very much alive, as much alive as you."

"Not dead?" The man reeled and caught at the pillars of the porch—"not dead? Do you know what you are saying?"

"No more dead than you."

"Oh!" he groaned, "this is a trick you are playing. What do you play tricks for? He is dead and buried long since."

"I think you must be mad, whoever you are. I tell you that Daniel Leighan is alive, and now in his chair at home, where you may find him to-night if you please to look for him."

"Not dead! not dead!" By the frequent flashes of the lightning I had now made out that he was a very rough-looking man, in very ragged and tattered dress, looking like a labouring man but for his beard, which was much larger and fuller than an English labourer ever wears. "Not dead!—can it

be? Then I've had all the trouble for nothing—all the trouble for nothing. Not dead!" He kept on saying this over and over again, as if the wonder of the thing was altogether too much for him.

"What do you mean?" I asked, "by your rubbish about an inquest and a verdict? What inquest should there be? And what do you mean by saying that you saw it in the papers?"

"Not dead? Then how should his ghost walk if he is not dead? Are you sure that Daniel Leighan—Old Dan—is alive this day—the same Old Dan?"

"I suppose it is the same Old Dan. There has never been any other Old Dan that I know of."

"It can't be the same. It must be the Devil."

"That is possible, and now you mention it I think he may be, and very likely is, the Devil. But I wouldn't say so openly, if I were you."

"Not dead!"

He turned and walked slowly away. I heard him stepping over the stile, and then the sound of his footsteps ceased, as if he was walking over the village Green, which, in fact, was the case.

The voices of the choir ceased; the candles were extinguished; and the singers came out. We two men walked home with Mary. There was no air in the lanes, the night was hot and sultry; and the lightning flashed incessantly. I told them on the way my little adventure with the strange man peering about among the tombs.

"It was like a bit of some old German story," I said. "I don't know why a German story; but when there is lightning with darkness, gravestones and a mysterious figure, one thinks of Germany somehow. I thought he was the spectre of some dead-and-gone villager come back in his old clothes—gone ragged, you know, in his wanderings about the other world—to take a walk round the churchyard among his friends; a strange thing to be prowling among the tombs to read the name of a man still living!"

"Who could he be?" asked Mary.

"I thought I knew his footstep, but I did not know his voice. I cannot tell who it was. He knew your voice, Mary; and yours, George; and Harry, the blacksmith's—Good Heavens!"—for here my memory of the man came back, suddenly, with one of the lightning flashes—"Good Heavens! how did I come not to recognise him at once? Mary, it was!—how could I have forgotten? Why, the thing may change your whole future!"

"Will, what do you mean?"

"Your whole future, Mary! Your uncle refuses his consent because he thinks that David is dead: well, then, *David is alive!* For the man who prowled among the tombs and wanted to see your uncle's headstone was no other than David Leighan himself—come home again in rags!"

CHAPTER VII.

WHO IS HE?

The inn upon Challacombe Green is a small place and a humble, though visitors who drive over from Chagford may get tea served in a neat and clean parlour, and those who find no solace in tea may refresh themselves with beer or cider. But let them not look for food, for there is no butcher or any shop of purveyor or provider within four miles. Yet, if a man should desire a bed, he may find one here, clean and sweet, if he write for it beforehand; and meat as well to stay the inner man, provided the landlord has been warned in time to catch the butcher. The inn is licensed to Joseph Exon. It has no bar or tap-room; but Mrs. Exon receives her friends in a large, low room, which is at once the keeping-room, kitchen, and drawing-room of the Exon family. It is also the smoking divan of the parish of Challacombe. The room is paved with stone, and furnished with a long wooden table and benches, a high-backed wooden settle to pull before the fire in cold weather, and a broad, hospitable fireplace. The kettle is always on the hob; overhead, the black rafters are adorned with sides of bacon and strings of onions; the cider and the beer are fetched from a narrow closet or cellar at the end of the room. There are seldom many men in the place, except on Saturday night; and, as a rule, everybody is gone, the inn shut up, and the family are asleep in their beds, by half-past nine. It is, moreover, essentially a village inn, designed for the rustics of that village which has never existed: the farmers would not, for instance, be seen sitting in its room in the evening, or at any other time; it is the club, the resort, and the place of recreation for the labourers.

The room was about half full at nine o'clock this Saturday evening. Three or four men, strangers, who had come up from Newton Abbot on a road-making job, were drinking beer. The rest, labourers on the Challacombe farms, sat every man behind a tankard of cider—that sour brew which nips the throat, and, somehow, though it is so sour and so weak, refreshes the hot haymakers or the weary traveller better than any other drink ever invented. The fire was burning, although it was midsummer. The company sat about the room for the most part in silence; not because there was nothing to say, but because those who meet every night know very well that what they have to say everybody else has to say; speech, therefore, is needless. Had these rustics been Americans or Colonials they would have played whist, poker, monty, or euchre, also in silence; being Devonshire men, they sat and smoked their pipes, as their fathers and grandfathers had done, in a friendly silence which was in itself restful; and they felt the convivial influences of repose and fellowship.

The latch was lifted, and an unknown person—a stranger—stood in the door, looking about the room. Strangers, in guise of tourists, are often seen on Challacombe Green in the daytime; they come over in traps of every description: but these strangers are dressed in tweeds or broadcloth. Such a stranger as he who stood in the doorway and looked around is rare indeed. Tramps and vagabonds never come to Challacombe; men really in search of work seldom, for they inquire first at Moreton or at Bovey, where it is well known that there is no work to be had in the parish except farm-work, and of hands there are more than enough in these bad times, so that the population of the parish is slowly decreasing.

Such a stranger, too! Devonshire rustics are not close followers of fashion to gird at a man because he goes in raiment roughewn. But there is a point where the honest garb of labour begins to become the contemptible rags and tatters of destitution. And there is a point at which the duds of the beggar seem ready to drop to pieces, should Providence suffer a shower to fall upon them. Both these points had been reached—and passed—by the rags upon this man. He was clothed, in fact, in the same things, ragged and weather-stained, which he had worn all the way from Australia. Fancy undertaking a long voyage with no luggage at all—absolutely none, not even a hand-bag or a hat-box, or even a pocket-handkerchief full of things! A voyage all the way from Sydney without a change! His flannel-shirt was torn down the front and exposed his chest; a dirty red-cotton handkerchief was tied around his neck; a leather strap, buckled round his waist, seemed absolutely necessary to prevent that shirt from



fluttering off in the breeze. His trousers were of the coarsest and commonest canvas, such as are worn in this country only for the roughest work, and put off when that is done; his hat was the same shapeless old felt which he had worn in the South Sea Islands, but now enriched with a hole, recently excavated, in the crown, which gave it an inexpressibly forlorn appearance. No one who had the least self-respect, or the command of a single shilling, would have worn such a hat; not the poorest tramp on the road, not the raggedest wretch on the Queen's highway would so much as stoop to pick up such a thing. Not the lowest rag-and-bone-man, or the meanest dealer in marine stores, would have offered a farthing for that hat.

His only respectable garment was an old sailor's jacket, worn and shabby, but yet respectable. It had been bestowed upon him by one of the hands when he came aboard, with nothing but his flannel shirt.

David Leighan had money in his pocket—all that was left of his share of the Baron's cheque. Yet he had worn these things so long, that he had left off even thinking about them; they were ragged and shabby, but what was he who wore them? Besides, if you come all the way from Australia in obedience to an unfortunate ghost, who gives you no rest until you have consented to come, and all for the sole purpose of making confession and atonement, and giving yourself up to justice as a murderer; and if you expect to meet with the care and attention which are always lavished upon the personal comfort of a criminal in the interval between the day of humiliation and the day of elevation, why waste money on mere outward finery and fashionable display? Add to the tattered and torn garments of this remarkable man—the like of whom had never before been seen in Challacombe—an immense beard, long, not silky, as some beards are, but coarse and stiff, if not stubbly, and of a red hue, rather than brown, which covered two feet or so of his chest, and was nearly as broad as his shoulders, and a mass of matted hair which had neither been cut nor combed for a longer time than one likes to think of. Such as this, the new-comer stood at the open door and looked about the room as one who remembers it. But his face was scared, and his eyes seemed as if they saw nothing. Mrs. Exon, at sight of him, spoke up.

"Now, my man," she said, "what do you want? We don't encourage tramps here. You must go as far as Bovey to get a bed to-night."

"I am not a tramp," he replied, hoarsely. "I have got money. See." He pulled out a handful of silver. "Let me come in, and give me a glass of brandy."

He shut the door and sat down at the lowest end of the table, taking off his hat, and shaking his long hair off his forehead. Six years ago, all the men in the room would have risen out of respect to the owner of Berry Down. Now, not a soul remembered him.

Mrs. Exon gave him a tumbler with some brandy in it, and set a jug of cold water beside him. She looked at him curiously, being touched, perhaps, with some note of familiarity or recollection at the sight of his face and the sound of his voice. He drank off the brandy neat and set down the tumbler. What



Then he kissed her gravely on the forehead, as if to seal her once more for his own.



Challacombe Church.

was the matter with the man? His eyes were full of trouble, and with a kind of trouble which the good woman had never seen before. Not pain of body or grief, but yet trouble. He dropped his head upon his chest and began to murmur aloud as if no one was in the place but himself.

"Not dead! he is not dead! How can that be? how can that be?" Then he lifted his head again and gave back the glass to Mrs. Exon. "Bring me more brandy," he said.

The landlady obeyed, and gave him a second tot of brandy in the tumbler, and again indicated the jug of cold water. The man had now begun to tremble in every limb; legs, and arms, and hands were shaking and trembling. His head shook, his shoulders shook, his lips moved. The guests in the room stared and wondered. Then he fixed his eyes upon the landlady's, and gazed upon her as if she could read in them what ailed him. Bewilderment and amazement, which beat upon his soul, as the old poet said, as a madman beats upon a drum—this was the trouble which caused his eyes to have that terrifying glare and his limbs to shake and tremble. Not joy or even relief, such as might have been expected; these might come later, when the man who, for six long years, had been pursued by the fury of a murder-stained conscience, should realise that he was, after all, no murderer, save in intent. David Leighan's mind was naturally very slow to move. He could not at first understand how the whole long torture of conscience, the frightful dreams, the profound and hopeless misery of his exile could go for nothing; why it had taken him years of suffering and the constant terror of a nightly phantom to persuade himself that the only way to escape the torture of his days and nights was to return to England and confess his crime. This once done, he felt certain that the nightly horror, and the daily fearful looking for judgment, would disappear; and he would go to the gallows with cheerfulness, as a sharp but certain remedy of pangs intolerable. There are instances recorded—I know not with what truth—of murderers who have actually forgotten their crime and gone about the world with hearts as light as before they did it. David was not one of these superior murderers. He had never for one moment forgotten the white face of his victim, and the staring eyes in which there was no light or life. He saw Death—Death with suddenness and violence—all day long, and dreamed of Death all the night. And now he could not understand that his dreams and his visions, his guilty fears, and his contemplated confessions, were all vain imaginations, and might have been neglected. Therefore he sat trembling.

Mrs. Exon watched him, thinking he must have a fit of ague. He drank off the second glass of brandy neat, and set down the glass. Then his head dropped again, and he resumed his muttered broken words, still trembling violently.

"Not dead!—he is not dead! How can that be?—how can that be?" He lifted his head again. "Give me more brandy! Give me a great tumbler full of brandy!"

"The poor man is ill," said Mrs. Exon. "Well, if brandy will stop the shivering—it's a fever, likely, or an ague that he's got—here, my man, drink this." She gave him half a tumbler full, which he poured down.

The third dose had the effect of composing him a little. His legs ceased trembling, though still his hands shook.

"Yes," he said; "I am ill. I was took sudden just now. I am better now. Here's for your brandy, and thank you."

He sat up and took a long breath.

"Where may you have come from?" asked one of the men.

"I've come from Southampton, where I was put ashore. I've come all the way from Australia."

"And where might you be going to next?"

"I'll tell you that, my friend, as soon as I know." Ragged and rough as he looked, he spoke, somehow, as if he belonged to something better than would have been judged by his appearance. "If you had asked me this morning, I should have told you that I was going to Bovey. Now I don't know."

Mrs. Exon still looked at him with the curiosity which comes of a half-uneasy recollection.

"Old Dan Leighan, now," he went on; "can anyone give me news of him? I mean Old Dan, him as had Grathor first and Foxworthy afterwards, and then got Berry Down, being a crafty old fox. Is he alive still? Somebody told me he was dead."

"Surely," replied Mrs. Exon; "he is alive and hearty, except for his legs, poor man."

"Oh, he's alive?—alive and hearty? I thought, perhaps—somebody told me—that he died—I forget how—six years ago, come October, it was. That's what they told me: six years, come October."



He was bending over a head-stone, and peering into it, as if trying to read the name of the person buried there.



A sudden flash of lightning showed me a ragged man with a long beard whom I knew not by sight.

"He had an accident, just about that time, six years ago. Perhaps that is what you are thinking of."

"How the devil," he asked, without taking any notice of this reply, "can a live man have a ghost? How can a live man send his own ghost to travel all round the world? Won't he want his own ghost for himself sometimes?"

"He's got a touch of fever," said the landlady, "and it has gone to his head. You had better go home, my man, and lie down if you have got a bed anywhere."

"I want to know this," he repeated earnestly, "did anybody ever hear of a living man sending his ghost out on errands, to keep people awake and threaten things? It can't be—it isn't in Nature."

Nobody could explain this fact, which was new to all. Mrs. Exon shook her head as if the questioner, being lightheaded, must be treated tenderly, and one of the men remembered a village ghost-story, which he began. Unfortunately for the Society of Psychical Research, that story was interrupted at its very commencement by this remarkable stranger.

"How did he do it, then?" he asked impatiently, banging the table with his fist. "Tell me that? How did he do it?" Then he pulled himself together and became natural again.

"About his legs, now. What's the matter with Dan Leighan's legs?"

"Why, after his accident they began to fail him, and now he's paralysed, and never leaves his room, unless he's wheeled out of a fine morning. But hearty in appetite, and as for his head, it is as clear as ever, so they tell me. For my part, Joseph and me never had no doings with Mr. Leighan, and we don't want none."

"What was his accident?"

"He fell from his pony coming home at night. Some say he was in drink; but then he was always a sober man, and I don't believe he was in drink, though perhaps he may have had a fit; because how else could he fall at all, and how should he fall so hard, right upon his head? Mr. George Sidcote it was that found him lying in the road. He was insensible for three days. When he came to, he couldn't remember nor tell anybody how the accident happened; but he said he'd been robbed, though his pocket was full of money, and his watch and chain hadn't been taken. Papers they were, he said, that he was robbed of. But there's many thinks he must have put those papers somewhere, and forgotten because of the knock on his head."

"Oh!" the stranger rubbed his hands. "I'm better now," he said; "I am much better. Out in Australia I caught a fever, and it gives me a shock now and again. Much better now. So—old Dan Leighan fell from his pony—he had an accident, and fell—from his pony—on his head—and was senseless for three days—and was robbed of papers? Now who could have robbed him of papers? Were they valuable papers?"

"Well, that I cannot say. You've had your brandy, and it's an expensive drink for the likes of you, my man. You'd best pay for it and go. It's a good five mile to Bovey."

"Ay, I'll pay for it and go. He lost papers, and he was insensible for three days and he can't remember—ho! ho! He can't remember—ho! ho! ho!"

Did you ever see a man in a hysterical fit? It is pretty bad to look at a woman laughing and crying with uncontrolled and uncontrollable passion, but it is far worse to see a man. This strong, ragged man, seized with a hysterical fit, rolled about upon the bench laughing and crying. Then he stood up to laugh, rolling his shoulders, and crying at the same time; but his laugh was not mirthful, and his crying was a scream, and he staggered as he laughed. Then he steadied himself with one hand on the table; he caught at another man's shoulder with the other hand; and all the time, while the villagers looked on open mouthed, he laughed and cried, and laughed again, without reason apparent, without restraint,

without mirth, without grief, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. Some of the men held him by force; but they could not stop the strong sobbing or the hiccupping laugh, or the shaking of his limbs. At last, the fit spent, he lay back on the settle, propped against the corner, exhausted, but outwardly calm and composed again.

"Are you better now?" asked the landlady.

"I've been ill," he said, "and something shook me. Seems as if I've had a kind of a fit, and talked foolish, likely. What did I say? what did I talk about?"

"You were asking after Mr. Leighan. Who are you? What do you want to know about Mr. Leighan? You asked after his health and his accident. And then you had a fit of hysterics. I never saw a man—nor a woman neither—in such hysterics. You'd best go home and get to bed. Where are you going to sleep? Where are you going to?"

"Where's your husband, Mrs. Exon? Where's Joseph?" he asked, unexpectedly.

Mrs. Exon started and gasped.

"Joseph's gone to Bovey with the cart. He ought to have been home an hour ago. But who are you?"

"William Shears," he turned to one of the men, "you don't seem to remember me?"

"Why, no," William replied, with a jump, because it is terrifying to be recognised by a stranger who has fits and talks about live men's ghosts. "No; I can't rightly say I do."

"Grandfather Derges," he applied to the oldest inhabitant, who is generally found to have just outlived his memory, though if you had asked him a week or two ago he could have told the most wonderful things. "Grandfather Derges, don't you remember me?"

"No; I don't. Seems as if I be old enough to remember everybody. But my memory isn't what it was. No; I don't remember you. Yet, I should say, now, as you might belong to these parts, because you seem to know my name."

That did, indeed, seem a logical conclusion. Grandfather Derges, therefore, had not outlived his reasoning faculties. Why, of course, the stranger might belong to these parts. How else could he know Joseph Exon and William Shears and Grandfather Derges?

"I remember you, grandfather, when you used to cane the boys in church."

"Ay, ay," said the old man; "so I did, so I did. Did I ever cane you, Master? You must have a wonderful memory, now, to remember that."

"Don't you remember me, William Clampit?" he asked a third man.

"No; I don't," replied William, shortly, as if he did not wish to tax his memory about a man so ragged.

Then they all gazed upon him with the earnestness of Mr. Pickwick's turnkeys taking their prisoner's portrait. Here was a man who knew them all, and none of them knew him. He had come from Lord knows where—he said Australia; he had talked the most wonderful stuff about dead people and live people; he had drunk neat brandy enough to make him drunk; and he had had a fit, such a fit as nobody had ever seen before. Now he was quiet and in his right senses, and he knew everybody in the room, except the strangers from Newton Abbot.

"I've been away a good many years," he said, "and I've come back pretty well as poor as when I left, and a sight more ragged. I didn't think that a beard and rags would alter me so that nobody should know me. Why, Mrs. Exon, does a man leave the parish every week for Australia that I should be so soon forgotten?"

He did not speak in the least like one of themselves. His manner of speech was not refined, it is true; but there are nuances, so to speak, which differentiate the talk of the masters from the talk of the rustics. He spoke like one of the masters. So in France, the *ouvrier* recognises the *bourgeois* by his speech, disguise him as you may.

"I have come back without anything, except a little money in my pocket. Now, Mrs. Exon, give me some bread-and-cheese for supper; I've had no dinner. Being ill, you see, and shaken more than a bit, I didn't want my dinner. Then I'll have a pipe, and you shall tell me the news and all that has happened. Perhaps, by that time, you will find out who I am."

When he had eaten his bread-and-cheese, he called for more brandy, this time with water, and began to smoke, showing no trace at all of his late fit. He talked about the parish, and showed that he knew everybody in it; he asked who had married, and who were dead; he inquired into the position and prospects of all the farms; he showed the most intimate acquaintance with everybody, and the greatest interest in the affairs of all the families. Yet no one could remember who he was.

About half-past nine the door was opened again. This time to admit Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, who had been finishing the choir practice with a little conversation, and was now thirsty.

He stepped in—a big strong man, with broad shoulders and a brown beard. His eyes fell upon the stranger.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "it's Mr. David Leighan come back again, and him in rags!"

"So it is—it's Mr. David," cried Mrs. Exon, clapping her hands. "To think that none of us knew him at first sight! And that you should come to my house, of all the houses in the parish, first, and me not to know you!—oh, Mr. David!—me not to know you! and you in this condition! But you'll soon change all that; and I'll make up the bed for you—and your uncle and Miss Mary will be downright glad to see you. Mr. David! To think of my not knowing Mr. David!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING.

I suppose there is no place in the world more quiet than Challacombe on Sunday morning. All the men, all the boys, and all the girls, with some of the wives, are at church; and none but those who have babies are left at home. The very creatures in the meadows seem to know that it is Sunday, and lie restfully in their pastures. The quietest place in the whole parish I take to be Gratnor, because it lies off any of the lanes which lead to Moreton, Widdicombe, or Bovey Tracy. The farm occupies the Ridge, a name which applies to both summit and slopes of a long, projecting spur which runs eastward, narrow and steep, between the valley of the Becky and the valley of the Bovey. Standing on Hayne Down, over against the Ridge, one can see how the ground breaks down, with hill after hill, each lower than the other, until the Ridge itself abruptly falls into the lower Combe at Riddy Rock, where the waters meet. First, there is Ease Down; then, Manaton Tor; next, Latchell, and, lastly, Nymphenhole or Oddy Tor, with Gratnor Farm beyond these Tors, its fields and meadows showing among the trees like a clearance in some great primeval forest. No path—save the narrow and winding Water-lane, which leads either to the clam across the Bovey, and so to Lustleigh Cleeve, or else to Horsham Steps, and so to Foxworthy and North Bovey—passes near Gratnor. It is quiet enough every day in the week; but then there are the sounds of labour, the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil, the wheels of a cart in the lane, the woodman's axe in the coppice, the voice of the ploughman in the field—all the year round some voice or sound of work; but on Sunday there is nothing except the quiet clucking of the hens and the self-satisfied quomp of the ducks, and the song of the birds from the woods of Latchell and Nymphenhole.

I suppose that there was somebody left in the house—otherwise how should the Sunday roast and pudding be ready to time?—but when Mary had laid out the Bible and Prayer Book for her uncle to read the service of the day, with the weekly paper for him to take after the service, and had adjusted his cushions and left him, there was no sign or sound about the place of human creature. As for locking up houses, or shutting doors, for fear of thieves, Challacombe was like the realm of England under good King Alfred, when, as we know, gold crowns, and torques, and bracelets, and the most precious carved horns, used to be hung out to ornament the hedges by ostentatious Thanes, and the casual tramp only sighed when he saw them and, at the worst, sinfully envied their possessor, and wished that he had been born seven hundred years later, when he might have consigned them safely with the nearest fence.

Mr. Leighan read the morning service—Litany, Lessons, Chants, Psalms, Commandments, and the prayer for the Church militant here upon earth—quite through without omitting one single petition. He did this every Sunday as punctiliously as the captain of a Bombay liner. The claims and calls of religious duty satisfied, he lay back in his chair and gently closed his eyes, surrendering his whole mind to the blissful prospect of speedily foreclosing on Sidcote. The end of the year, he knew full well, and had made it all out clear on paper, would make an end of George, and put himself in as owner of that farm as well as all the others. Truly, in the matter of land, he was as insatiable as King Picrocholo. So pleasing was the imaginary possession of these acres, that he forgot the weekly newspaper, and continued to picture himself as the owner of Sidcote—alas! that he could no longer ride about the fields—until he dropped into a gentle slumber.

It was exactly twelve o'clock when he was suddenly startled by a man's step. He knew the step, somehow, but could not at the moment remember to whom it belonged. The man, whoever he was, knew his way about the place, because he came from the back, and walked straight, treading heavily, to the room where Mr. Leighan was sitting, and opened the door. It was David coming to call upon his uncle on his return. There was some improvement in his appearance. Joseph Exon had lent him certain garments in place of those he had worn the day before; the canvas trousers, for instance, had gone, and the terrible felt hat with the hole in the crown. His dress was now of a nondescript and incongruous kind, the sailor's jacket ill-assorting with the rustic corduroy trousers and waistcoat. He had no collar, and the red handkerchief was gone; his head and hair had been trimmed a bit, and he was washed. Yet, in spite of his improved dress, he preserved the air of one who belongs to the lower depths. It is quite terrible to observe with what alacrity

most men sink. It is as if a lower level was natural for most of us. I saw the other day in a workhouse a man who had been—is still, I suppose—a clergyman of the Church of England. They employed him in attending to the engine fires; he stoked with zeal, no doubt with far greater zeal than he had ever shown in his pastoral duties, and he wore the workhouse uniform as if he liked it and was at home in it. David, who had been a person of consideration and a gentleman as gentlemen are reckoned at Challacombe, was now at his ease in the garb and appearance of a day-labourer. Had it not been for that spectre which haunted him every night he would have been contented to end his days in Australia as a labourer paid by the job.

He threw open the door and stood confronting the man whom he had last seen dead, as he thought, killed by his own hand. He tried to face him brazenly, but broke down and stood before him with hanging head and guilty eyes.

"So," said Daniel Leighan, "it is David, come back again. We thought you were dead."

"You hoped I was dead: say it out," said David, with rosy voice.

"Dead or alive, it makes no difference to me. Stay: you were in my debt when you went away. Have you come to settle that long outstanding account?"

David stepped into the room and shut the door behind him.

"You have got something to say to me first," he said, still in a rosy and husky voice. "Have it out now, and get it over. Something you've kept dark, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Outside, they knew nothing about it. That was well done. No occasion to make a family scandal—and me going away and all—was there? Come, let us have it out, old man. Who robbed me of my land?"

His words were defiant, but his eyes were uneasy and suspicious.

"Say, rather, who fooled away his inheritance with drink and neglect?"

"Robbed me, I say!"

"If I had not bought your land, someone else would. If you've come home in this disposition, David, you had better go away again as soon as you please. Don't waste my time with foolish talk."

"David's gone," you said. "When he comes back, we'll have it out. We won't have a family scandal." Well, I am back. I thought you were dead."

"I am not dead, as you see."

"Well, go on. Say what you've got to say. I'll sit and listen. Come; I owe you so much. Pay it out, then."

"David," said his uncle, quietly, "drink has evidently driven you off your head. Family scandal? What was there to hide? Good Heavens! do you suppose that the whole of your life, with its profligacy and drunkenness, was not known to all the country-side? Why, your history is one long scandal. Things to hide? Why the whole parish were so ashamed of you that it rejoiced when you went away."

David heard this speech with a kind of stupefaction.

"Nephew David," his uncle went on, "you may be sure that it was not my interest, considering that your land became mine, to hide anything to your discredit. It is a censorious world, but the worst of them can't blame my conduct towards you."

It is, indeed, a censorious world, but it is remarkable how every man persuades himself that the fishiest of his doings cannot be handled severely even by the most censorious of his fellows. In this matter of David, now, they said very cruel things, indeed, about Daniel's conduct; and it was not true that the parish rejoiced when David went away. Nor were they ashamed of him. Not at all; they knew him for a good-natured, easy-going young fellow, who gave freely when he had anything to give, drank freely, spent freely, and was only parsimonious in the matter of work; certainly, he stinted himself in that particular, which made his uncle's crafty plans the easier to carry through.

"The law protected you, David, and you had the full benefit of law. When you borrowed the money of me, little by little, and when you gave me a mortgage on your land, the law stepped in to prevent any undue advantage. It protected you. What I did was by permission of the law. Your case was decided in a London court. I could not sell you up, and I was ordered to give you a term of six months, in which to pay principal or interest; failing that, I was permitted to foreclose without your having power of redemption. That is the law. You did not pay either interest or principal, and the land became mine. If you have any quarrel it is with the law of this land, not with me." Mr. Leighan made this statement in dry judicial tones, which would have done credit to a Judge in Chancery. "And that," he concluded, "is all I have to say to you, David. What are you staring like a stuck pig for?"

"Oh, Lord!" cried David, "is it possible? What does he mean? Come, old man, don't bottle up. You can't do anything to me now, and I might do a great deal for you; I

(Continued on page 17.)

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

(A SIMPLE VEGETABLE EXTRACT), occasionally a desirable adjunct to ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

As a Laxative, Stomachic, Blood, Brain, Nerve, Bile, or Liver Tonic, it will be found invaluable for creating and sustaining a natural action of the Stomach and Biliary Secretions.

In a word—"ENO'S VEGETABLE MOTO" is Mild, Effective, and Agreeable, and lasting without force or strain. Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Female Ailments, Head Affections, Nervousness, Sleeplessness from Liver Derangement, Flatulence, at the commencement of Coughs and Colds, Blood Poisons and their kindred evils, are prevented and cured by the use of the VEGETABLE MOTO and ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

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Knowest thou yesterday its aim and reason?

Workest thou well to-day for worthy things?

Calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season;

Need'st not fear what hap so e'er it brings.

What higher aim can Man attain than conquest over human pain?

A Gouty Rheumatic Condition of the Blood, producing Liver Disturbance, Liver Indigestion, Biliary Derangement, and Persisting Indigestion. "Mr. Eno.—Dear Sir,—I suffered severely for three months, consulted three eminent Medical men, and had three changes of air without any good result; my Liver and Digestive Organs felt as if they had ceased to act; my Stomach was distended with flatulence (wind), so much so that every part of the body was afflicted. My head at night seemed to hear a hundred bells ringing. I was compelled to be propped up in bed; I got very little sleep, for the severe pain under my shoulders and on my left side produced a restlessness not easily described; in a word, prior to using your 'Vegetable Moto' my Nervous System was out of order, rendering life a burden to myself and all near me; I felt there was a very short span between my life and the end of the chapter. Five weeks ago I tried your 'Vegetable Moto.' After three days I was able to take sufficient food to support nature, sleep gradually returned, and my health assumed its usual condition; I continued the 'Motos' five weeks. I can only express my gratitude by saying, make what use you like of this.—Yours, &c., TRUTH, London, 1886."

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"To J. C. ENO.—Sir,—For several years I was troubled with a severe Dyspeptic, Bronchial disturbance, causing shortness of breath, particularly in the morning. I took many cough remedies, but they, in fact, only aggravated the irritation in the stomach. At length I tried your 'Vegetable Moto,' and after a few doses found all the bad symptoms leaving me as if by magic; the 'Moto,' by its tonic action, had evidently found the source of the disorder, and I can assert it is the finest remedy I ever had, its effect being so lasting, yet so mild, and if I wish to hasten its action have only to take a small draught of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. An occasional dose of the 'Moto' is all that I now require, but I would not be without a supply of it on any consideration.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."

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"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken many antidotes during my life to cause an action on the bowels, but the general effect of your 'Vegetable Moto' is happier in more ways than one; I find them gentle and corrective in their action, and in some mysterious way helpful alike to the stomach and liver. I like to have them always at hand.—Yours, N. B. C., Strand, W.C., Sept. 13, 1886."

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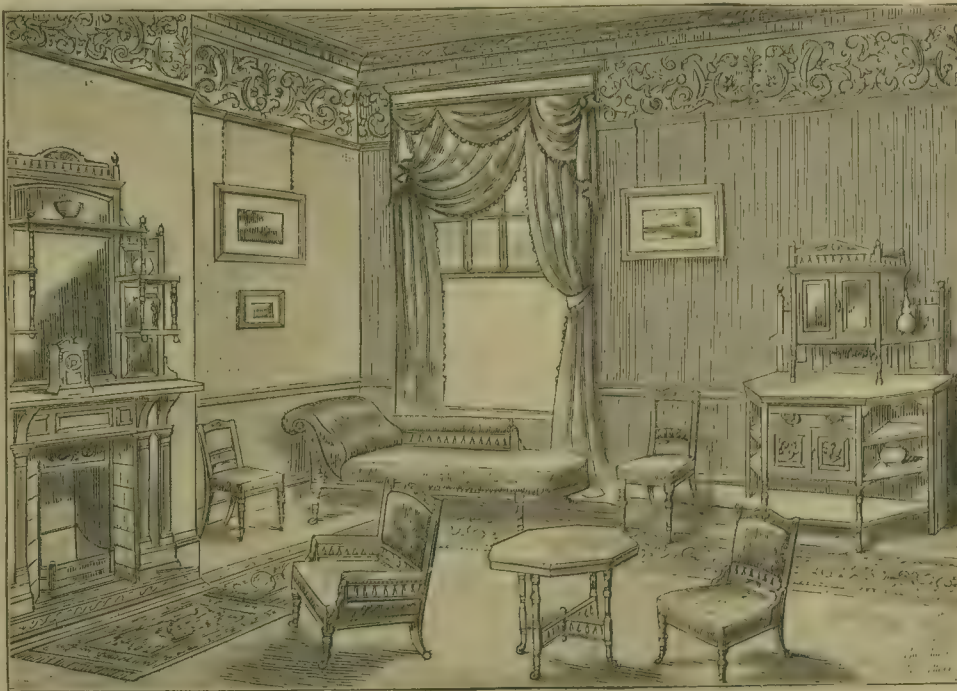
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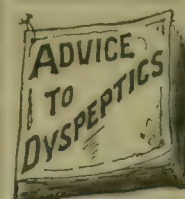
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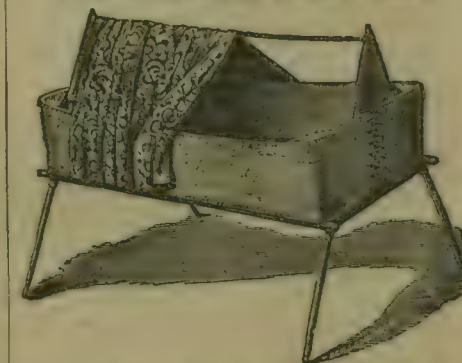
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might, if you didn't bottle up and bear malice. Come you and me know—let's have it out."

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"Don't bottle up," David said feebly. "There's nobody here but you and me. I'll own up. And then I can help you as nobody else can—if you don't bottle up. If you do—but why should you? What's the good? There's nobody here but you and me. What the devil is the good of pretending that there's nothing? Did you ever forgive anybody in your life? Do you think I believe you are going to forgive me—you of all men in the world?"

"Lord knows what this man means! David," he said impatiently, "leave off this nonsense about hiding and pretending and inferring. One would think you had been murdering somebody!"

David sat down, staring with the blankest astonishment. He had by this time succeeded in impressing upon his brain the fixed conviction that his uncle kept his murderous assault a secret out of regard for the family name; and he came prepared to be submissive, to express contrition, and to offer, in return for the secret being still kept, to give back to his uncle the long-lost box full of papers. And now, this conviction destroyed, he knew not what to think or what to say.



Then he stood up to laugh, rolling his shoulders; but his laugh was not mirthful, and he staggered as he laughed.

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Under which Lord?
With a Silken Throat.
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"My Love!" { Lone.

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These are impossible things, and they are always happening. Happily, the impossible generally comes by degrees, which is merciful, because else we should all lose our reason in contemplation of the coming impossibilities. Ghosts are among the things impossible, which is at once the strongest argument for their existence, and the reason why their sudden appearance always produces staggers. No ghost in the world, or out of it, could have caused David Leighan such astonishment as the conduct of his uncle.

"It can't be!" he said, "it can't be! Uncle, you are playing some deep game with me; though what game, seeing how useful I can be to you if I like, I can't understand. You are like a cat with a mouse. You are old, but you are foxy; you've got a game of your own to play, and you think you'll play that game low down. Come," he made one more effort to ascertain if the impossible really had happened; "come! It's like a game of bluff, ain't it? But let's drop it, and play with the cards on the table. See now—here's my hand—I heard last night that you were alive and hearty, though I had every reason to think you were dead. I was quite sure you were dead—I *knew* you were dead. You know why I knew. Every night I was assured by yourself that you were dead. Come now! Well—when I heard that you were alive and hearty, I said to myself, 'To-morrow I'll go and have it out with him when all the people are at church and there's nobody to listen'; because they told me you could not remember—you know what."

"Couldn't remember? I'd have you to know, Sir, that my memory is as good as ever it was. Couldn't remember?"

"Oh!" said David, "then you do remember everything?"

"Of course I do."

"Then, uncle, have it out."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Let us talk open. I've never forgotten it. I have said to myself over and over again, 'I'm sorry I done it.' I wished I hadn't done it, especially at night when your ghost came—whoever heard of a live man's ghost?"

"The man's stark staring mad!" cried Daniel.

"Come, now. Either say, 'David, I forgive you, because there was not much harm done after all. I forgive you if you'll help me in the way that only you can help me,' or else say, 'David, I'll bear malice all the days of my life.' Then we shall know where we are."

"I don't understand one word you say. Stay!" A thought suddenly struck him. "Stay! The last time I set eyes on you, it was on the morning that you left Challacombe, and on the same day that I met with my accident. The last time I set eyes on you was in this room. You cursed and swore at me. You went on your knees, and prayed the Lord in a most disrespectful manner to revenge you, as you put it. Do you wish me to forgive those idle words? Man alive! you might as well ask me to forgive the last night's thunder. Reproach yourself as much as you please—I'm glad you've got such a tender conscience—but don't think I am going out of my way to bear malice because you got into a temper six years ago."

"Then you *do* remember, uncle?" he said, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction. "The impossible had really happened."

"Well, I thought you would remember, and bear malice. It was the last you saw of me, you see—and the last I saw of you."

"Yes, it was the last I saw of you."

David laughed, not the hysterical laugh of last night, but a low laugh of sweet satisfaction and secret enjoyment.

"Well, uncle, since you don't bear malice—Lord, I thought you'd be flying in my face!—there's no harm done, is there? And now we can be friends again, I suppose. And if it comes to foxiness, perhaps it will be my turn to play fox."

"Play away, David; play away."

"I've come home, you see." David planted his feet more firmly, and leaned forward, one hand on each knee—"I've come home."

"In rags."

"In poverty and rags. I've got nothing but two or three pounds. When they are gone, perhaps before, I shall want more money. The world is everywhere full of rogues—quite full of rogues, besides land-thieves, like yourself, and there isn't enough work to go round. Mostly they live like you—by plundering and robbing."

"Find work then. In this country if you don't work

when he comes back in rags, you tell him he may go and starve."

"Words don't hurt, David," his uncle replied quietly. "I am too old to be moved by any words. Now, if you have nothing more to say, go."

David sat doggedly. He had always been dogged and obstinate. His uncle looked at him curiously, as if studying his character.

"David," he said presently, "you were a bad boy at school, where they ought to have flogged it out of you. You were a bad son to your father, who ought to have cut you off with a shilling. You were a bad farmer when you got your farm: you were a drunkard, a betting-man, and a sporting-man. If I hadn't taken your land, a stranger would have had it. Now it's kept in the family. Years ago I thought to give you a lesson, and, if you reformed, to give it back to you in my will. I now perceive that you are one of those who never reform. I have left it—elsewhere."

"Go on," said David; "I like to hear you talk."

"The old house at Berry—your old house—is turned into two cottages. One of those cottages is empty. If you mean to stay in the parish, you can live in it, if you like, rent free, for a time—that is, until you get into work again, or I find a tenant. If you choose to earn money, you can: there are always jobs to be done by a handy man. If you will not work, you must starve. Now that is all I will do for you. When you are tired of Challacombe, you can go away again. That is my last word, nephew." He turned away, and began to busy himself again among his papers.

"After the accident, and the loss of those papers, you were senseless for three days. And after that you got paralysis. Why, what was all this, but a judgment on you for your conduct to your own flesh and blood?"

"Rubbish!"

David said no more. Those best acquainted with him would have understood from the expression of his face that his mind was laboriously grappling with a subject not yet clear to him. He was, in fact, just beginning to be aware of a very foxy game which he might play with his uncle, though as yet he only dimly saw the rules of that game. It was a new game, too, quite one of his own invention, and one which would at the same time greatly please and stimulate his uncle, whom he meant to be his adversary. He said nothing more, but he sat doggedly, and tried to work out the rules of that game.

Presently Mary came home from church, and, with her, George Sidcote and myself. We found David sitting with his uncle, but the old man was reading the paper, and David was sitting silent, thinking slowly.

"Mary," said David, "you don't remember me, I suppose?"

"You are my cousin David. Of course I remember you, David; though you are altered a good deal." She gave him her hand. "All the people are talking about your return."

Then George and I shook hands with him cheerfully and brotherly.

"Why, David," said George, "we must rig you out a little better than this. Come home with Will and me."

David turned sullenly to his uncle.

"I've got one thing more to say. All of you may hear what that is. He offers me a labourer's cottage to live in, and a labourer's work to do, and a labourer's wage for pay, on my own lands—my own that he stole, this old man here, sitting struck by a Judgment, in his chair. The next time I come here—you may all take notice and bear witness—the question shall not be how little I may be offered, but how much I shall take."

So far had he got in this understanding of the game that was to be played.

"How much," he repeated with a chuckle, "how much I shall take."

"Dear me!" said his uncle. "This is very interesting! And how are you, Will? when did you come down? and how is your writing business? Take David away, George; I am afraid you'll find him very tedious—very tedious indeed."

CHAPTER IX.

AT SIDCOTE.

We took David away with us; but the old man was right: he was insufferably tedious. To begin with, his mind seemed absorbed; he answered our questions shortly, and showed no curiosity or interest in us, and pretended no pleasure at seeing us again; he was lumpish and moody. In fact, though at the time one could not know, he was laboriously arranging in his mind the revenge which he was about to take upon his uncle; and he was not one of those men who can think of more than one thing at a time.

"Mother," said George, "I've brought David Leighan to dinner. He came home last night."

The old lady gave him her hand, without the least appearance of surprise that David had returned in so tattered a condition. To be sure, Joseph Exon's kindly offices had made a difference, yet he looked rough and ragged still; his wanderings had clearly ended in failure.

"You are welcome, David," she said. "You will tell us after dinner some of your adventures. I hope you are come to settle again among your own people."

"My own people," he said, "have been so kind, that I am likely to settle among them."

"I will take David up-stairs, Mother," said George, "for a few moments; then we shall be ready."

Everything at Sidcote looked as if it had always been exactly the same and had never changed. In winter, with the snow lying on the Tors and the lanes knee-deep in mud, Sidcote looked as if it was always winter. In the summer, with the old, old garden ablaze with flowers and the green apples turning red or yellow on the old branches, it seemed as if it must be always summer. In the parlour, where Mrs. Sidcote sat, the Bible before her, it seemed as if the dear old lady must have been always old and silver-haired, certainly she must always have been gentle and gracious. A farmer's daughter, a farmer's wife, and a farmer's mother—can such be a gentlewoman? It is borne in upon me, my brothers, more and more, and the longer I live, that gentleness doth not consist in gentle blood. Some noble Lords there are of whom one has heard—but the thing may be false—that they are mere ruffians, devourers, and trampers upon virtue and fair honour; some noble Ladies, it is whispered—but, indeed, I know them not—are mere seekers of pleasure, selfish, frivolous, and heartless. Whereas, certainly in all ranks of life there are those who naturally follow the things which make for unselfishness, sweetness, sacrifice, and well-doing. Mrs. Sidcote was one of these. A little pleasant-voiced and pleasant-looking dame—now sixty years old or thereabouts, who will, I make no manner of doubt, live to be ninety-five at least.

The window of her room looks upon the garden, which is, as I have said, ancient, and full of old trees and old-fashioned flowers, set and planted in antique fashion. The house is old, too—built of stone, with low rooms—two storeyed, and thatched. Between the house and the road is the farm-yard, so that one cannot get to the garden-gate without taking observation of George's pigs and poultry.

When they came down-stairs, David presented a little more of his old appearance. There remained a certain slouching



Becky Falls.

The one thing which would have appeared to him the most impossible had happened—that is, in fact, the thing which always does happen. Nothing is really certain except the impossible. As for what is only unexpected—which the French proverb says is certain—that naturally happens every day, and we only notice it when it is something disagreeable. For instance: There is a boy in a quiet country town; quite an unknown and obscure boy; born to be at best a small solicitor or a general practitioner in his native place. Behold! after a few years, this humble boy has become a popular novelist, a leader at the Bar, a great medical specialist, the best actor in the world, the best poet, the best dramatist of his time; or, it may be, the most accomplished villain, impostor, cheat, and ruffian.

you won't get any money. Do you think you are the more likely to get money out of me by calling names?"

"Well, you see, uncle, I think I shall find a way to get some money out of you."

"Not one penny—not one penny, David, will you get!" There was a world of determination in Mr. Leighan when it came to refusing money.

"It's natural that you should say so, to begin with." His manner had now quite changed. He began by being confused, hesitating, and shamefaced; he was now assured, and even braggart. "I expected as much. You would rather see your nephew starve than give him a penny. You've robbed him of his land; you've driven him out of his house; and



I reversed the stick and fished with the handle, to such good purpose that in a very few moments I had the leather thong in my fingers.



Lustleigh Cleere.

manner which suggested the tramp, and the sidelong look, half of suspicion, half of design, which is also common to the tramp; but as yet we knew nothing of his past life and adventures. George had fitted him with a clean shirt and collar—it is only at such times that one recognises the great civilising influence of the white collar—a necktie, socks—actually, he had not worn socks, he casually told George, for five years—a pair of boots, somewhat too large for him, because George's size of boots was proportionate to his length of limb; and a pocket handkerchief. The pocket handkerchief is even a greater civilising influence than the collar. It is not in sight, and yet if one has a pocket handkerchief one must necessarily—one cannot choose—but to live up to it. But a change of clothes does not immediately produce a change of manners; it takes time for the collar and the handkerchief to work: David looked moody and resentful.

When he was dressed he sat down to dinner.

Then it was that we made a very painful discovery. Our friend, we found, had entirely forgotten the simplest rules of manners, the very simplest. It was clear that he must have gone down very low indeed in the social scale in order to get at those habits which he now exhibited. Were they acquired in the Pacific, or in Australia, or in America, where, as we afterwards learned, David had spent his years of exile? I think in none of these places, because, though there are plenty of unsuccessful Englishmen everywhere, it is not reported that they make haste to throw off the manners of decent folk. He lost his manners because he had lost his self-respect; which is a very different thing from losing your money. Let us refrain from details, and observe only in general terms that he helped himself to food with fingers as well as with fork. After all, fingers came before forks, which is the reason why forks have four prongs. It shall suffice to mention that, the principal dish being a pair of roast fowls, he munched the bones and threw them on the floor; that he helped himself, with a wolfish haste, as if there was not enough to go round, and every man must grab what he could; and, like a savage or a wild beast, he looked about him jealously while he was eating, as if someone might snatch his food from him. During the operation of taking his food he said nothing,



I can fancy that I see her making a fruit-pie.



He stooped down, reached within some cavity hidden to me, and drew out something.

nor did he reply if he was addressed; and he ate enough for six men; and he drank as if he would never get tired of George's cider, which is an excellent beverage, but deceptive if you are so ill-advised as to think it has no strength.

The old lady began to question him; but David either did not hear, being wholly engrossed with his feeding, or else was too sulky and bearish to reply. Therefore she ceased to try; and we all sat looking on with pallid cheeks and ruined appetites, pretending not to notice that our guest had become a savage. Can one ever forget the way in which that delicate currant-and-raspberry pie—in London, they call it "tart"—was, with its accompaniment of cream, dainty, rural, and poetical, mercilessly wolfed by this greedy Orson? As soon as possible, Mrs. Sidcote, who usually sat and talked a while after dinner, withdrew, and left us to battle with our guest.

After dinner, George produced a bottle of port.

"There is not much left," he said with a sigh. "My father's cellar is nearly finished; but it will last my time. We will drink the last bottle together, Will, on my last day in Sidcote."

At all events, we drank very little of that bottle, for David clutched the decanter, poured out a tumbler full, drank it off, and then another tumbler. Now, two tumblers full of port, after a quart or so of cider, is a good allowance for any man. When David had taken his second tumbler, he made as if he would say something. Perhaps he had it in his mind to say something gracious, for his lips moved, but no voice was heard. Then he got up and reeled to the sofa, on which he threw himself like a log, and was asleep in a moment. He was like an animal filled with food, who must sleep it off. It was remarkable that he lay in the attitude most affected by the sleeping tramp—namely, on his face. You will generally find the tramp who rests by the wayside, sleeping with his face on his arms. Perhaps because this position affords more rest in a short time than any other; perhaps because it saves the shoulders from the hardness of the ground. David, therefore, lay in this attitude, and breathed heavily.

"We have not had much of the bottle, have we, old man?" said George. "Never mind; let us go into the garden and have a pipe in the shade."

We took chairs with us, and sat in the old-fashioned garden of Sidcote, under a gnarled and ancient apple-tree.

"Our David," I said, "was always inclined to be loutish. He has been developing and cultivating that gift for six years—with a pleasing result."

"There is something on his mind," said George. "Perhaps he will tell us what it is; perhaps not. David was never particularly open about himself. Strange that he should begin

by looking for his uncle's grave! Why did he think that he was dead?"

"He believed what he hoped, no doubt."

"In the evening, Harry Rabjahns tells me, he had a kind of fit—a hysterical fit of laughing and crying—in the inn."

"That was perhaps because he had learned that his uncle was still alive." This was indeed the case, though not in the sense I intended.

"And this morning, the first day of his return, he begins with a row with his uncle. Well, there is going to be mischief at Gratnor."

"Why, what mischief can there be?"

"I don't know. David went away cursing his uncle. After six years he comes back cursing him again. When a man broods over a wrong for six years, mischief does generally follow. First of all, the old man will do nothing for him. Do you understand that? There was a solid obstinacy in his eyes while he listened to David. Nothing is to be got out of him. What will David do?"

"He will go away again, I suppose; unless he takes farm work."

"David is as obstinate as his uncle. And he is not altogether a fool, although he did take to drink and ruined himself. And there will be mischief."

"George, old man, I return to my old thought. If you and Mary marry without old Dan's consent, her fortune goes to David. Does David know?"

"I should think not."

"To which of the two would the old man prefer to hand over that money?"

"To Mary, certainly."

"So I think. Then don't you see that some good may come out of the business after all?"

"It may come, but too late to save Sidcote. He means to have Sidcote: my days here are numbered. Well, it is a pity, after five hundred years"—he looked around at the inheritance about to pass away from him—only a farm of three hundred acres, but his father's and his great-great-grandfather's—and he was silent for a moment. "As for work, what would I grudge if I could keep the old place! But I know that over at Gratnor there sits, watching and waiting his chance, the man who means to have my land, and will have it before the end of the year."

"Patience, George. Anything may happen."

"He is a crafty and a dangerous man, Will. We can say here what we cannot say in Mary's presence. He is more crafty and more dangerous now that he is paralysed and cannot get about among his fields than he was in the old days.

He cannot get at me by the same arts as he employed for David. He cannot persuade me to drink, and to sign agreements and borrow money when I am drunk. But the bad times have done for me what drink did for David."

So we talked away the afternoon, in a rather gloomy spirit. Life is no more free from sharks in the country than in the town; there are in Arcadia, as well as in London, vultures, beasts, and birds of prey, who sit and watch their chance to rend the helpless.

"And so," he said, summing up, "I shall have to part with the old family place, and begin in the world again; go out as David went out, and return, perhaps, as he returned."

"No, George; some things are possible, but not probable. That you should come back as David has come back is not possible."

At that moment the man of whom we spoke came slowly out of the house, rubbing his eyes.

"When you are among the blacks," he said, "you never get enough to eat. And as for their drink, especially the stuff they call orra, it is enough to make a dog sick."

"Then you have been among the blacks, David?" It was the first hint he had given of his adventures.

He lighted his pipe and began to smoke it lazily, leaning against the porch. Then he talked, with intervals of puffing at the pipe.

"Six years ago," he said, "six years it was come October the twentieth, that I left Challacombe with fifty pounds for all the money I had in the world. Yes—fifty pounds, instead of Berry Down that I'd begun with. Who'd got the land?" He pointed in the direction of Gratnor with a gesture which was meant for hatred and unforgiveness. "Ha! after I went away it seems that he had an ugly accident. No one knows the cause of that accident." He grinned as if he was pleased to think of it. "Quite a Judgment—quite. A clear Judgment I call it. Where did I go first, now? I took passage at Falmouth for New York, and there I stayed; it's a fine town for them as have got money, full of bars and drinking-saloons, and—and—all sorts of pretty things. So I stayed there till all the money was gone—what's the good of fifty pounds? Better enjoy it, and have done with it. I made it last a good bit—two months and more. Then I looked about for work. Well; it's a terrible hard place when you've got no money, and as for work, the Irish get all there is. By that I'd made a few friends, and we thought we'd go westwards. There was a dozen or more of us, and we moved on together, sometimes getting odd jobs, sometimes logging it, and sometimes taking the cars. When there was no work, and I don't know that any of them were anxious—not to sav

anxious—to get work, we tramped around among the farms, and sometimes among the houses where the women are left all alone, and the men go off to town. It isn't easy for a woman to say 'No' when a dozen men come to the door and there isn't another man within a mile. Sometimes we would go to a saloon and play monty. Sometimes we would do a trade. My pals were a clever lot, and I often wonder why they took me with them. A clever lot, they were. But the band got broken up by degrees. One got shot for kissing a farmer's wife; and another got hanged for stealing a horse; and another got his two legs amputated after a row over the cards. The odd thing was"—here David looked inexpressible things—"that all the men had done something, except me. That was curious now. You wouldn't expect in this country if you met a gang of tramps that they'd all done something, would you? All but me. They were anxious to know what I'd done. I told them what I ought to have done, and they agreed with me. Some of them were for my going home at once and doing it. Well, it might have been a year, and it might have been a dozen years, before those of us who were left found ourselves at San Francisco, where we parted company. I couldn't settle down very well—I don't know why. If a man begins wandering he keeps on wandering, I suppose. How can a man settle down who's got no land of his own to settle on? So I—I moved on, after a bit. It was a pity to part when one had made friends, but there—it couldn't be helped."

He stopped at this point, to collect himself, I suppose. Or perhaps to consider what portions of his autobiography would be best repressed. We looked at each other in amazement. By his own statement—it was not a confession: there was no sense of shame about the man—by his own unblushing statement he had, only a few weeks after leaving England, where

"Try conciliation, David."
"No, Will: I think I know a better plan than conciliation." This was all that David told us. We saw, indeed, very little of him after this day. He took what we gave him without a word of thanks, and he did not pretend the least interest in either of us or our doings or our welfare. Yet he had known both of us all his life, and he was but five or six years older. A strange return! Knowing now all that I know, I am certain that he was dazed and confounded, first at finding his uncle alive, and next at the reception he met with. He was thinking of these things and of that new plan of his, yet imperfect, by which he could wreak revenge upon his uncle. This made him appear colder and more stupid than was his nature.

We sat waiting for more experiences, but none came. How, for instance, one would have been pleased to inquire, came an honest Devonshire man to consort with a gang of fellows who had all "done something," and were roving and tramping about the country ready to do something else? Before David lost his land he used to drink, but not with rogues and tramps. Yet now he confessed without any shame to having been their companions—a tramp and vagabond himself, and the associate of rogues. By what process does a man descend so low in the short space of two or three weeks as to join such a company? I looked curiously at his face; it was weather-beaten and bronzed, but there was no further revelation in the lowering and moody look.

"I dare say," he went on, "that you were surprised when I came to look for his grave?"

"It is not usual," I said, "to ask for the graves of living men."

"I was so certain that he was dead," he explained, "that I never thought to ask. Quite certain I was; why,"—here he stopped abruptly—"I was so certain that I was going to

he wanted his own ghost for himself. Consider, he couldn't get on without it!"

"He brought me home, and he's got to keep me," said David, doggedly. Then he put on his hat and slowly slouched away.

"He is going to drink at the inn," said George. "I am glad he had the grace not to get drunk here. Will, there is something uncanny about the man. Why should he have this horrible haunting dream every night?"

"Remorse for a crime which he wished he had committed, perhaps. An odd combination, but possible. If he had murdered his uncle he might have been haunted in this way. Wishes he had murdered him, you see. Imagination supplies the rest."

"My opinion, Will, is that in the band of pals tramping across the North American Continent, the exception spoken of by David did not exist. They had all, every one, without exception, 'done something.' And now, lad, we'll walk over to Gratnor, and have tea with Mary."

CHAPTER X.

GRIMSPOND.

On the next day, Monday, a very singular and inexplicable thing happened—nay, two singular things—the full meaning of which I did not comprehend until accident—old-fashioned people would call it Providence—put the solution into my hands.

There is one place near Challacombe which those love most who know it best. Especially is it desirable when the air is still, and the sun burns in the valley, and in the narrow lanes around the slopes and outer fringe of the great moor. For my own part, it is like a holy place of pilgrimage, whither one goes



They attacked and were attacked; and had their great Generals and their valiant Captains.

he had once been a substantial yeoman, the companion and equal of respected, honourable men, willingly consorted with a gang of roughs, who had all "done something," and gone with them tramping along the roads of the States! How can a man fall so quickly?

"Well," David resumed, "I was bound to move on somewhere. Presently, I heard of a ship that was going to the Pacific, and I went aboard as carpenter, and we sailed about. It wasn't a lucky ship, and she was wrecked one night in a storm and all hands lost—except me. At least, I suppose so, because I never saw nor heard of any of them afterwards. I was thrown ashore on an island called, as I learned afterwards, New Ireland, and the people were going to spear me and eat me, when a German saved my life. Baron Sergius something, his name was. He could talk their language, and they worshipped him. I stayed there—perhaps a year—there's no way of telling how the time goes. Then a ship came, and took me off. The Baron was left behind, and I dare say he's eaten by this time. This ship was unlucky, too: the Captain set fire to her one night, and we had to take to the boats, where they were all starved to death, except the Mate and me."

"Good Lord!" cried George, "here are adventures enough for a volume; and he reels them off as if they were quite common occurrences!"

"They picked us up, and brought us to Sydney; we had bad weather on the way, and were like to have foundered."

"Do you always bring disaster to every vessel that you go aboard of?" I asked.

"But we got in safe and—and—well, that's all; I came home."

"And what are you going to do, now you are come home, David?"

"I will tell you, George, in a day or two. The old man says he will do nothing for me—we'll see to that presently. He's turned the old farmhouse at Berry into two cottages, and the buildings are falling to pieces. Says I can take up my quarters in one of the cottages, if I like: that is liberal, isn't it? And I am to earn my living how I can: that's generous, isn't it?"

ask what it was he died of. Yes; I wanted to know how he was killed."

"You said someone told you that he was dead. Who was that?"

"I will tell you now, not that you will believe me; but it is true. He told me himself that he was dead."

"I do not say, David, that this is impossible, because men may do anything. Permit me to remark, however, that you were in America, and your uncle was in England. That must have made it difficult for your uncle to talk with you."

"That is so," he replied. "What I mean is, that every night—it began after I'd been in New York and got through my money—every night, after I went to sleep, his cursed ghost used to come and sit on my bed. 'David,' he said, 'I'm dead.' A lot more he said that you don't want to hear. 'David, come home quick,' he said. 'David, I'll never leave you in peace until you do come home,' he said. Every night, mind you. Not once now and again, but every night. That's the reason why I came home. The ghost has left off coming, now."

"This is truly wonderful."

"What did he do it for?" asked David, angrily. "He'd got my land. Well, as for—as for—what happened, my score wasn't paid off by that?"

"What did happen?"

"Never mind. He'd got my land still; and I was a tramp. What did he want to get by it?"

"You don't mean, David, that your uncle deliberately haunted you every night? No one ever heard of a living man's ghost haunting another living man. A dead man's ghost may haunt a living man, perhaps, though I am not prepared to back that statement with any experiences of my own. Perhaps, too, a living man's ghost may haunt a dead man; that would be only fair. Turn and turn about, you see. But for a live uncle to haunt a live nephew—no, David, no."

"He is crafty enough for anything. I don't care who done it," said David, "it was done. Every night it was done. And that's why I came home again. And since he's fetched me home on a fool's errand, he's got to keep me."

"But it wasn't his fault that the ghost came. Man alive!

time after time, and never tires of it, for refreshment of the soul and the eye. I left Sidcot at eight, before the morning freshness was quite gone from the air, though the sun at the end of July has then already been up for four hours, and followed the road which leads through Heytree Gate past Heytree Farm on the left, and the coppice on the right, where there was a solitary chaff singing all by himself on the top of a tree. The road leads to Widdicombe-on-the-Moor—the last place in these islands where the Devil appeared visibly, having much wrath, before he sent the lightning upon the church and killed many of the congregation. After Heytree, the road runs for the best part of a mile over the open down where Mr. Leigham met his accident, until one comes to Hewedstone Gate, where there is another farmhouse, and where he who would stand upon the place of which I speak must turn to the right and follow the stream, which soon grows narrower until it becomes a trickling rill falling down a steep hillside, and the rill becomes a thread of water, and the hill grows steeper, and the thread disappears and becomes a green line leading to still greener quags, higher and higher up the hills. It is an immense great hog's back of a hill, three miles long from end to end, the ridge at the top is not steep and narrow, but half a mile broad at least, covered with heath and heather and whortleberry bushes. There is no path across Hamil Down, but this flat plain is the most glorious place in the world—even better than the long ridge of Malvern—to walk along on a warm summer day. The turf, before you reach the top, is dry and spongy to the tread, it is covered with the little yellow flowers of the tormentilla; here and there is gorse with its splendid yellow, and among the gorse you may find the pretty pink blossoms of the dodder, if you look for it. If you climb higher the wind begins to whistle in your ears, which is the first sign of being upon a mountain side. You may sit on Primrose Hill all the year round, and the wind will never convert your ear into an Eolian harp; but climb the side of Helvellyn or walk over the Sty Head Pass, and before you have gone very far the old familiar ringing whistle begins, though the air below seemed still and the breeze had dropped. When you have reached the top, turn to the right



Manaton Tor.

and walk to King's Tor, the northern point of Hamil Down, and then sit down. There was a barrow here once, and at some unknown time it was opened, and now lies exposed and desecrated. Within is the round grave, cased with stones brought up the hill from below and ranged in a cuplike shape, in which they laid the body of the great, illustrious, and never-to-be-forgotten King. I will show you presently the place where he died, from which they brought him in long procession—the men and women alike long-haired, fair-skinned, and ruddy-checked—all mourning and lamenting. I know not the tunes of the hymns they sang, but I fear there was sacrifice at the graveside, and that the soul of that King was accompanied by many indignant souls of those who were slain to bear him company. It was a long time ago, however, and the thing itself wants confirmation; wherefore, let us shed no tears. They have laid open the grave and taken away the torquils, bracelets, and crown of the King. Then, if there were any bones of him, they left them uncovered, so that the rains fell upon them and the frosts tore them apart, and now there is but a little dust, which you cannot distinguish from the earth that lies around the grave. It is a high place, however, and beside it are boulders, where one can sit and look around. On the north-east is Ease Down, with its long slopes and the granite pile upon its highest point; and below Ease Down, Manaton Tor; above the church, and below Manaton, a spur runs out between the valleys, and there are Latchell Tor, Nymphenhole, and the Ridge. Below Nymphenhole stands Gratnor, where Mary is at this moment. I know it well, and I can fancy that I see her making a fruit-pie for dinner and a cake for tea. I am sure that she has a white apron on—one of the long things up to the throat—her sleeves are rolled up, and she stands before the board with the rolling-pin and the pastry, taking great pains with the cake, because we are going to Gratnor to have tea with her, and after tea we shall walk along the Ridge and talk. Poor Mary! must she give up Challacombe and Sidcote, and go far afield with George in search of kinder fortune?

Beyond Manaton Tor you look down upon the rocky sides of Lustleigh Cleeve: turning your head to the east and south-east there rises before you a glorious pile of hills, one beyond the other. I say not that they are mountains, but I want no fairer hills. There is Hayne Down, with its boulders thrown down the front as if they were pebbles shaken from a young giant maiden's apron—this is, I believe, the scientific and geological explanation of their origin; there is Hound Tor, with its granite castle; behind it Hey Tor, with its two great black pyramids; on the right of Hey Tor there are Ripplin Tor and Honeybag. Six miles away, hidden among the hills and woods, is Widdicombe Church, the cathedral of the moor. Turn to the west, and eight miles away you can see Kes Tor, where still stand the foundations of the houses built by those who placed the boulders in a circle, and filled them in with turf, and then, with branches and a larch pole and more turf, made the place weather-tight and snug. With no chimney, and a cheerful fire of crackling sticks and plenty of smoke they made themselves truly comfortable on winter nights, though somewhat red and inflamed about the eyes in the morning. South of Kes Tor there stretches the open moor, bounded by more tors in every direction. We are among the everlasting hills. A thousand years in their sight is but as yesterday. As these tors stand now, the grass climbing slowly over the rocks, so they stood a thousand years ago—the

There never is, except sometimes about this season when the whortleberries are ripe, or when a shepherd comes in search of his Dartmoor flocks, or a wayfarer crosses from Challacombe over the hill, instead of coming round the road; or when one comes this way who knows the moor, and is not afraid of being belated, and ventures to make a short cut from Post Bridge—built of three flat slabs of stone by the nameless King who was buried on this tor—by way of Vitiifer to Challacombe or Moreton Hampstead.

I had the whole of the great flat ridge to myself as I left King's Tor and walked briskly southwards, avoiding the green quagmires which lie here and there, a pitfall to the many. Half-way along this upland plain there stands an upright stone. It is not a cross; nor is it, so far as one can judge, a tombstone. It is simply an upright stone of grey granite, six feet high. Beside it lies a small flat stone; it is called the Grey Wether. Who put it up, and why it was put up, not the oldest inhabitant can tell. Indeed, the oldest inhabitant, who was the last survivor in Grimspound, died there about two thousand years ago, and there has been no oldest inhabitant since then.

I stood beside the Grey Wether Stone, making these and other admirable reflections. I am not quite certain whether I really did make them; but when one is a writer of leading articles, it is easy to fall into a literary way of thinking, and to shape one's thoughts into an effective line. However, I was shaken out of my meditations by a very singular accident. I had stood on the same spot dozens of times before this: any day the same accident might have happened. Yet it did not. The accident waited, as accidents always do, until it might produce a coincidence. No one can explain coincidences; yet they happen continually—to every one of us who is on watch, one or two every day.

What happened was this. Between the upright stone and the flat stone, the edges of the latter being irregular, there is, at a certain place, an aperture or recess.

I carried with me a stick, on which I was leaning. Now, by this kind of chance which we call accident, in changing my position I stuck the point of the stick into the aperture—a thing of which one would have been hardly conscious but for an unmistakable clicking which followed, as of coins. Is there anything in the world which more excites and stimulates the blood than the discovery of hidden treasure? In ancient countries there are men who go about for ever haunted with the idea of finding hidden treasure—in Italy, in Syria, in Greece, in Asia Minor—wherever ancient civilisations have passed away, leaving drachmas, or shekels, in buried pots, waiting for the lucky finder. One shudders to think of the eagerness with which I fell upon this imaginary hoard. No doubt, I hastened to conjecture, it was an ancient treasure which I was about to discover: a pile of Roman coins with the head of some almost forgotten Emperor upon them; a heap of early Saxon coins—angels, marks, doubloons, rose nobles at the very least. The opening, I found, was too small for a man's hand—perhaps a small six-and-a-quarter might have got in. If Mary were here—but Mary's hand is six-and-a-half, as becomes the hand of the capable housewife. If man's fingers were longer, like those of the monkey with the prehensile tail, one of our ancestors might have found and fished out the coins in no time, and spent them recklessly in Kentish cobs, or the home-grown crab. Perhaps the flat stone might be moved? No;

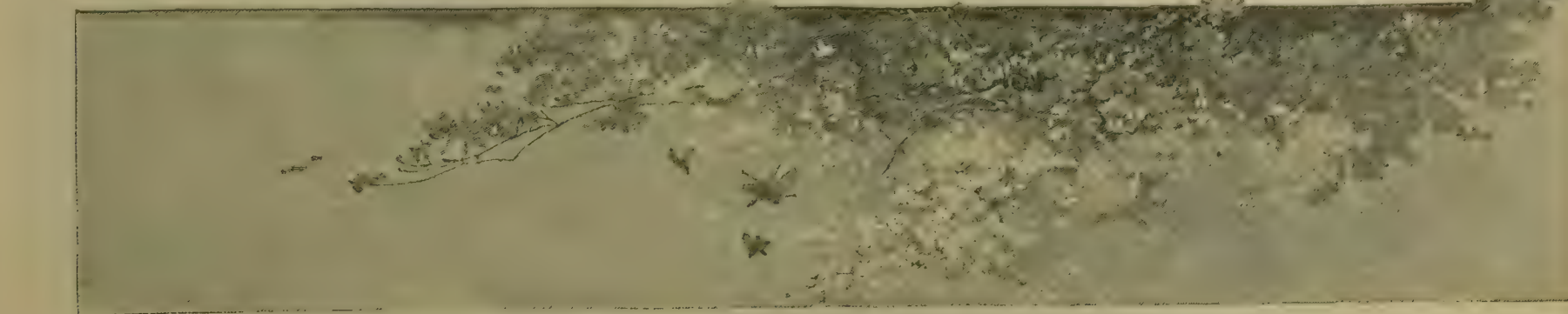
pincers—I would go back to Sidcote and lug up a sackfull of instruments; I would go to Moreton Hampstead and borrow another sackfull of surgical instruments; I would even get a couple of stonemasons and saw that stone through. I would have that treasure.

One would not be without a conscience, but it sometimes sadly interferes with the pilgrim when paths of pleasantness open out before him; and here the voice of conscience said in her cold and unsympathetic way: "There is no rood of English ground but has its Seigneur. The Lord of the Manor in which stands Hamil Down is the Prince of Wales. After all your trouble you will have to take the treasure to H.R.H." "I'll be hanged if I do," was the reply of the natural man. "You'll be conveyed to the Peninsula of Purbeck marble if you don't," said conscience again.

It is no use arguing with a conscience which is at once persistent and sensitive. I, therefore, grumpily stuck the stick once more into the recess and poked about again. The coins rattled merrily. Never in my whole life have I so ardently desired to touch, to handle, to examine, to possess an unknown and unseen treasure.

Now, when I took out the stick again a bit of yellow leather showed for a moment just hooked up by the ferrule as far as the light penetrated. The sight of the leather inspired me with faint hope. Again I poked about, but for some time in vain, until I hit upon a most ingenious and crafty contrivance. Like all really great things, it was also perfectly simple. In fact, I reversed the stick and fished with the handle, to such good purpose that in a very few moments I had the leather thong in my fingers and hauled it out.

The thong tied up the mouth of a small brown canvas bag, very much like that which is used by moderns in sending and fetching money from a bank. Did the Druids—did the ancient inhabitants of Grimspound—use canvas bags for their banks? Or perhaps the Romans, from whom we have borrowed so many things, invented the canvas bag for the convenience of bank clerks. It had an ancient and a musty smell, not unexpected in a bag, perhaps, as old as



grass a few inches lower down, the rocks the same, the slopes the same. Overhead a hawk poised, just as one sees now; the rabbits ran about the heather, just as they do now; and as now, the shifting shadows coursed across the slopes, and the curves of the hillsides changed continually as the sun like a giant rejoiced to run his course. We come and go, and are no more seen; but the hills remain. I suppose that after millions of years they too will disappear, with the light of the sun, and the sweet air, and the green herbs, and flowers, and all the creatures; and then there will be darkness and death for all creation. But the Hand which started the myriads of worlds and set them steadfast in their orbits can re-create them and make a newer and a better world, of which this is but a shadow.

There was not a soul upon Hamil Down except myself.

the hands which propped up the Grey Wether were mighty hands; perhaps the same which threw that apronfull of boulders over the face of Hayne Down. The flat stone was immovable. Perhaps with the stick I could at least feel the coins? Yes, I made them rattle. The position now became that of Tantalus. Who ever heard before of a buried treasure only twelve inches deep which could be felt but not dragged out? Why, it was not only a buried treasure, but, perhaps, a vast treasure; a collection of priceless coins, antique, unique, throwing light upon dark places in history; giving personality and life to what had been before but a name or a string of names, the portraits and effigies of long-forgotten Emperors and Kings. I would have that treasure somehow. Many plans suggested themselves: sticky stuff on the end of a twig to which the coins might adhere, lazy tongs, common tongs,

King Cymbeline or Queen Boduque. And the coins were within. Now for the treasure. Yet it must go to H.R.H., even if it should prove to be—what? As the sailor said when he found the bottle, "Rum, I hope; sherry, I think"; so I: "Roman, I hope; mediæval, I think; modern, by George!" Yes, the coins were modern; they were not Roman, or Saxon, or Norman, or early English; they were not even rose nobles, marks, moldores, or doubloons: they were simply sovereigns, twenty in number, and two of them quite new, bearing the date of 1879. The date of the bag, therefore, could not be later than that year. It might have been dropped in the day before yesterday. Perhaps, however, there were more. No: the firm point of the stick struck against the hard stone all round the narrow recess, but there were no more coins. The bag was a modern bank bag, and the treasure was a collection



and yet will not be quiet, but keeps presenting itself. In the fable of the King, who was chased by the goblin, it is cunningly figured how a man went mad by trying to solve an enigma of which he could not find the answer, but which would never cease to trouble him.

Thinking of this curious "cache," I went on walking mechanically, till I found myself at the other side of the broad upland down. The sun by this time, which was eleven o'clock, was blazing hot, and I thought with yearning of rest and a pipe in the shade. The nearest shade accessible was across the shallow valley at my feet, and under the rocks of Hooknor opposite. Not quite half-way across, I saw the long grey line which I knew to be part of the inclosure of Grimspound, on the lower slope of Hamil Down. Beyond Grimspound the ground began to rise with a gentle ascent to Hooknor, where I proposed to rest. The way down which I plunged is encumbered with quagmires, and is steep and rocky; a hillside where adds hiss—I never for my own part heard this creature hiss, or clap its hands, or do anything except get out of the way as quickly as it could—and where rabbits also spring up at your feet and scud away as if they had heard of rabbit-pie. Presently, however, I found myself within the ancient and honourable city of Grimspound, which has been in ruins for sixty generations of human beings. Sixty generations! It seems a great many. We who are the heirs of all the ages,

of twenty coins all the same—namely, that Victorian gold piece which is now so scarce and so highly prized in country districts, known as the sovereign. It was possible, indeed, that the Druids, who are supposed to have known so much, may have had a prophetic Mint, and turned out these coins in anticipation of later times; but no: the theory seemed untenable.

Twenty sovereigns in a bag—a bank bag—a modern brown canvas bag. Who could have climbed up Hamil Down in order to hide twenty pounds in a little hole like this? Was it some philosopher careless of filthy lucre? No; in this country such a thinker exists no longer. Even the Socialists would divide equally among themselves—one man "laying low" to rob his neighbour of his share—and not throw away this creature of good red gold. Had it been placed there by someone as a voluntary offering and gift to the unknown God of Fortune in order to avert his wrath by some man over-prosperous, as the rich King of old threw his ring into the sea? That might have been before the year 1879: since that time there has been nobody prosperous. Could it have been hidden there by a thief? But if thieves steal a bag of money, it is the bag, and not the money, that they hide away. The money they take to a ken or a den, where their fraternity meet to enjoy the fruits of industry. No thief, certainly, concealed the bag in this place. It must, therefore, have been put there and hidden away by somebody for some secret purpose of his own. But what purpose? Who could possibly have brought a bag of twenty pounds to this wild spot, so distant from any place of human resort and yet exposed to such an accident of discovery? Perhaps it was a magpie; in which case it only remained to find the maid. Only six years ago; perhaps less. Twenty pounds is a large sum to put away. Assuredly there was no one at all in the neighbourhood of Hamil Down by whom twenty pounds could be "put away" without "feeling

it," as is poetically and beautifully said. Twenty pounds! I kept counting the money, turning it over from hand to hand, looking again at the dates on the coins, and trying to think how this money came here and why it could have been left here.

Finally, I put the gold into the bag, tied it up again, and put it in my own pocket. Then I walked on, my beautiful literary meditations quite interrupted, and turned from a peaceful stream into a muddy and angry whirlpool. One does not like to be faced with a conundrum which cannot be solved,

possess, as may be reckoned, so many ancestors of that period that they may be set down by the figure one, followed by eighteen naughts, which is about a hundred million times the whole population of the globe at that time. The difference is caused by the marriage of cousins.

Dartmoor has many of these ancient inclosures and sacred circles with avenues of stones, menhirs, dolmens, pierced stones, and other holy apparatus of a long-forgotten cult. Grimspound, which is the largest of them, is a great oblong, surrounded by what was once a strong wall, formed by rolling

Hamil Down, from Hooknor.

G. MONTBARD.



"I shall take your money from you bit by bit, little by little, like pulling out your teeth one by one!"

the boulders down the hill and piling them one above the other. The wall is now thrown over. Outside the wall was once a broad ditch or fosse, which is now nearly filled up. Within the wall are a dozen small circles formed of stones laid side by side. They are the foundations of houses, like those of Kes Tor. The largest circle was doubtless the Royal Palace, or perhaps the sacred building of the priest, where he sat in solitary grandeur when he was not conducting some beautiful and awe-inspiring human sacrifice. The small circles were the habitations of the nobility and gentry of Grimspound. The common sort had to make their huts without any circles, because the stones were all used up. The Grimspounders had no enemies, because on this island everybody spoke the same language and they were all cousins. But man's chief happiness is war and fighting; therefore, they pretended to be at feud with all the other tribes, and so went foraging and driving the cattle, and attacked and were attacked, and had their great Generals and their valiant Captains—to every tribe its Achilles and Diomedes, and Nestor and Ulysses—just as their successors. All this fully accounts for Grimspound, and makes that place deeply interesting. At the same time, if any gentleman has a little pocket theory of his own about the origin and history of the place, we shall be pleased to hear him. The late ingenious Mr. James Fergusson, for instance, wrote a whole book to prove that Grimspound and its brother stone cities were all built the day before yesterday. This may be true; but, as above stated, the absence of the oldest inhabitant prevented him from proving his case.

When I had walked across the length and breadth of Grimspound, and visited the spring just outside the wall—no doubt the scene of many a sanguinary fight, the besiegers trying to keep the besieged from getting at the water—and when I had drunk of the water which looks so brown as it trickles through the little pools among the peat, I walked

slowly up the hill of Hooknor and found my shady place beside the rocks and sat down and filled my pipe, still agitated with the abominable mystery and enigma of the canvas bag: yet thinking I could devote my mind uninterruptedly to its consideration and to the tobacco. But it was a day of mysteries.

Before I tell you what followed, please to bear in mind that, though one talks of valleys and the tops of hills, the Tor of Hooknor is a very low elevation, and is certainly not the fourth part of a mile from Grimspound; next, that the inclosure lies on the upland slope of the opposite hill, though low down. Therefore, to one upon Hooknor it is spread out like a map—the map of an island, in which the outer wall represents the seacoast, and the stone circles, lakes or mountains, according to the fancy of the observer. Thirdly, that the air was so clear and bright, so free from vapour or haze, that every blade of grass and every twig of heather on the opposite hill seemed visible from where I sat; and, lastly, that I am gifted with very long sight, insomuch that when I take a book of small print I am fain, in order to get the full flavour of it, to set it up at one end of the room and to read it from the other. If you understand all this, you will perfectly understand what followed.

At the same time I was perfectly in the view of anyone in Grimspound, had there been anyone there.

There was no one within sight or hearing; there was not a sight or sound of human life to be seen, looking from Hooknor at the great massive hill of Hamil Down; neither up nor down the valley, from this place, could be seen a village, a clearing, a farm, or any trace of man. Thus I fell to thinking again about that bag. How on earth did it get into such a queer place? Such a thing no more got into such a place by accident than the wondrous order of the Cosmos is arrived at by accident; it could not have been dropped out of anybody's pocket by accident—the figuration and situation of the recess

forbade that. It could not, again, have been deposited very recently, considering the mouldiness of the bag. I thought of putting it back and watching. But in order to watch one must hide, and there is no place in Hamil Down for even a dwarf to hide. Besides, if it had been left there five or six years before, the hiding-place might now be forgotten. And, again, one would have to watch continuously, and the top of Hamil would be bleak in winter and cold at night; and there would be difficulties about grub.

While I was thinking, a figure, which I began dimly to perceive through the nebulous veil of thought, was working his way slowly down the hillside opposite by nearly the same way as I had myself picked among the boulders. He came plodding along with the heavy step and rolling shoulders of one who walks much over ploughed fields and heavy land—George Sidcote had acquired that walk since his narrowed circumstances made him a hind as well as a master. This man looked neither to right nor left. Therefore, he was not only a countryman, but one who knew the moor, and was indifferent as rustics seem—but they are not in reality—to its beauty and its wildness. As he came lower, I observed that he walked with hanging head, as if oppressed with thought; and presently, though his face remained hidden, I recognised him. By his mop of red hair, by his great beard, by his rolling shoulders, this could be no other than David Leighan. What on earth was David wanting on Hamil Down, and whither was he going? It was our returned prodigal, and the suspicion occurred to me immediately that not only was the prodigal impenitent, but that he was "up" to something. It might have been a suspicion as unjust and unkind as it was baseless, but it certainly crossed my mind. Where was he going, and why?

It thus became apparent that he was making for Grimspound. For if he had been going to Challacombe he would

have kept higher up; and if he had been going to Vitifer or to Post Bridge, he would have kept on for a quarter of a mile before striking the path; but he made straight down the hill, just as I had done. Was David also among the archaeologists? Was he going to verify on the spot a theory on their purpose and construction—first conceived, perhaps, among the blacks?

Whatever he was in search of, he had a purpose in his mind. His face, which I could now make out plainly under the shade of his felt hat, was set with a purpose. Your naturally slow man, when he has a definite purpose in his mind, shows it more intelligibly than the swift-minded man, who jumps from one idea to another. He was going to Grimspond—perhaps the purpose marked in his face was only a determination to sit down and take a pipe among the ruins. In that case he might take it kindly if I were to shout an invitation to join me. But no. When he should see me it would be time enough to shout.

In the corner of Grimspond, nearest to Hamil Down, there are lying piled one above the other three or four stones a good deal bigger than those which form the greater part of the wall. They lie in such a way—I presently ascertained the fact by investigation—that there is formed a little cave, dry, quite protected from rain, dark, and long, its back formed by the lower part of a round boulder, while one side, sloping floor, and sloping roof are formed by these flat boulders. David, I observed (though I knew nothing then about this little cave—I dare say there are many others like it in the inclosure) made straight for the spot without doubt or hesitation. He had, therefore, come all the way from Manaton to look for something in Grimspond. This was interesting, and I watched with some curiosity, though I ought, no doubt, to have sung out. It must be something he had brought home with him—something valuable. He was not, perhaps, so poor as he seemed to be. When one comes to think of it, a man must have some possessions; it is almost impossible to travel about for six years and to amass nothing; one must have luggage of some kind when one crosses the ocean all the way from Australia to England.

He stopped at this convenient hiding-place. Then he looked around him quickly, as if to assure himself that no one was present to observe him—I wonder he did not see me. Then he stooped down, reached within some cavity hidden to me, and drew out something.

It was in a big blue bag. I could plainly see that the blue bag, like my canvas bag, was weather-stained. He laid the bag upon a stone, and proceeded to draw out its contents, consisting of a single box. It was a box about two feet long and eighteen inches wide, and two or three inches deep. It was a tin box. What had David got in his box? I might have walked down the hill and asked him that question, but one was naturally somewhat ashamed to confess to looking on at what was intended for a profound secret. Let him take his box and carry it back to his cottage. I made up my mind on the spot, and nothing that followed in the least degree caused me to waver in that conviction—indeed, I heard very little of what had happened for some time afterwards—that the box had been brought home by David; and I was quite certain that it contained things which he had gathered during his travels. What things? Well, they have coral, pearls, shells, feathers, all kinds of beautiful things in the islands of the Pacific. We shall soon find out what they were.

Good. David was not, then, quite a pauper. It is always pleasant to find that the returned exile has not done altogether so badly for himself. Let him keep his secret, and reveal it in his own good time.

David was so anxious to keep the secret that he actually took off his jacket—the sailor's blue jacket—wrapped it round the bag, and tied it up securely with string. Then, without looking about him any more, he turned and walked back as slowly and deliberately as he had come, carrying the treasure under his arm. As soon as his figure had surmounted the brow of the hill and had disappeared, I got up and sought the hiding-place in the wall of Grimspond. It really was a place into which nobody would think of looking for anything. The top stone sloped downwards over the mouth, so as almost to hide it. In this cluster of four great stones no one would have dreamed of finding or of looking for anything. David's hiding-place was well chosen.

Then I followed, walking slowly, so that I might not catch him up on his way home with his tin box full of queer things from the Southern Seas.

The extraordinary coincidence, which I did not in the least suspect, was that on the very same morning that David went to recover the box I should light upon the bag. You will understand presently what a remarkable coincidence that was.

In the evening I told George all that had happened, and produced the brown canvas bag. George did exactly what is usual under such circumstances: without some conventional manner of receiving things, even surprises of the most startling kind, life would be too jumpy. He took the bag, looked at it, opened it, poured out the gold, counted it, held it in his hand and weighed it; looked at it again, put it back into the bag, and laid the bag on the table.

"It is weather-stained, old man," he said, "and smells of the mould. I should think it had been there some time." He took it up again and turned it round. "Look!" he said, "here are initials; they are nearly faded, but they are certainly initials. I make out an A—no, a B; or is it a D?—and an L. Certainly an L; B. L. or D. L., which is it?"

"Looks to me," I said, turning the bag about in the light, "looks like B. A.; but it may be D. L."

"Will," he cried, "I believe you have really found something important. Six years ago, when Daniel Leighan fell off his pony, he always declared that he lost twenty pounds in gold. It was laid up, he always says, in a canvas bag. This must be his bag and these must be his initials. I am quite sure of it."

"Very odd, if it is so. Why should a man steal a bag of money only to put it—money and all—into a hole and then go away and leave it?"

"Well, I take it that the thief put the bag there meaning to return for it, but forgot where he put it."

"You can't forget the Grey Wether Stone, George. There is only one Grey Wether Stone on Hamil Down, and who in the world would go all up Hamil on purpose to hide a bag of money when there are hiding-places in every stone wall about the fields?"

"Take it to Daniel to-morrow and show it to him, Will. He always declares that he was robbed of this money as well as of his bonds and securities. Nobody has ever believed him, because it seems unreasonable that a robber should take twenty pounds and leave fifty. But if it is proved that he is right about the money, he may also be right about the bonds."

Strange that neither of us thought of connecting David's box which he fished out at Grimspond with his uncle's bonds. But then I did not know that the bonds were in a box: one thinks of bonds as a roll of paper.

"As for David's box," said George, "I agree with you, Will, that it is best to say nothing about it. Let him keep his secret. If it is valuable, so much the better. We will keep the thing to ourselves. But as for the canvas bag, you must certainly take it to Gratsnort to-morrow, and give Daniel the chance of claiming it."

CHAPTER XI.

DAVID'S NEXT VISIT.

Had I taken that canvas bag to Gratsnort early in the morning instead of the evening, many things might have turned out differently; among other things, David's extraordinary scheme of revenge might never have been possible. If I had told Daniel Leighan the strange thing I had witnessed from Hooknor Tor, he must certainly have connected the box taken from Grimspond with the box of his own papers. As for me, however, I knew nothing till much later about that box of papers.

The scheme was almost worthy of David's American pals—the gentlemen who had all "done something." The box, when David had carried it home, proved to be quite full of papers. His own knowledge of papers and their value was slight, but he knew very well that signed papers had been his own destruction, and that the possession of signed papers made his uncle rich. I do not suppose that he could have known anything at all about shares, warrants, bonds, coupons, and such things. But he did know, and understood clearly, that the loss of a box full of papers would certainly entail the greatest inconvenience, and might cause a grievous loss of property. The loss of ordinary papers, such as share certificates and the like, causes only temporary inconvenience, which may be set right by payment of a small fee. But there are some kinds of papers the loss of which simply means that of the whole investment represented. Among these, for instance, are coupons representing certain municipal bonds. They are made payable to bearer, and if they are lost cannot be replaced. In this tin box David found certain coupons of this kind. They represented an investment of nearly three thousand pounds. This is a large sum of money, even in the eyes of a rich man; think what it means to a man who has made his money by scraping and saving, by scheming how to best his neighbour, and by being as eager to save sixpence in a bargain as to force a sale for his own advantage! Three thousand pounds! It was the half of the money which Daniel Leighan held in trust for Mary until she should marry with his consent. He had almost brought himself to think that it was part of Mary's fortune which had been lost, and that he would be able to deduct that sum from the amount which he must pay her when he suffered her to get married. Three thousand pounds lost altogether! For now six years had passed away, and there was not a single clue or trace of those coupons, so that those who did not believe that Daniel had been robbed were inclined to think that the papers, wherever he had left them, must have been destroyed to spite their owner.

David called upon his uncle about eleven in the forenoon. He was received with the cordiality generally extended to all needy relations, and to those who think they have a right to expatiate upon their misfortunes and to ask for a temporary loan.

Mr. Leighan shuffled his papers as a sign that he was busy and wished the call to be short, nodded his head with scant courtesy, and asked his nephew what he came for.

"I've come, uncle," David began very slowly, spreading himself upon a chair like unto one who means to stay. In fact, he placed his hat upon another chair, drew out his pocket-handkerchief and laid it across his knees, and produced a small brown paper packet. "I've come, uncle."

"Don't be longer than you can help, David. Get to the subject at once, if you can. Say what you came to say, and then go away and leave me with my own business. It's high time you were looking after your own. Will George Sidcote give you a job?"

"Damn your jobs!" said his nephew, flaming.

"I hear you borrowed a bed yesterday, and a chair and a table, and that you have settled in the cottage—my cottage. Very good. I don't mind if you have it rent free till you get into work, when you'll have to pay your rent like your neighbours. If you begin any more nonsense about robbing you of your land, out you go at once."

David, at the risk of seeming monotonous, uttered another and a similar prayer for the destruction of his uncle's cottage.

"If that is all you came to say, nephew, the sooner you go the better. And the sooner you clear out of my cottage and leave the parish—do you hear, Sir?—leave the parish—the better, or I'll make the place too hot for you."

"I didn't come to swear at you, uncle," said David, more meekly. "If you wouldn't keep on—there, I've done; now hold your tongue and listen. I've got something very serious to say—very serious, indeed;—and it's about your business, too."

"Then make haste about it."

"Six years ago, they tell me, you were robbed, that night when you fell off your pony, after I'd gone away."

"It was the evening of that very day."

"Ah!"—David's eyes smiled, though his lips did not—"We little thought when I used those words with which we parted, how quick they'd come true. When you lay there on the broad of your back, now, your face white and your eyes open, but never seeing so much as the moon in the sky, did you think of your nephew whose farm you'd robbed, and did you say 'David, 'tis a Judgment'?"

"No, I didn't, David." Afterwards Daniel wished that he had denied the truth of those details about the white face and the eyes which saw nothing; because, if a man is solemnly cursed by his nephew in the morning, and gets such a visitation in the evening it does look like a Providence, regarded from any point of view. He did not, however, ask or suspect how David arrived at those details. "I didn't say that, David. You may be quite sure I didn't say that."

"You felt it all the more then. Very well. While you lay there, as they tell me, someone comes along and robs you. What did you lose, uncle? Was it your watch and chain and all your money?"

"No; my watch and chain were not taken, and only a little of the money."

"Uncle, are you sure you were robbed? Do you think that robbers ever leave money behind them? Was the money taken in notes, or was it in gold?"

"It was all in gold; fifty pounds in one bag, twenty pounds in the other, and both bags in one pocket. The small bag was taken, and the big bag left. But what does it matter to you?"

"You shall see presently. I am going to surprise you, uncle. What else did you lose besides the little bag?"

"I lost a box of papers—but what does it matter to you? Did you come here to inquire about my robbery? I suppose you are glad to hear of it."

"Never mind, uncle. You go on answering my questions; I've got my reasons. I am going to surprise you. Wait a bit."

"Well, then; but what can you know? It was a tin box secured by a lock and tied round with a leather strap; I carried it in a blue bag—a lawyer's bag—hanging round my neck for safety."

"What was in that box, did you say?"

"David!" the old man changed colour, and became perfectly white, and clutched at the arms of his chair and pulled himself upright, moved out of himself by the mere thought. "David! have you heard anything? have you found anything?"

"Wait a bit; all in good time. What was in that box, did you say, again?"

"Papers."

"What kind of papers? Were they papers, for instance, that might make you lose money?"

"Money? David, there were papers in that box that could never be replaced. Money? I lost, with that box, papers to the tune of three thousand pounds—three thousand pounds, David—all in coupons!"

"It was a Judgment! Why, my mortgages were not so very much more. Three thousand pounds! Come, even you would feel that, wouldn't you? Were there actually three thousand pounds in that box?"

"The man who stole that box might have presented those coupons one by one, and got them paid as they fell due, without questions asked—that is, he could until I stopped them. Oh! I could stop them, and I did; but I could never get them paid until I presented them through my own bankers. David, if you are revengeful, you may laugh; for it is a blow from which I have never recovered. They say that the paralysis in my legs was caused by falling from the pony, whereby I got, it seems, concussion of the brain. But I know better, David. A man like me does not get paralysed in the legs by falling on his head. 'Twas the loss of all the money—the loss of three thousand pounds—that caused the paralysis. And now, I sit here all day long—I who used to ride about on my own land all day long!—and I try to think, all day and all night, if I could have left that box anywhere, or given to anyone that bag of twenty sovereigns. David, tell me—I will reward you if you tell me anything to my advantage—have you heard something?"

David nodded his head slowly.

"Three thousand pounds," he repeated. "It was three thousand pounds."

"I'm not a rich man, David, though you think I am. As for taking your farm, if I hadn't taken it, somebody else would: for you were a ruined man, David—you were a ruined man. And now, even if I leave it to you in my will, for I must leave my property to someone—it is a hard thing that a man can't take his property with him when he dies!—it would be little use, because Mary's money must come out of it. Oh! it was a hard blow—a cruel, hard blow!"

"Yes," said David. "As a Judgment, it was a—a—a—wunner. I never heard of a nobler Judgment. Three thousand pounds!—and a fall off your pony!—and a paralysis!—all for robbing me of my land. Did you ever offer any reward?"

"No. What was the good?"

"Would you give any reward?"

"I would give—I would give—yes: I would give ten pounds to get that box back again."

"Ten pounds for three thousand. That's a generous offer, isn't it?"

"I'd give fifty pounds—I'd give a hundred—two hundred—four hundred, David." He multiplied his offer by two every time that David shook his head.

"You'd have to come down more handsome than four hundred to get back three thousand pounds. Well," he rose as if to go, "that's all I've got to say this morning. That will do for to-day. Much more handsome you would have to come down."

"David!" cried his uncle, eagerly, "what do you mean by being more handsome. Tell me, David—do you know anything?"

"Why," said David, "I may know, or I may not know. What did I tell you? Didn't I say that I might have something to sell? Well—that's enough for this morning!" He moved towards the door.

"David, David, come back! What have you got to sell?"

"That is my secret"—he stood with his hand on the door-handle—"If you tell a secret, what is the good of it?"

"David, stop—stop! Do you know where that box was taken? Oh! David, put away your hard thoughts. Remember you were ruined already. I didn't ruin you, my heart bled to see your father's son ruining himself."

David made the same remark about his uncle's heart as he had made concerning his reference to jobs and his allusion to the cottage.

"Look here, uncle: perhaps the box exists, and perhaps it doesn't. Perhaps I have learned where it is, and perhaps I haven't. Perhaps I've got a paper out of the box in my pocket at this minute and perhaps—well, what would you give me for a paper out of the box, taken out this very morning, none of the other papers having been so much as touched? Not one of the books full of those coupons, or whatever you call them, but a paper worth nothing. What would you give for that, just to show that the others can be laid hold of?"

"Oh! give it to me, David," the old man stretched out both hands with yearning eyes; "let me look at it. Can it be that the box is found after all, and safe?"

"If it is found, depend upon it that it is safe, uncle. Take your oath of that. The man who's got that box won't let it go in a hurry, particularly when he knows what's inside of it. Three thousand pounds! and, perhaps, if he knew it, his own, for the trouble of presenting them at the right place."

"They've been stopped," Daniel explained, for the second time. "You don't know what that means, perhaps; it means that anyone who presents those papers for payment will find the money stopped, and himself taken up for unlawful possession of the coupons—unlawful possession, David—which is seven years, I believe!"

Perhaps he was not wise in giving this warning. For it stands to reason that the coupons might have been presented, and so the possessor been detected and the whole recovered.

"Very well," said David, who had that valuable quality, often found with the slow mind, of imperturbability. "But you can't touch the money without the papers, can you? Not you. Very well, then. Without talking of those coupons, as you call them, for the present; what should you say supposing I was to show you now—this minute—one of the other papers that were in the box?"

"Do you mean it, David? do you mean it?"

"I mean business, uncle. I mean selling, not giving."

"I suppose," said Daniel, trying to preserve a calm exterior, but trembling down to the tips of his fingers, "I suppose, David, that the man who has the box has communicated with you because he thinks you are my enemy?"

"You may suppose so, uncle, if you like."

"And that he is willing to make a deal. He would give up the papers, which are of no use to him, in return for hard cash—eh, David?"

"You may suppose that, too, if you like."

"Papers stolen from me—papers the unlawful possession of which would ensure him a long imprisonment?"

"Just as you like, uncle. Only—don't you see?—at the first mention of the word 'imprisonment' all these papers would be dropped into the fire, and then—where are you? No more chance of recovering a penny!"

"Show me—prove to me—that you know something about the box."

"I am going to prove it to you." David left the door and came back to the table, standing over his uncle. "What will you give me, I ask you again, for only one paper out of the box, just to prove that the other papers exist?"

"What paper is it?"

"You shall see; one of the papers that are worth nothing. I have actually got it in this packet, and you shall have it if you give me ten pounds for it; not a penny less—ten pounds. If you refuse, and I have to take it back, ten pounds' worth of the coupons—now that I know their value—shall be torn up and burned. To-morrow I shall come back and make the same proposal, and the next day the same, and every day that you refuse you shall have ten pounds' worth of those coupons burned. When they are all gone you will be sorry."

Daniel's lips moved but no words followed. The audacity of the proposal, which really was almost equal to a certain famous proposal in "The Count of Monte Christo," though neither of them had read that book, took his breath away; but if David really had access to the box, he was undoubtedly the master of the situation. Mr. Leighan was the more astonished, because hitherto he had supposed his nephew to be a fool. Very few men are really fools, though their faculties may lie dormant. David, before his bankruptcy, was incapable of perceiving his own opportunity in anything; David, since his wanderings, especially with those rovers of America who had all "done something," had improved.

"How do I know?" Mr. Leighan asked. "How can I tell that when you have got the ten pounds I shall be any nearer my coupons?"

"This way, uncle. Oh, I have found the way to convince even you. In a day or two I shall come with another paper out of the box—one of those which are no use to anybody—and you shall buy that of me on the same terms. If you don't, I shall begin to burn the coupons. When we have got through all the worthless papers we shall get to the coupons, and then I shall begin to sell them to you as fast as you like to buy them, uncle—that is to say, if we can agree upon the price. And I promise you that, before you have bought them back, you will be sorry that you ever foreclosed on Berry Down. It will be the dearest bit of land you ever got hold of. Uncle Daniel, I think that before I've done you will acknowledge that we are more than quits. I've seen a bit of the world since I saw you last, and I've learned a thing or two."

Daniel groaned.

"Uncle, before you give me that ten pounds, tell me how the devil you was able to send your own ghost after me every night?"

"What do you mean?"

"I say, how did you haunt me every night? Why did you command me to come home? What did you do it for?"

"What did I do it for?"

"After all, I'm come, and what is the consequence? Mischievous to you, money to me; that's what has come of it. Mischievous to you, money to me." The jingle pleased David so much that he kept on repeating it, "Mischievous to you, money to me."

"Oh! I don't know—I don't know what this man means," the old man cried in distress. "What does he mean with his haunting and his ghost and his orders? Nephew, I am getting tired of this. Show me the paper if you have it with you, and I will tell you what I will do. Put it into my hands."

"Well, I don't mind doing that. If you tear it up I shall want the ten pounds just the same. It doesn't matter to me if you tear up all the papers. Now," he unfolded the brown paper packet, "what do you think of this?" He took out a paper somewhat discoloured by damp, "What is this? 'The last Will and Testament of Daniel Leighan.'" He placed it in his uncle's hands.

"This is a precious document, truly," said Daniel, "a valuable document. Why, man, I've made another will since."

"I don't care how many wills you have made. I don't care whether it is valuable to you or not. To me it is ten pounds. Ten pounds, uncle. Tear it up or burn it, just as you like. But ten pounds."

"If I give it to you, how do I know that you will give me back my coupons?"

"Why, you had better not even think of my giving you back your coupons. When did you ever give anything to anybody? Do you think I shall return your generosity by giving you anything? No, I shall sell you those coupons one by one. You shall see your thousands melt away every day, just as you are getting them back into your hands. You took my land away at a single blow. I shall take your money from you bit by bit, little by little, like pulling out your teeth one by one!"

"You are a devil, David. You were only a fool when you went away. You have come back a devil."

"Who made me, then? You! Come, don't let us talk any more. There is your paper. Give me my ten pounds and I will go. To-morrow or next day, just as I please, I shall come back."

Daniel Leighan's hands trembled, and he hesitated. But he did not doubt his nephew's words. He knew that the box had been somehow recovered, and that his papers were in David's reach, if not in his power.

He opened his desk, and took out of it one of those little round boxes which are made for bottles of marking ink. A sovereign just fits into those boxes. He kept one in his desk filled with sovereigns. Mary went over to Moreton once a month to get the money for him. He held this box tightly in his left hand, and began very slowly to count out ten pounds.

"Here, David," he said, with a heavy sigh; "here is the money. Heaven knows it is hard enough in these times to make ten pounds, and harder to give them away. The Lord send you a better heart, David."

"Thank you, uncle; the same to you, I'm sure. If we both had better hearts, uncle, what fools we should be—eh?"

"If you had read this will, David, you would have found yourself put down for something good. Well—so far I forgive you. But don't tempt me too much, or you may find my real last will and testament a very different thing. You are my nephew, David—my only nephew—and I've got a good deal to leave—a good deal to leave, David."

"As for my inheritance, uncle, I am going to take it out of you bit by bit—a little to-day and a little to-morrow. I shall enjoy it that way. I think that's all. Oh, no! You may be thinking to charge me with unlawful possession of your property. If you do, the whole of the papers will go into the fire. Remember that! And now, uncle, I think I've done a good morning's work, and I'll go away and have some beer and a pipe. Take care not to talk about this little matter to anyone, or it will be the worse for you—mind, not to Mary or to George or anybody. If you breathe a word, all the papers go into the fire."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SECOND DREAM.

When Mary came in about one o'clock to clear the table and lay the cloth for dinner she found her uncle in a very surprising condition. He was in tears—actually in tears. He had been weeping. How long ago was it since Daniel Leighan had been seen to weep? The misfortunes of his neighbours passed over him, so to speak, and left him dry-eyed; as for himself, he had met with no misfortunes in his life except the

loss of his box of papers and the paralysis of his lower limbs. This is a grievous thing to endure, but a man—an old man—does not weep because one of the afflictions of age falls upon him.

Yet Daniel's eyes were wet with tears, and his papers lay untouched upon the table, and he had turned his head unto his pillows, as Ahab turned his unto the wall.

"Why, uncle," cried Mary, "whatever is the matter?"

"I wish I was dead, Mary! I wish I was dead and buried, and that it was all over."

"Why, uncle? Are you ill?"

"No; I would rather be ill. I could bear any pain, I think, better than this."

"Then what is it? You are trembling. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"No—I can't afford it. I can't afford any luxury now, Mary. You will have to watch over every penny for the future."

"What has happened, then?"

"I am a miserable man. I have been miserable for six years, thinking over my papers; but I always hoped to find them. And now—"

"Now, uncle?"

"Now they are found—that is all. They are found, and I had never really lost them till they were found."

"Where were they, after all?"

"I cannot tell you, Mary. I only heard to-day—by post—by a letter—not by word of mouth—that they are found. And they are in the hands of a—of a villain; a villain, Mary, who will rob me of I know not what, before I get them back. Don't ask me any more, don't tell anyone what I have said; I must have told someone, or I should have died. Don't speak to me about it; I must think—I must think! Oh! never in all my life before did I have to think so hard."

He could eat no dinner; this morning's business had taken away all desire for food. After dinner he refused his brandy-and-water, on the ground that he could no longer afford brandy-and-water. He also made pathetic allusions to the workhouse.

"Come, uncle," said Mary, "you will make yourself ill if you fret. You have said for six years that you had lost this money, and now you find that you really have lost it—if you have—and you cry over it as if it was a new thing! Nonsense about the workhouse; you are as rich as you were yesterday. Take your brandy-and-water. Here—I will mix it for you."

He took it, with many groans and sighs.

"Mary," he said, "David has been here again. He says it is all a Judgment."

"All what, uncle?"

"All the trouble that has fallen upon me—the fall from the pony, the loss of the papers, the very paralysis: he says it is a Judgment for my taking his land. Do you think that it is a Judgment, Mary? Perhaps I was hard upon the boy; but one couldn't stand by and see a beautiful piece of property going to rack and ruin without stepping in to secure it. If I hadn't lent him the money on mortgage, another would; if I hadn't sold him up, another would—and it is all in the family; that's what David ought to think, and not to come here swearing and threatening. In the family still: and who knows whether I shan't leave it to him? I must leave it to someone, I suppose. If it is a Judgment, Mary"—he paused for a word of comfort.

"Well, uncle," she said, "we are taught that we bring our sufferings upon ourselves; and to be sure, if everybody was good, there would be a great deal less suffering in the world. Nobody can deny that."

"But not such a lot of Judgment, Mary. All this fuss because David had to sell his farm, and I bought it? I can't believe that. Why don't other people get Judgments, then?"

"Patience, uncle. Think—whatever happens now about that money, that it was lost six years ago."

"Ah! you keep on saying that. You don't understand what it is to have the thing you had despaired of recovering dangled before your eyes and then taken away again. What does a woman understand about property? David laughed. There's something come over David. He is just as slow as ever in his speech and in his ways. But he's grown clever. No one could have guessed that David could go on as he went on here this morning."

"What has David to do with it, uncle?"

"With the property? Nothing, Mary, nothing," he replied hastily. "Don't think that he has anything to do with it." He groaned heavily, remembering how much, how very much, David had to do with it.

"Can I do anything? Can George do anything?"

"George would like to see me wronged. It is an envious world, and when a man gets forward a bit"—

"Uncle! it is not true that George would like to see you wronged."

"Then there is one thing he could do. It seems a big thing, but it is really a little thing. If George would do it, I would—I would—I would—no: because I should only lose the money another way."

"You mean you would give your consent, uncle?"

"No—no; I can't do that. I couldn't yesterday; much less to-day, Mary."

"Well, what is this thing that George could do for you?"

"A villain has got my property, Mary. George might go and take it from him. If I had the use of my limbs, I'd dog and watch that villain. I would find out where he had put the property. I would tear it out of his hands if I could get it no other way. Old as I am, I would tear it from his clutches."

"George can hardly do that for you, uncle. Especially when you refuse your consent to our marriage, and are going to drive him out of Sidcote, as you drove David out of Berry."

Mr. Leighan shook his head impatiently.

"It's business, girl; it's business. How can I help it?"

"Well, then, uncle, if you are in real trouble, send for George and tell him, and let him advise you."

"George—advise me? Mary, my dear, when I begin to want advice of any man, send for the doctor and order my coffin. I might use George's arms and legs; but my own head is enough for me, thank you."

He said no more, but took his pipe, and began to smoke it.

"There is another way," he said. "But I doubt whether you have sufficient affection for your uncle to try that way."

"Is it something that I could do? Of course I will do it, if I can."

"Will you? It's this, girl. Hush! don't tell anybody. It's this: David has got a secret that I want to find out. How he got hold of the secret I don't know, and so I can't tell you. Somebody has told him this secret. Now," his voice sank to a whisper, "David was always very fond of you, Mary; and he is that sort of man as a woman can do what she pleases with him. Pretend to let him make love to you—pretend that you are in love with him. Wheedle the secret out of him, and then tell me what it is."

"And what would George say while I was playing this wicked part? Uncle, if you have such thoughts as that, you may expect another Judgment."

He groaned, and went on with his pipe. Then he took a second glass of brandy-and-water, because he was a good

deal shaken and agitated. Then he finished his pipe in silence, laid it down, and dropped asleep.

But his slumber was uneasy, probably by reason of his agitation in the morning; his head rolled about, he moaned in his sleep, and his fingers fidgeted restlessly. At four o'clock he woke up with a start and a scream, glaring about him with terror-stricken eyes, just as he had done once before.

"Help!" he cried. "Help! He will murder me. Oh! villain, I know you now! I will remember—I will remember!" Here the terror went suddenly out of his eyes, and he looked about him in bewilderment.

"Mary! I remembered once more. Oh! I saw so clear—so clear!—and now I have forgotten again. This is the second time that I have seen in my dream the man who took my papers and my gold—the second time! Mary, if it comes again, I shall go mad. Oh! to be so near, and to have the villain in my grasp—and to let him go again! Mary, Mary—the loss of the money, and the dream, and your cousin David—all together—will drive me mad!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CANVAS BAG.

This was truly an auspicious evening for me to present myself with my newly-recovered bag. However, ignorant of the morning storm, I walked along, thinking how I would give the old man an agreeable surprise.

His room, when I called, about eight o'clock, was gloomy and dark, the windows closed and the blinds half down, though outside the sun was only just setting. Mr. Leighan was sitting still and rigid, brooding, I suppose, over David's terrible threats. His sharp face was paler, and his steel-blue eyes were keener and brighter than usual. He was thinking how he should meet this danger, and how he could persuade, or bribe, or terrify David into submission and surrender of the papers. And there appeared no way.

"What do you want?" he cried, sharply. "What do you come here for? I am in no mood for idle prating!"

"I am come on your business, Mr. Leighan; if you call that idle prating."

"My business? I don't remember that I ever had any business with you, Mr. Will Nethercote. I only have business with people who have money."

"True, and I have none for you to get hold of; neither land nor money, that is very true. Yet I am come on your business."

"Tell it, then—and leave me. Young man," he said, pitifully, "I am old now, and I am in grievous trouble, and I cannot see my way out of it. Don't mind if I am a little impatient."

"I won't mind, Mr. Leighan. Meantime, I have come to please you."

"You can't. Nothing can please me now, unless you can make me young and strong, and able to throttle a villain: that would please me."

"I cannot do that. Yet I am sure that I shall please you."

"Go on, then. Go on."

Then I began with the solemnity with which one leads up to a dramatic situation.

"Six years ago, Mr. Leighan, you said that you had been robbed of a bag with twenty pounds in it."

"A bundle of papers and a bag with twenty sovereigns. I did. Good Heavens! one man comes in the morning about the papers, and another in the evening about the money. Go on—go on; I can bear it all."

"There is nothing to bear, I assure you, Mr. Leighan," I said, a little nettled. "Come, it is all very well to be impatient, but there are bounds."

"Go on; let me get it over."

"Was that bag of yours a brown canvas bag with your initials—D. L.—on it?"

"I thought so," he replied, strangely. "So you, too, are in the plot, are you? And you are come to tell me that I shall have the bag back without the money, are you? You in the plot? What have I ever done to you?"

"I have not the least idea what you mean. Who is in a plot? What plot?"

"George, I suppose, will appear next with another piece of the conspiracy. You are all in a tale."

"I think I had better finish what I have to say as quickly as possible. You are in a strange mood to-night, Mr. Leighan, with your plots and conspiracies—a very strange mood! Is this your bag?"

I produced it and gave it to him.

"Yes; it is the bag I lost. I never lost but one bag, so that this must be the one. As I said—the bag without the money. Well, I don't care. I have had greater misfortunes—much greater. You have come to tell me that the bag was put into your hands."

"Not at all. I found the bag; I found it on the top of Hamil Down, hidden beside the Grey Wether Stone."

"Very likely," he tossed the bag aside. "Why not there as well as any other place, when the money was once out of it?"

"But suppose the money was not taken out of it?"

He laughed incredulously.

In short, Mr. Leighan, the money was not taken out of the bag. It was hidden away at the foot of the Grey Wether Stone, where I found it by the accident of poking my stick into the place where it lay. I heard the clink of the money, and I pulled it out; and here, Mr. Leighan, are your twenty sovereigns."

I took them from my pocket, and laid them on the table in a little pile. His long, lean fingers closed over them, and he transferred them swiftly to his pocket without taking his eyes off my face, as if he feared that I might pounce upon the money.

"And what, young man, do you ask for your honesty in bringing me back my money?"

"Nothing."

"You might have kept it. I should have been none the wiser. You are rich, I suppose, or you would have kept it. Many young men would have kept it. Can I offer you a pound—yes, a pound!—for your honesty?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Leighan. I do not want a reward for common honesty. Besides, you must thank George Sidcote, not me. It was George who discovered that it was your money."

"As you please, as you please. In London you are so rich, I suppose, with your writing, that you can afford to throw away a pound well earned. As you please."

"Nobody ever believed that you were robbed, Mr. Leighan," I went on. "But the finding of the money seems to show that you really were robbed while you were insensible. Perhaps we shall find the papers, too, some day."

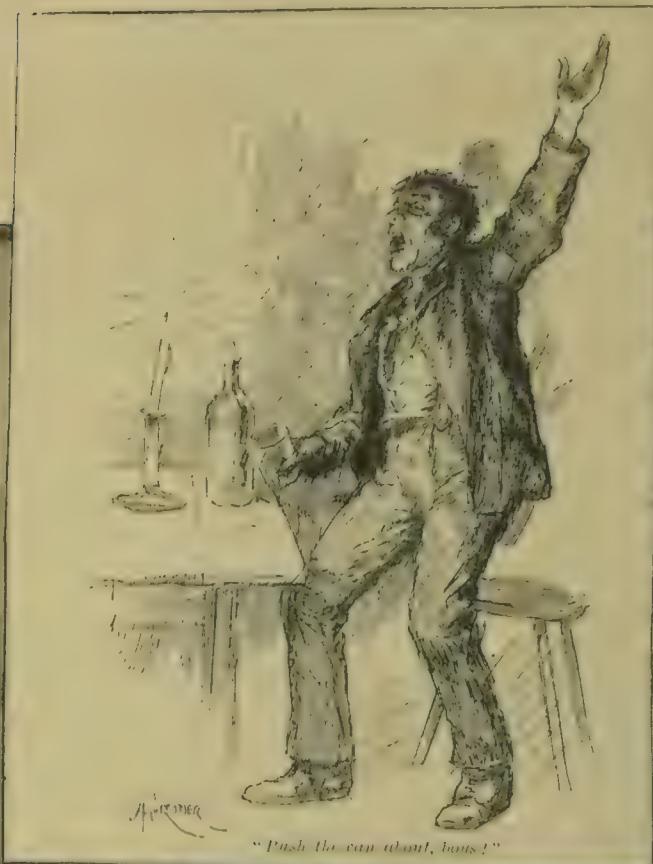
"Perhaps we shall," he said. "If they are in the hands of rogues and villains, I shall be much the better for it."

"At any rate, it shows that you did not give the money to anybody."

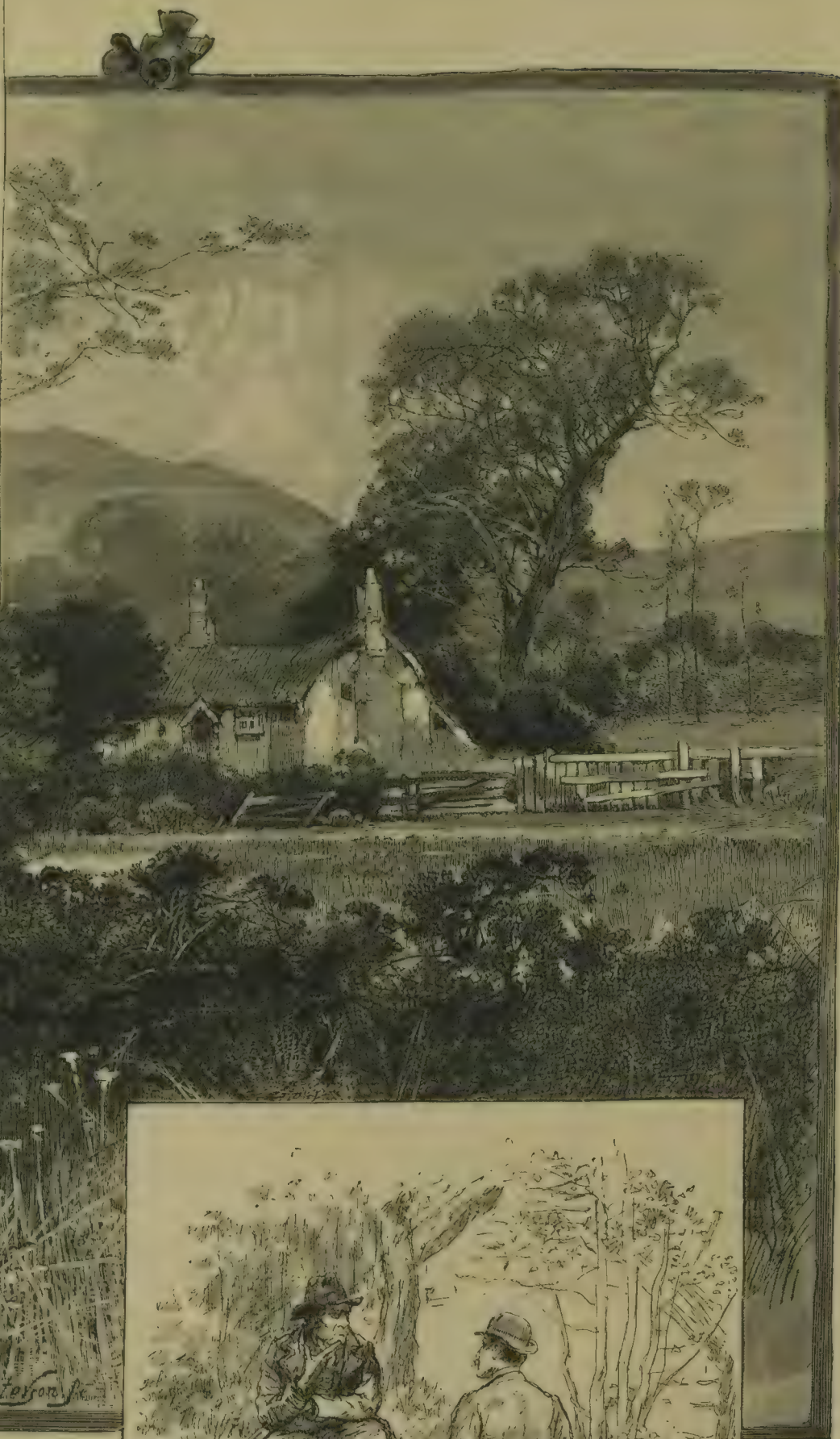
"Give the money! Will, you are a fool. Did you ever know me give money to anybody?"

"Certainly I never did."

"Well, then, enough said about my robbery. It is strange, too; both on the same day"—I knew not, then, what he



"Push the can about, boys!"



David's Cottage.

meant. "Both on the same day—and after six long years. What can this mean?"

I can readily understand, now, and by the light of all that we have learned, my extreme dullness in having such a clue and not being able to follow it up without hesitation. It was, of course, not the act of a common thief to steal a bag of gold and hide it away. And I had seen with my own eyes a man search for and find among the fallen stones of Grimspond a mysterious box, which he carried away stealthily. Yet I failed to connect David's box with Daniel's papers. To be sure, he had, so to speak, thrown me off the scent by speaking of his uncle's accident as having happened after his own departure. And I thought of the papers as in a bundle, not as in a box; and besides, I had formed a strong theory as to the contents of the box.

Yet if there was one man in the place who owed Dan Leighan a grudge it was his nephew. That should have been remembered. But again, that David should find his uncle lying senseless in the road and should rob him and go on his way without attempting to give him the least help was not to be thought of. It was incredible.

It is, I believe, a fact that novelists cannot invent any situation so wild and incredible but that real life will furnish one to rival and surpass it. In the same way there is nothing in baseness, in cruelty, in selfishness, in revenge, that can be called impossible. For this is exactly what David had done. The box which I saw him take from the fallen wall of Grimspond contained his uncle's bundle of papers; and the trouble that was hanging over this poor old man was the torture prepared for him, and already hanging over his head, of being slowly pillaged, and forced day by day to consent to new extortion.

"It seems as if the papers were stolen—now, doesn't it?" said Mr. Leighan. "I suppose you all thought I was drunk, and put them somewhere, and then fell off the pony? Yes; I've known all along that you thought that. Well, I was not drunk; I was as sober that night as I am to-night. I used to wonder who the robber was. Now I don't care to inquire; it is enough for me that I have been robbed and that I am going to be robbed again."

"Why again, Mr. Leighan?"
"Never mind why. Will," he said eagerly, "tell me—I never did any harm to you: you've never had any land to mortgage—tell me, do you know nothing of the papers? When you found this bag did you hear nothing about the papers?"

"I heard the wind singing in my ears, but it said nothing about any papers."

"Are you sure that you know nothing?" He peered into my face as if to read there some evidence of knowledge.

"I know nothing. How should I?"

"Well, it matters little; I am not concerned with the robber, but with the man who has them now. I must deal with him; and, there, you cannot help me, unless—no—no—I cannot ask it: you would not help me."

"Anyhow, Mr. Leighan, you've got your twenty pounds back again. That is something. Confess that you are pleased."

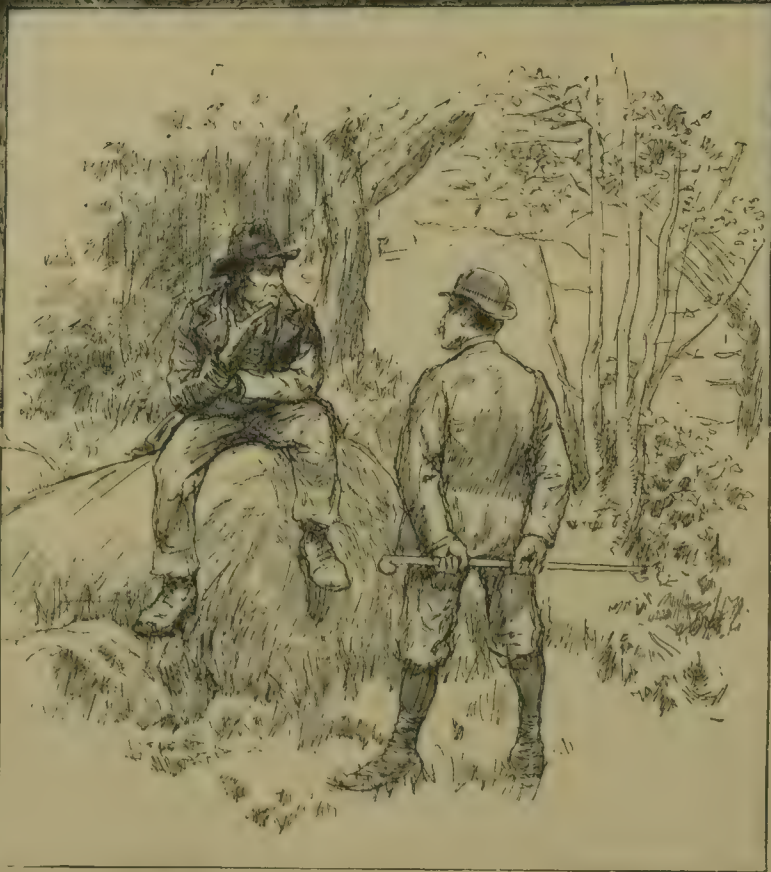
"Young man, if you torture a man all over with rheumatic pains, do you think he is pleased to find that they have left his little finger, while they are still like red-hot irons all over the rest of his body? That is my case."

"I am sorry to hear it. At the same time, twenty pounds, as I said before, is something."

"It's been lying idle for six years. Twenty pounds at compound interest—I don't spend my interest, I promise you—would now be six-and-twenty pounds, I've lost six pounds."

I laughed. A man who knows not the value of interest laughs easily. I expect, therefore, to go on laughing all the days of my life.

"As for the papers, there's a dead loss of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Think of that! All these years I've



He sat on a boulder and began to turn the thing over.

waited and hoped—yes, I've prayed—actually *prayed*—though there is no form of supplication which meets my case—that I might get my papers back again. Three thousand pounds there are, among these papers, besides the certificates and things that I could replace. Nearly all Mary's fortune lost."

"No," I said. "Don't flatter yourself that you lost any of Mary's money. It was your own money. You are trustee for Mary's fortune, remember; and you will have to pay it over in full."

He winced and groaned.
"Three thousand pounds! With the interest it would now be worth nearly four thousand pounds at five per cent. And now all as good as lost!"

"Well, Mr. Leighan, I am sorry for you, very sorry, particularly as you will have to find that fortune of Mary's very soon."

"Shall I, Master Will Nethercote? I shall give Mary her fortune when I please; not at all, unless I please. Mary has



"I have it," said George. "I believe he is giving a party to himself, in his own honour."

got to be obedient and submissive to me, else she won't get anything. When I give my consent to her marriage, and not till then—not till *then*—I shall have to deliver up her fortune. Good night to you, Will Nethercote."

CHAPTER XIV.

DRINK ABOUT.

During these days David led the life of a solitary. He sometimes went to the inn, but only to get his bottle of whisky filled, he went to the village shop on the green to buy what he wanted, and he kept wholly to himself. Except for that daily visit to Gratnor, he talked with no one.

From time to time I met him leaning over field-gates, loitering along the lanes, or sitting idly under the shade of one

of our high hedges. I supposed that his loafing and wandering life had made work of any kind distasteful to him. But then he never had liked work. His face was not a pleasant one to gaze upon, and for a stranger would have been terrifying. It was now, as regards expression, such a face as one might have met on Hounslow Heath or Shepherd's Bush in the last century, with a fierce "stand-and-deliver" look upon it—dogged, sullen, and discontented—the face of a man outside social law. He was sullen and discontented because he was always brooding over his wrongs; and dogged because he was pitilessly avenging them. At this time we knew from Mary that he went nearly every day to Gratnor, but we had no suspicion of what was said or done there. My own thoughts, indeed, were wholly occupied with the fortunes of George Sidcote, and I gave small heed to this sulky hermit. Yet, had

one thought about it, remembering how the man came home in rags, and now went clad in the garb of a respectable farmer, and denied himself nothing, one might have suspected something at least of the trouble which was hanging over the poor old man.

"David," I asked him, meeting him one day face to face so that he could not slip out of the way, "why do you never come over to Sidcote? Have we offended you in any way?"

"No," he replied, slowly, as if he was thinking what he ought to reply. "No; I don't know exactly that you have offended me."

"Then why not come sometimes?"

"Why not?" he repeated.

"Come over this evening and tell us what you think about doing."



"Well, come through the gate then, Mary."

"No. I don't think I can go over this evening."

"Well, then, to-morrow evening."

"No. I don't think I can go over to-morrow evening."

"Choose your own time, but come before I go back to London."

"When are you going back to London?"

"Next week."

"George will be turned out of his place before the end of the year. The old man told me so. Then he'll go, too. Mary says she'll go with George. Then I shall be left alone with Uncle Dan." He laughed quietly. "I think I shall go and live at Grator and take care of him. We shall have happy times together, when you are all gone and I am left alone with him."

"Why, David, you wouldn't harm the poor old man now, would you?"

"Not harm him? not harm him? Did you ask him six years ago if he was going to harm me? Will he harm George Sidcote now?"

You cannot force a man to be sociable, nor can you force him to entertain thoughts of charity, forgiveness, and long-suffering. I made no more attempts to lead the man back to better ways and the old habits.

The place where David lodged was a cottage made up by partitioning off a portion of the old farm-house of Berry; the other portion, intended for another cottage, was without a tenant. The place stands among the dismantled farm-buildings, for Berry Farm is now worked with Grator. Around it was formerly the farm-yard, but the ducks and poultry, the pigs and cows, the dogs, the farm implements, and all the litter, mess, and noise of a farm are gone now, and only the gates remain to show what formerly went on here. On the south side of the farm-yard there is a rill of clear spring water running into a basin, and behind the rill rise the steep sides of Hayne Down. It is a quiet and secluded spot, with not a habitation of any kind within half a mile, and that only on one side. There are trees all round the place, and in the night a man living here alone would hear strange noises and, perhaps, bring himself to see strange sights. But David, who had got rid of one ghost, had not, I believe, yet invented another. If one were sentimental, David might be portrayed alone in the cottage, sad, amid the pale ghosts of the past; he might be depicted sitting among the shadows of his childhood, before he took to drink and evil courses, recalling the long-lost scenes of innocence, listening once more to the voice of his dead mother. All this might be easily set down, but it could not be true: David had had enough of ghosts, and was not going out of his way to look for any new ones. There is no doubt a luxury in conjuring up a ghost of anyone; but if you have had one with you against your will for six years, you are not likely to want another when that one is laid.

One evening, towards the end of August, we had been walking with Mary on the Ridge till sunset drove us home. Then we left her at Grator, and walked back to Sidcote, but as the night was cool and fine, we took the longer way which lies over Hayne Down and passes through Berry farm-yard. Certainly we had no intention of prying into David's private habits, but they were forced upon our notice, and a very curious insight was afforded us of how he spent his evenings. It speaks volumes for a man when we find that his idea of a cheerful evening is a song and a glass with a festive company. I was once on board ship sitting in the smoking-saloon, when someone asked what we should all like for that evening. Some spoke untruthfully: some, affectedly: some, bashfully: some with an open-hearted candour which astonished. At last, one man, a quiet person in the corner, said, "For my part, gentlemen, give me an evening with a party of Norfolk drovers." Ever since that occasion I have ardently desired to spend an evening in such company, but I have not succeeded. If David had been there he would have replied that he should choose a company where the drink was unlimited and the songs were convivial.

It was not much past eight, and twilight still. It had been a hot day, and the evening was still warm, though not oppressive. David, however, had put up the green shutter which by day hung down outside the window; and he had closed the door. But in a cottage shutter there is always a lozenge-shaped hole at the top, and through this we perceived that there was a light in the room.

"David is at home," said George. "Shall we call upon him?"

Then—it was the most surprising thing I ever heard—there was suddenly a burst of applause from the room. Hands and fists banged the table, glasses rang, heels were drummed upon the floor, and there was the bawling of loud voices, as it seemed.

"Good heavens!" said George; "David has got a party."

We stopped, naturally, to listen.

Then a song began.

It was a drinking song, roared at the top of his voice by David himself. The song was one which I had never heard before, probably of American or Australian origin. As nearly as I can remember, the following were the words which we heard. But I may be wrong, and there were, perhaps, many more. The words are so sweet and tender, and have about them so much of delicacy and refinement, that I am sorry there are no more—

Push the can about, boys,
Turn and turn about, boys,
Till the liquor's out, boys,
Let the glasses clink.
Every man is bound, boys,
To sing his song around, boys,
Till we all are drowned, boys,
In the drink.
Till we all are drowned, boys,
In the drink.

"David is obliging the company," I said. "'Tis a pleasing ditty, George."

He sang, as I have said, as loudly as he possibly could bawl it, in a voice naturally rosy; and as his musical education had been neglected, and his ear was defective, the tune was the most dismal and doleful I had ever heard. But, no doubt, he took it to be convivial and soul-inspiring.

When he had finished there was another banging of tables, hollowing, and stamping on the floor.

"Who can the company be?" asked George.

David began the song again, and repeated it half through. Then he left off suddenly and there was a dead silence.

We listened, waiting to hear more. There was a dead silence; not a sound.

"What is the matter with them all?"

"I believe they are all struck dumb," said George.

The silence was complete.

"I have it," said George. "I believe he is giving a party to himself, in his own honour. He is all alone, and is having a convivial evening. It is very queer; makes one feel uneasy, doesn't it?"

This, indeed, was actually the case. Fancy holding a convivial meeting—a friendly lead—a harmonic evening—a free-and-easy—a sing-song—all by yourself in a cottage half a mile from any other house, with the flowing bowl and glasses round, and three times three, and, no doubt, a doh and darroch to end with!

"I think, George," I said, "that David must have gone

very low indeed. He could not have got much lower. There must be a depth, at some point, where a sinking man meets with the solid rock."

"Perhaps. The Lord keep us from beginning to sink. Will, do you think it possible, when that old man has taken my land, and I have gone wandering about the world, and have come home in rags, that I should ever sink like David—and drag Mary with me?"

"Nay, George; it is impossible."

Then the roysterer began again, his voice being now distinctly that of a man half drunk, from which we gathered that the interval of silence had been well employed:—

Every man is bound, boys,
To sing his song around, boys;

and then we went on our way. It seemed shameful even to listen.

And all the time, every day, this man who got drunk at night alone was carrying on, slowly and ruthlessly, the most systematic revenge, with the most exquisite tortures. Every day he went to Grator and dangled before his victim some of his property, and made him buy it back bit by bit, haggling over the bargain; letting his uncle have it one day cheap, so as to raise his spirits; and the next, at nearly its full value, so as to crush him again; and even at times, after an hour's bargain over a single coupon, he would put it in the fire and destroy it.

When David went away, the poor old man would fall to weeping—this hard, dry old man, whom nothing ever moved before, would shed tears of impotent and bitter rage. But he refused to tell Mary what was troubling him.

"I can't tell you what it is," he said. "You don't know what the consequences might be if I told you. Oh! Mary, I am a miserable old man. I wish I was dead and buried and that it was all over—I wish it was all over!"

There are many men who, when anything goes wrong with them; when Retribution—a very horrid spectre—comes with a cat-o'-nine-tails to pay them out; or when Consequence—another very ruthless spirit—brings along disease, poverty, contempt, or other disaster, never fail to wish that they were dead and buried. It is a formula expressing considerable temporary vexation, but little more. For if the well-known skeleton were to take them at their word, and to invite them to take part with him in a certain festive procession and dance, they would make the greatest haste to excuse themselves, and to express their sincere regret at having given Madame La Mort the trouble of calling upon them. "Another time, perhaps, if Madame should be passing that way; but, indeed, there is no hurry; if Madame will be so obliging as to— Good morning, Madame. Again, a thousand pardons." Mr. Leighan, perhaps, was more sincere than most men. For he loved but one thing in the world; and this was being slowly taken from him, bit by bit.

"It is something," said Mary, "to do with David. I will go and speak to him about it."

"No, Mary; no," he cried eagerly. "Mind your own business, child. Don't attempt to interfere. Oh! you don't know what might happen if you interfered."

"It is David, then. Very well, uncle; I shall not ask him what it is."

"I can't tell anybody, Mary; I must bear it in patience. If I resist I shall only lose the more. Mary, we've got to be very careful in the house-keeping, now—very careful."

"I am always careful, uncle."

"There was a pudding again to-day. I can't afford any more puddings for a long while—not till Christmas. And I'm sure there's waste and riot in the kitchen."

"Nonsense, uncle! You not to afford a pudding? Now, remember, you are not to be starved, and there's no waste or riot. Now I'll mix your brandy-and-water, and you can have your pipe, and go to sleep."

CHAPTER XV.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

I terminated my holiday with a meddling and a muddling. Of course, I was actuated by the best intentions. Every meddler and muddler is. Otherwise, he might be forgiven.

I was going back to town, it would be eleven months before I should get another holiday—long before that time Sidcote would be out of George's hands, and the pair would be married and gone. Was it possible to make an appeal to the old man? Could one touch him with the sense of gratitude? Could one make him feel that in his own interests he should not drive away the only living creature who stood between himself and the hired service of strangers. Could one make him see that it would be far better for him to give the money to Mary than to David?

I made my attempt—needless to say, since it was meddling and muddling, with no success—on my last evening at Challacombe, when the old man had taken his tea, and might reasonably be expected to be milder than during the press of business in the morning.

I had not seen him for three weeks. Remember, that for more than three weeks David had been pursuing his scheme of revenge. I was struck with the change that had come over him during this short period. It was that subtle change which we mean when we say that a man has "aged." In Mr. Leighan's case, his hands trembled, he looked feebler, and there was a loss of vitality in his eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked, impatiently. "You are come for Mary? Well, she isn't here. You ought to know that she always goes out after tea. You will find her somewhere about—on the Ridge or down the lane, somewhere." He turned his head, and took up his pen again. I observed that he was poring over a paper of figures.

"No, Mr. Leighan: I came to see you."

"What do you want with me? Money? No; you are one of the people who don't want money. The last time you came you brought me my bag, with the twenty pounds in it. That was very little good, considering; but it was something. You haven't got another bag of money, have you?"

"No; I have come to see you about George and Mary."

"Go on, then. Say what you want to say. When a man is tied to his chair, he is at the mercy of everyone who comes to waste his time."

This was encouraging. However, I spoke to him as eloquently as I could. I told him he ought to consider how Mary had been his housekeeper and his nurse for six long years, during which he had been helplessly confined to his chair. If he refused his consent to her marriage, she would go away, not only from his house, but from the parish; he would be left in the hands of strangers, who would waste and spoil his substance. I thought that would move him.

"Young man," he said, "I never asked for, or expected, any other service than what is paid for. Mary's services have been paid for. If she goes I shall find another person, who will be paid for her services."

"Nay," I replied, "you cannot possibly rate Mary's services with those of a paid housekeeper. You will very soon find the difference. However, if that is your way of looking at the matter, I can say no more."

Then I spoke of George, and of his mortgage. If Mr. Leighan gave his consent, no money would be lost, because

Mary's fortune would pay off nearly the whole of the mortgage. And, besides, he would keep Mary near him, if not with him. A great deal more I said, which need not be set down.

"Young man," he said, when I concluded, "you are a writing person, and you speak as if you were writing for the newspaper which employs you. Business you know nothing of. But, young man, sentiment must not come in the way of business."

I exclaimed that it was not sentiment, but common-sense, gratitude, and good feeling.

"As for common-sense, that belongs to business; as for gratitude, Mary has had her board and her bed, and she's done her work to earn her board and her bed—I don't see any call for gratitude there; as for good feeling, that's my business. Now, young man, George Sidcote's land is mortgaged. As he says he can no longer pay the interest, I have sent up the case to London and have got the usual order: he has six months in which to pay principal and interest. At the end of that time, because he can't and he won't pay, his land will be mine. As for what is done afterwards, I promise nothing."

"I will lose Mary, for one thing."

"I have told you that I in that case shall hire another person."

"Very well. You will have to pay Mary's fortune to her cousin David; because she will marry without your consent."

"Have the goodness, Mr. Will Nethercote, to leave me to my own affairs."

"This affair is mine, as well as yours! Do you prefer David to Mary? You must choose between them, you know: I have read the will."

"Oh! you think you have got me between the two, do you?"

"I do!"

"Then perhaps you are wrong. And now go away, and meddle no more."

Now I declare that in saying what I did say next I spoke without the least knowledge. It was a random shot.

"You think," I said, "that David does not know of his aunt's will. You hope that he will go away presently without finding out." He started and changed colour, and in his eye I read the truth. He thought that David would never find out. "So, Mr. Leighan," I went on: "that is in your mind. He lives alone, and speaks to no one: his aunt died after he went away: it is very possible that he does not know anything about it. Good heavens! Mr. Leighan, were you actually thinking to hide the thing from him and so to rob him? Yes; to rob Mary first and David afterwards, of all this money?"

"What business is it of yours?" he asked.

"Very good: I shall tell David!"

"Oh! if I were thirty instead of seventy, I would"—he began, his eyes flashing again with all their ancient fire.

"I shall go to David, Mr. Leighan. If, as I believe, he knows nothing about it, you will see how he will receive the news. Yes; you shall be between the two: you shall choose between David and Mary."

Yes; I had stumbled on the exact truth, as accidentally as I had stumbled on the canvas bag. David did not know, nor had his uncle chosen to inform him—though he was certain from his talk that he did not know—of his aunt's will, deeply as it affected him. And I am now quite certain that the old man thought that David would not find out the truth before he went away again, and so he would keep the money to himself.

"Don't tell him, Will," said the old man, changing his tone. "Don't interfere between David and me: it is dangerous. You don't know what mischief you may be doing. Don't tell him. As for George and Mary, I will arrange something. They shall go on at Sidcote as tenants on easy terms—on very easy terms. But don't tell David. He is a very dangerous man. Don't tell him."

"I will not tell him anything if you will give Mary your consent."

"David will not stay here long. When he has got—oh dear!—when he has got some more money he will go away. Don't tell him."

"You have to give that money either to Mary or to David. Choose!" I repeated.

"Who are you, I should like to know," he asked, with a feeble show of anger, "that you should come and interfere in family matters? What business is it of yours? Go away to London. Manage your own affairs—if you've got any. You are not my nephew!"

"That is quite true. I am George's friend, however, and Mary's friend. I am going to do my best for both. Oh! Mr. Leighan, all your life long you have been scheming and plotting to get money and land. You think that you have laid your terms so as to turn George out of his land; and the prize looks very nearly in your grasp. But David has come back, that alters the aspect of affairs. You can no longer refuse your consent and hold that money in pretended trust for a man you believed to be dead. You must hand it over to him—the whole of it. I do not know whether he cannot force you to pay him back the interest upon it since it has been in your hands. You may be quite sure that he will extort from you the uttermost farthing. Well, you have the choice. Either give your consent to Mary, or prepare to treat with David. Why, you have said yourself, business before sentiment. Here is business, indeed, before you. Trust yourself to the affection of your niece and the friendship of George, the truest man in the world; or else give yourself over to the deadly hatred of a man who desires nothing so much as to revenge himself upon you. Why, he has avowed it. He will do you—he says it openly—all the mischief he can."

"He is doing that already. And yet—don't tell him, Will—let us arrange something. George shall be my tenant. And when I die, I shall leave all my property to Mary—Foxworthy, Grator, Berry Down, and Sidcote. Think of that. She will be the richest woman in Challacombe."

"No," I replied, "in Chalcote between Mary and David."

"I must have Sidcote," he said, with a kind of moan. "The poor man had certainly aged very much in a few weeks. He clutched at the arms of his chair, his face twitched convulsively, and he spoke feebly. 'I have lost so much lately—I have suffered so horribly—you don't know how, young man, or you would pity me. I have been punished, perhaps, because I was too prosperous—you don't know how, and you can't guess. If I lose Sidcote, too, I shall die. You don't know, young gentleman—you don't know what it is to suffer as I have suffered!'"

He looked so dejected and so miserable that I pitied him, grasping and avaricious as he had always been. The ransom of his coupons, day by day, had entered into his soul, though this I knew not at the time. And now I was going to take away the only consolation left to him—the prospect of getting Sidcote and of keeping Mary's fortune.

"I must have Sidcote," he said.

"Then I shall go at once to David and tell him."

"I must have Sidcote. Do your worst!" he cried, with some appearance of his old fire and energy. "Do your worst. Tell David what you please, and leave me to deal with David. I will!"—He shook his head, and pointed to the door. Very

(Continued on page 32.)

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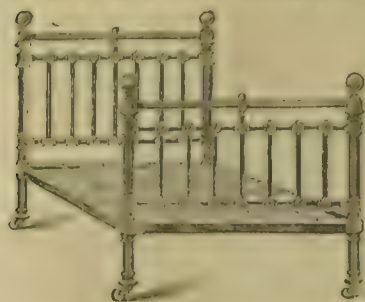
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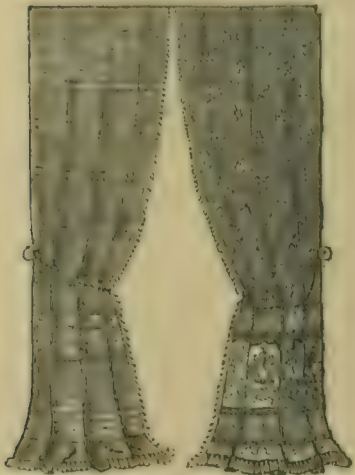
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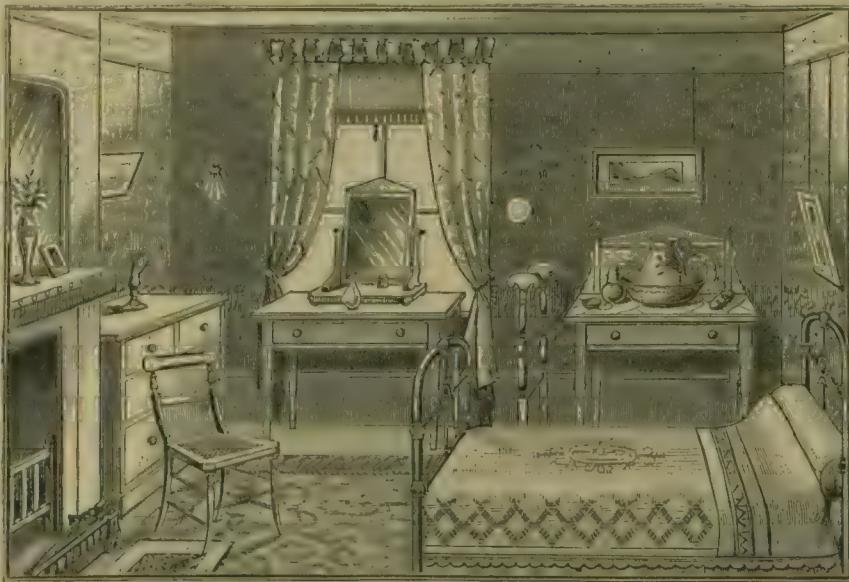
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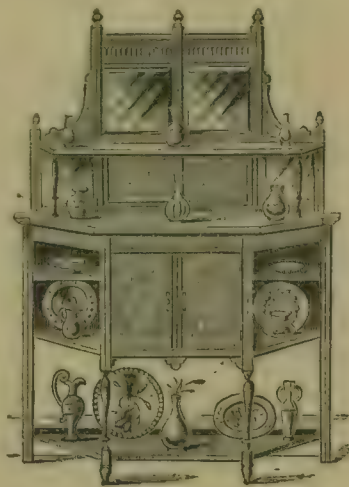
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well, I would go and tell David. As the event happened, I should, perhaps, have done better to have kept silence. But one could not tell beforehand what was going to happen.

In fact, I told David that very evening.

He was sitting at his table, a large open book before him, over which he was poring intently. The window was open, for it was a hot evening and not yet sunset. A bottle of spirits stood on the table, with a tumbler and a jug of cold water, ready for drinking-time, which I gathered would shortly begin.

He looked up when he heard my step outside, and shut the book hurriedly.

"What do you want here?" he asked, roughly. "Why do you come prying after me?"

"Don't be a fool, David," I replied. "If you come outside, I will tell you why I came."

He hesitated a moment and then came out. Really, I think he looked more disreputable—that is to say, lower—than when he arrived in rags. A man may, perhaps, be in rags, and yet not be disreputable: he may wear them picturesquely, he may even wear them with dignity. Not that David was either picturesque or dignified on his arrival. Yet he looked better somehow than now, when he had been at home a month. Strong drink and plenty of it, the satisfying of revenge and hatred, the want of work and exercise, had already written their evil marks upon his countenance, which was bloated and evil-looking.

"Upon my word, David," I said, "one would think we were old enemies instead of old friends."

"Speak up, then," he replied, his eyes suspicious and watchful, as if I was trying to get into his cottage and steal something. "Speak up; let a man know your business. If you had no business you would not come here, I take it."

"It is business that may concern you very deeply," I said. And then I told him.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I suppose you mean honest, else why should you tell me? Perhaps you've got a score against the old man, too."

"Not I, David. I am not his debtor!"

"He never told me. He might have told me a dozen times."

David sat on a boulder and began to turn the thing over. "This wants thinking of, this does. So the old woman had six thousand, had she? She began with one, and Mary's mother had one—a thousand each; and my father had Berry Down, and Uncle Daniel he had Grator. She lived with him, and he told her what to do with her money; so in forty years she made six thousand of it; and Mary is to have it if she marries with her uncle's consent, and, if she doesn't, I'm to have it."

"That is, exactly, the state of the case."

"If Mary marries George without the old man's consent," he repeated, "he'll have to give me all that money—six thousand pounds."

"Mary will marry George with or without her uncle's

consent; I can tell you that beforehand. She will marry him within a very few weeks."

"Nay," he said; "rather than give me the money he'd let her marry the blacksmith."

"Well; I have told you."

"Why," he said, "rather than give me the money he'd let her marry the Devil."

At this point I came away, for fear he might try even to get beyond that possibility; and the mess I had almost made of the whole business proves, as I said before, that there is no excuse, whatever, for the best intentions.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAVID MAKES A PROPOSAL.

"Quick, David, quick!" cried the old man, eagerly. "Let us get to work. Oh! you waste half the morning; let us get on. At this rate," he sighed, "we shall take months before I have got back the property."

"There will be no trade this morning, uncle," David replied, standing in the doorway. It was a week after I had told him the truth. He had been turning it over in his mind in the interval.

"Why not? David, if you were nearly seventy you would be anxious to get on; you would not shilly-shally over a single bit of paper. Let us get on, David. Oh! you've got all the

power now, and I am in your hands. I won't grumble, David. No, take your own time, my boy; take your own time."

The poor old man was strangely altered in four or five weeks that he should thus humble himself before his nephew. But David had all the power so long as he had any of those coupons left.

"We go so slow, David; and I am so old."

David sat down with great deliberation, and as if he meant to stay a long time. But he had not with him his book of coupons.

"Surely not too slow for you, uncle. Why, you are a patient man, if ever there was one. How many years did you wait, laying your lines to catch me and my land? No one can go too slow for you if he only keeps moving in the right direction. How many years have you laid low for George Sidcote? No—no; not too slow for you."

"I'm an old man now, David. Let me have done with the business at once."

"Not too slow for me," David went on; "why, I can wait ten years. It is such a treat, you see, for me to be selling you your own property, and to watch you buying it, that I could go on for ever. I really could." I think that he spoke the truth here, for the man was implacable and pitiless, and enjoyed every day more and more the spectacle of his uncle lying at his feet begging for mercy. If any gleam of pity softened his soul, the sight of the fields which had once been his hardened it again.

"You little thought when I came home that I was going to give you so much trouble, did you, Uncle Daniel? You thought you had the whip hand over me always, didn't you? But you—first the fall from your pony, then the loss of your papers, then the stroke, then my coming home and finding those papers—all part of the Judgment!—and now there's more to follow."

"What more? Oh! David; what more?" the helpless old man only groaned.

Think of it. Outside, the splendid sun of August lay over the hills and combs, the woods and fields: the place was the most rural spot in all England, the farthest removed from the haunts of men and the vices of cities: in the next room was the most innocent girl in the world; close by was the little hamlet of Watercourt, where the people might be rude and, perhaps, unwashed, but were yet full of the simple virtues which linger among country folk. And here, in this room, in an atmosphere of age and weakness, the fire burning in midsummer, the windows closed, were an old man, paralysed and near his end, yet plotting and planning for the money he could never use, and a young man playing upon him a scheme of revenge worthy of the good old days when a King thought nothing of pulling out a Jew's teeth one by one until he parted with his coin.

"To-day, uncle, I have come to talk about my aunt's will."

"Then he told you? He said he would."

"Will Nethercote told me: you did not. You thought that as soon as our little business was finished I should go away, and never come back any more. You thought you would keep the money, did you? Not so, uncle; not so!"

"He told you, did he? I wish I could be even with Will for that."

"You can't, you know, because he has got no land; and so you can't lay any plots and plans for him."

"I thought you would never find it out, David," Mr. Leighan confessed, with somewhat surprising candour. "I soon found that you knew nothing about it, and that you never go about and talk; and I was pretty certain that you would never find out. Well, now you know, what difference does it make? You are no nearer the money."

"We shall see. My aunt might just as well have left it to me as to you. To be sure, I never thought she had half so much. She began with a thousand. She must have pinched and saved."

"She was a wise and a thrifty woman, and she understood, with my help, how to place her money to the best advantage. She ought to have left it all to me, because I made it for her. She always said she would. But there—you can never trust a woman in a matter of real importance. And, besides, she was two years younger than me, and thought to outlive me. Well—well!"

"She left it to Mary, on the condition of her marrying with your consent; and, if not, the money was to go to me. And if I was dead—and you pretended to think I was dead—the will said nothing. So you thought you could stick to the money. Uncle, you're a foxy one! You ought to be in the States, and thirty years younger. There you would find yourself at home, with plenty of opportunity. Well, I am wiser now than I was. And see now, uncle, I don't mean to go away until this question is settled. What are you going to do?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Keep it to yourself, then. I will tell you what you thought you were going to do. I've worked it all out. First, if you let George and Mary get married before the law lets you take Sidcote, you will lose Sidcote." He began, in his slow way, to tick off his points upon his fingers. "That's first thing. After you have got Sidcote, you will be still loth to let the money go, and you will keep Mary waiting on. You think that I shall soon go. Then you will keep the money as long as you live. But suppose they were to marry without your consent, all the money comes to me—comes to me. Very well, then; comes to me. That sticks, doesn't it? You can let them marry now—and you will lose Sidcote: you can let them marry after you have got Sidcote—and you will have to pay up: if you keep on refusing your consent, you can keep the money as long as you like—unless they marry without. Then, you've got to give it to me—to me, uncle. You've had a taste of me already."

He waited a little. His uncle said nothing, but watched him from under his long, white eyebrows—not contemptuously, as on the first interview after his return, but with the respect due to the strength of the situation.

"Very well, then; you would rather give that money to Mary than to me. But you would like to get Sidcote; you hate the thought of giving it to me, you intended to keep it to yourself. Yet there is no way out of it if you want Sidcote. Perhaps you think you would give it to Mary, after you have got Sidcote. But suppose she marries before? then you would be obliged to give it all to me. See here," he put the dilemma once more as if to make it quite clear to himself, as well as to his uncle: "if you give your consent now, you lose Sidcote; if you give it after you have got Sidcote, you will have to pay Mary all her fortune; if they marry without your consent, you will have to pay me all the money. Perhaps Mary will go on all your life, waiting for consent; perhaps I shall go away; perhaps she will marry without your consent. Which would you like best?"

"Go on, David; perhaps you are going to propose something."

"I have been thinking things over, uncle. You are getting old; you may die any day: then Mary would be free. It is true that she might marry to-morrow, in which case I should be entitled to everything. But I don't think she would be such a fool. If I were Mary I should wait. You are seventy

now, and you've lost the use of your legs. You can't last very long. I should wait if I was Mary. Yes; it might be a year or two; it couldn't be longer."

His uncle heard without any emotion this argument in favour of his approaching demise—country people use plainness of speech about such matters—but he felt himself very far from dying, as masterful men always do up to the very end.

"Well, David, supposing that what you say is common-sense, what next? If Mary marries at once she is a fool, and then I have you to reckon with. There is a good bit outstanding on the old account, and I don't suppose there would be much coming to you when compound interest and all comes to be reckoned up."

"As for your outstanding accounts, we shall see when the time comes. And as for compound interest, it will be for you to pay that on my aunt's six thousand pounds."

"The interest went for the keep of Mary."

"I haven't heard that there's a word about that in the will. You've had her services as housekeeper for five years, and you've pocketed the interest. Why, I take it that you made five per cent. That's three hundred a year. There will be a beautiful day of reckoning, uncle. The sale of your coupons is nothing to it."

"You were going to make a proposal, David?"

"Not a proposal—not exactly an offer. What do you say to this, uncle? Mary won't be such a fool as to marry yet. If she doesn't, you've only got to keep on refusing your consent, and then she must either marry without or not marry at all."

"David, it's a terrible misfortune that you are come back," his uncle interrupted.

"It is—to you. Well; she must either marry without your consent or not marry at all as long as you live. You will live a year or two longer. Then you will die, and she will have the whole of it. That is so, isn't it?"

"Go on."

"Buy me off, old man."

"Always buy—always buy!"

"To be sure. You've got to buy your own property back, because I've come home. You've got to buy me out on the chance of the money coming to me. Please yourself. What do you say to buying me out at a thousand?"

"A thousand pounds?"

"Yes, Uncle Daniel; a thousand pounds. And a very moderate figure, too. Consider: if they were to get married, you'll make five thousand by the bargain, not to speak of interest. If they don't, you'll have the satisfaction of giving your nephew a thousand pounds back out of the property you've robbed him of."

"A thousand pounds!"

"That is the figure, uncle. Is it a deal?"

"I'll think of it, David. A thousand pounds! I'll think it over."

Said I not that persons with the best intentions can never be forgiven? Here were matters worse than ever: the old man's heart hardened the more; his cupidity awakened; and David with a deeper treachery in his mind to take revenge upon his uncle. And all my fault!

CHAPTER XVII. A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

One has had to say so many hard things of the unfortunate David, and he appears in so singularly unattractive a light, that it is pleasant, before one parts with him altogether, to record one occasion on which he showed a gleam of a better self surviving the degradation of six years. In fact, David had not reached that lowest of all levels, that solid rock, that hard pass, which is, in fact, the Earthly Hell. Doubt not that it exists, though perhaps we look for it in vain among the rags and tatters of the direst poverty. It is not there that we shall find it. In this dismal stratum the men and women live wholly for themselves, and fight and grab, and waste and devour, intent only on getting all that there is to be had, each for himself, of roasted meats and strong drink, and the pleasures which are symbolised by these. It is a land of Purity—of Pure Selfishness, that is—unmixed and unabashed. Perhaps David sojourned a while in that country during the mysterious period when he tramped, rambled, trampled, roamed, wandered, and vagabondised somewhere across the great continent of North America. He came out of it, I think, when he left California, after a series of adventures which would have done credit to a freebooter or a filibuster; but concerning which we had glimpses only all too short for the natural curiosity of man.

He came home with those six years of wandering upon his back; every year adding its contribution to the great bundle of debasement which he carried. Pilgrim Christian's burden, though it does not appear to have grown smaller between the time when he began to groan under it until the time when he cast it off, is not recorded to have grown bigger. David's, alas! grew bigger every day. Unhappily, too, he was as unconscious of his burden as if it had been a hump. He came home debased; he was below the level of the honest labourers once his servants; and he was possessed by the Evil Spirit of Hatred, which filled him always and all day long with thoughts of revenge, pitiless and cruel. And yet he had not fallen quite into the Earthly Hell. It was Mary who found this out. I suppose it was only to be expected, if anybody should discover a weak spot in a man's Whole Armour of Selfishness, that it should be such a girl.

She went to plead with him for her uncle. He was in the deserted farmyard of Berry, with its tumble-down buildings. He leaned against the gate, a pipe in his mouth, thinking always of the fields he had lost, and the way in which they had been taken from him. It is unwholesome for a man to sit in the place which had been his, and to be brooding day after day upon how he lost it. Boabdil had few days of joy left to him, I dare say, after he rode away from Granada; but his mild sorrow and the resignation of his latter years would have been turned to madness had he continued to live within the walls of the city, and marked, day by day, the insolence and triumph of his conquerors.

While David looked before him, thinking of the past, and carefully forgetting all his own share in his ruin, as was his wont, and fanning the fierce flames of resentment within him, as was also his wont, he became aware that his cousin Mary was coming up the lane. Of course, his first thought was to get out of her way; but as he thought slowly, and Mary walked quickly, there was no time to carry that idea into effect.

"Don't run away, David," she said; "I came to talk with you."

"Well," knocking the ashes out of his pipe, which was done; "come through the gate then, Mary. Will you talk in the cottage, or will you talk here?"

"Let us stay outside—here, in the shade, David. Do you guess what I have come to say?"

"I might guess," he replied, slowly; "on the other hand, again, I might not. Better say it, Mary."

"It is this, cousin. When will you cease to worry your uncle?"

"Did he tell you that I worry him? Has he been complaining?"

"No. He even denies that you have any share in the new trouble that seems to have fallen upon him. But I know that it is caused by you. After every one of your morning visits he is miserable. Every day he grows more nervous and more irritable. He sheds tears when he is alone—I have seen him, David. I am quite sure that you are the cause of his trouble."

"Well, Mary; perhaps you are right. I may be the cause of it. Perhaps, I may be the cause of a good deal more trouble before I have done."

"Oh! David, think—he is an old man; he is afflicted with paralysis; you are hastening his end. What good will it do to you if you worry him into his grave? Will that restore the past? Will that make you what you used to be?"

"Nay, that it will not do. But when I see him at my mercy, crying for pity, I think of the day when I came to ask him to lend me a poor fifty pounds, with which to try my luck in Canada, and he laughed me in the face."

"Well, then, David, does it do you any good to remember that day?"

"Yes"—he added a great oath, meaning that it did him an extraordinary amount of good to remember that day.

"I cannot believe that. Let the past be dead, David, and live for the future."

"You don't know what you are saying, Mary. What should you know about it? You are only a girl!"—he spoke roughly and rudely, but not unkindly—"what do you know? Let the past be dead? Why, all the world is crying because the past won't die. I only wish the past would die." Here it seems to me David hit upon a profound truth: for very nearly all the world—not quite—it would be, unhappily, far better if the past would die.

"Resolve that it shall die, David; and live for better things."

"If the past should die," he said slowly, leaning one arm over the gate; "if the past should die, Mary, I should forget that I was once a substantial man who sat respected at the market ordinary, rode my own horse, and farmed my own land. I should forget that I had to go away from my native place, and take ship with the lowest emigrants. I should forget—Mary," he whispered, "I can trust you—I have told no one else—I should forget that I had been in prison—yes, in prison!"

"David!" she shrank from him, but recovered and laid her hand softly upon his.

"Yes; in prison. And now I am no longer fit to sit and talk with George and you. But I am fit to talk with my uncle, because, bad as I am, he is worse."

"But if he is, David; if he is, forgive him."

"Never!" Again he swore a great oath, almost as great as that of the Norman King. "I will never forgive him, or forget him. Such as I am now, he made me. Mary, don't ask me to forgive him. He had no mercy upon me, and I will have none upon him."

"When it is all over, David, and your uncle is dead, will it please you to think of your revenge?"

"Yes, it will; I shall always be pleased to think that I could pay back something—I don't care how much—of what he made me suffer. Look at me, Mary, and remember what I was. Do you think I cannot remember, too?"

"Oh, David! But to keep alive such a spirit of revenge!"

"Wait, Mary; he has got George in his grip now. Wait; if George goes away and wanders about like me, and takes to drink and bad companions, and comes back to you in rags, with the past that won't die—and a prison, maybe—would you ever forgive your uncle for sending him away?"

"God forbid that I should be so tempted!" said the girl, shuddering.

"You don't know what may happen; therefore, don't come to me about my uncle. Why, cousin, if you only knew what is in his mind about you this minute, you would say, 'Stick to him, David; worry him like a terrier with a rat—squeeze the life out of him!' That is what you would say, Mary!"

"No! Whatever is in his mind, I could not say that; I believe that I could not even think it."

"Why, you have been his housekeeper and his servant for five long years, without any wages!"

"No, I have kept my fowls," said Mary.

"And you've looked after the old man as no other woman in the world would have done; you've borne with his bad temper and his miserly habits, and now his reward is to rob your lover of his land and to cheat you out of your fortune. Yet you want me to spare him!"

Great passions are commonly supposed to belong, exclusively, to great men. A Louis Quatorze is so great and grand that he consigns a Fouquet to a life-long prison, and condemns the Man with the Iron Mask to be doomed to oblivion utter. A Louis Onze, another great King, keeps an enemy long years in a cage in which he cannot stand upright. There are many noble and spirit-stirring stories of the implacable hatred and wrath of Kings and nobles, and some of the Gods of Olympus. But that a rough and common man, degraded by his own vices, fallen from his own respectable condition, should entertain such an implacable passion of revenge—that seems, indeed, remarkable.

"I will worry him," said David, "as long as I can. I will never spare him. I've got another—but never mind. Oh! when you are gone, Mary, he shall have a life that he little dreams of now!"

"David! it is terrible. Can nothing move you?"

"Nothing, Mary; not even you. And mind you, don't try to put yourself between him and me, because he won't stand it. It isn't me that won't stand it, because I don't greatly care who knows; but it's him. He likes me to come; he watches for me and waits for me, though he knows that when I am gone he will turn and wriggle in his chair, and cry and curse. Yet he wants me back. Say no more about it, Mary."

It was indeed useless to try further persuasions. Mary was silent. Her cousin, worked up by his wrath, stood before her with purple cheeks and flaming eyes.

"I must go away soon," she said. "I cannot let George go out into the world without anyone. And then I must leave him—alone."

"Yes; but he will have me," said David, grimly.

"Well, I have said what I came to say, David; and I have done no good. If you would only forget."

"I cannot forget. Stay, Mary: one thing I must say. Remember afterwards that I said it in time. Then, perhaps, you'll think that if it hadn't been for him I might have been a different man."

"What is it, David?"

"It's this." His face softened the moment he ceased to think upon his wrongs. It was but the wreck of a face which had once been handsome and full of hope: but it was better and healthier to look upon than the face black with revenge. "Will tells me that you are going to marry George without your uncle's consent?"

"Yes."

"You know that he must then give me the whole of my aunt's money?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Mary. I am fooling him. Never mind how. But you shall not be wronged. You shall have all your fortune. Marry George without any fear. Remember—you shall not be wronged. I am as bad as you like—but I will not rob you, Mary, I will not rob you!"

Said I not that David had not sunk to the lowest level of the Earthly Hell? For that one promise of his, that he would not wrong the girl, I forgive him all the rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Perhaps the chief advantage of being a journalist is that you are expected to write upon every conceivable subject, and must, consequently, whether you are a person of curiosity and ardent in research or not, be continually acquiring new knowledge, and always storing up freshly-acquired facts. No one, therefore, is so wise as an aged journalist—the older the wiser; until there comes a time when his memory begins to fail. After that, he can sit at the dinner-table and talk as ignorantly as his neighbours.

As for me, I am every day hunting up something or other to illustrate and explain the startling telegram which never fails to arrive once a day. I have travelled—in a library—with this object over the whole face of the habitable globe. I think I know every island in the Pacific and every other ocean, its discovery, its early and its later history. The whole course of human history is at my fingers' ends, because I know exactly what volumes, on what shelves, contain what I want. The whole circle of the sciences is known to me—that is to say, I know where to look for a popular account of each, and where to find illustrations and anecdotes. The social life of every country is familiar to me, from the Court to the cottage, because I know where the books about it can be found: in fact, I am the Admirable Crichton of the day.

I would not proclaim my own virtues so loudly were it not that, first, we do not get the credit due to us—the novelists, poets, and dramatists running off with all the glory; and, secondly, that it was entirely due to my professional versatility that the Reign of Terror which King David had established at Grathor was swept aside, and King David himself dethroned; and this, too, in a most surprising and unexpected manner. One would not, at first sight, be inclined to connect the fortunes of Mary Nethercote with the Royal Geographical Society. Yet—but you shall hear.

It was heard in the office of the paper which has been fortunate enough to secure my services, that there was to be held a special meeting, on an evening early in October, of the Royal Geographical Society, in order to hear a paper read by a German traveller recently arrived in Europe after a lengthened stay in the South Sea Islands. Reader! you have perused the first two chapters of this history, and with your unerring sagacity you divine the rest. Nevertheless, I will tell it in order; though more briefly than if you had not already partly anticipated the reading of that paper.

I was instructed to write a leading article upon this paper. The inexperienced person would have procured a ticket, attended the meeting, made notes, and rushed away at ten o'clock in order to write his article before midnight. For myself I employed means, which it is not necessary to describe—though, perhaps, they were immoral—in order to procure a private view of that paper before it was read in public. Consequently, with the help of a certain work of which I knew, and the presence of the map to keep one from going geographically or longitudinally wrong, I produced a leading article which gratified my chief and pleased the public. The paper read before the Society was on the people, the resources, and the natural history of that interesting island called New Ireland, of which I had never heard before. I took the precaution, after writing it, of attending the meeting; not that I wanted to hear the paper and the discussion, because I hate papers and discussions; but, because I wished to be certain that the meeting really came off and to be able to add any little detail as to the proceedings. A dreadful thing once happened to an unhappy critic who described a concert from the programme alone, without going to hear it. Most unhappily he permitted himself to make certain strictures upon the performers. I say most unhappily because—a thing he could never have foreseen—that concert was at the last moment unavoidably postponed, an accident which led to his connection with the paper being severed. Therefore, I repaired to the theatre of the London University and took a back seat high up in order to witness the proceedings. I do not remember to have heard it observed by anyone, but it is a remarkable fact, that, if you sit high up and look down upon the heads of the attendant Fellows of the Geographical Society beneath, you become presently aware that they have all gone bald at the top—not, I believe, so much from age, as from a geographical sympathy with the North Pole.

At the hour of eight, the chairman entered with his captive traveller. The latter, certainly one of the tallest and finest men I have ever beheld, took his place in front of his maps, and began, after the usual introduction, to read his paper.

Of course I knew it all beforehand, and could look like the governess who takes the girls to a lecture on astronomy—as if that and all other sciences were equally familiar to me; yet it was more interesting spoken by this tall German—his name was Baron Sergius Von Holsten—than read from the proofs. He spoke very good English, and as he went on added many new details to those he had originally set down. He had lived, it seemed, for many years among the natives of New Ireland, although they are cannibals and of great ferocity. In order to qualify for this dangerous enterprise he had first learned their language. Then he had himself conveyed to the shores, won the confidence of the people by some skill or secret knowledge, and stayed until he had acquired all the information upon them and upon their island that could be obtained. And he had the good luck to be taken off at last in safety by a ship that touched upon these inhospitable shores.

After this paper was read, the usual irrepressible persons got up and began to discuss. At this point I retired to add a few things to my article and hand it in. I then repaired to the Savage Club, which, at eleven o'clock, begins to be a cheerful place. Here I found, in fact, an animated circle, and among them, my friend of the R. G. S., the Baron Sergius Von Holsten, who had been brought by one of the members.

It is always interesting to meet with men who have been on desert islands, or lived among cannibals, or travelled in those regions—now so few—where Messrs. Cook and Sons have no agents and there are no hotels. It is enough for some people only to gaze upon such a man. For our part, at the Savage,

we found the Baron not only an interesting person and as well informed as a leader-writer, but also a singularly amusing companion, and brimful of anecdotes and stories of all kinds, which he seemed delighted to produce for our benefit. He took his tobacco very kindly, and had a quite pathetic affection—seeing how long he must have been deprived of it—for whisky and apollinaris. Perhaps, however, he wished to emphasise the *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and Germany by blending the two most important drinks produced in the two countries.

We talked till late. At about three in the morning, when we had gone half-round the world with him, and the waiter had brought the Baron his twelfth tumbler—a man so big had surely the right to fill up three times to any other man's once—he told us a very singular and surprising story.

He had not been the only European on the island all the time, he said. For six months or so he had a companion in the shape of a poor devil—an Englishman—who had been washed ashore upon a piece of timber, the only one, so far as he knew, who survived the wreck of the ship. The natives were going to spear this human jetsam, when he interfered, and saved him, and continued to protect him until he was able to get him off the island in a vessel which came a-blackbirding. "This fellow," said the Baron, "was the most intolerable creature in existence. Earlier in his existence he had committed a murder, and during the whole of his stay on the island he was suffering agonies of remorse; all day long he wept and groaned, and was afraid to leave me for fear of being speared—in fact, the young men took a pleasure in pretending to point their spears at him, observing the intensity of his terror. At night, he would not sleep at a distance of more than a foot or so from me for fear. And he was always visited every night by the ghost of the respectable uncle whom he had slain."

"Did you see the ghost?"

"No. Nor did I hear its voice. Yet it spent the best part of the night in abusing the poor man, and he in answering it with prayers and protestations. As for revenge, I suppose no other murdered man ever took so much out of his murderer. Well; it was tedious. At length my Englishman declared that he desired nothing so much as to get away from the island, and

the old man. Everything became clear; and one thing clearer than any other—that his uncle must be saved from him.

"Herr Baron," I said, "I must take you, if you please, all the way from London to Challacombe-by-the-Moor. You must stand before David with this document in your hand, and prove that he is a murderer in intent and a robber in fact."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST APPEAL.

When the harvest was over—it is later up among the hills than in the lowlands below—and the grain was ingathered, and the work of the year completed, George began to make his arrangements. He had received the formal notice and a six-months' grace in which to find the money. There was no longer any doubt possible that he must leave Sidcot. He had now made it all out in his own mind. There would be enough money from the harvest to pay the half-year's interest—the land would be foreclosed. And the sale of his stock, farm implements, furniture, and everything would leave him with a few hundreds to begin the world again. He would go to Tasmania; it seemed, from the books he read, the kind of country where a man might buy a small farm, and live upon the fruit of his own labour.

"Let us," said Mary, "make one last appeal to my uncle. We will go together, George. Perhaps he may relent even at the last."

They made that appeal at an unfortunate time. To begin with, it was in the morning, when David was still with his uncle; and, in the second place, it was a morning when David had been abusing his position. The redemption value of the coupon, in fact, was at a preposterous figure, and the poor old man, torn by the desire to get back his property, and by rage at the terrible ransom imposed upon it, was rapidly arriving at the condition in which his nephew loved to see him, when he lost his self-command, and in turns grovelled, wept, protested, implored, cursed, and tried to bribe his nephew. It is well to draw a veil over this picture of sordid and ignoble revenge; of old age dragged in the dust of self-abasement; of baffled avarice and of ruthless malice. There had been a



Hey Tor Rocks.

give himself up to justice. If he could only make his way to Australia and then get a passage to England, he would give himself up and confess the whole truth."

"A lively companion!"

"Yes. But to look at him you would think him a dull, heavy fellow, who seemed to have no spirit for such a desperate deed. Well; I got him away at length, and was left happy at last and alone. Before he went, however, I wrote down at his request a statement of the murder: a confession, in fact, which he and I witnessed. I warned him that I should make any use of it that I thought fit. As yet I have done nothing with it; and as I dare say he is dead by this time, I do not see why I should not tear it up. Here it is, however, written in my old note-book."

He took it out of his pocket—a thick leather note-book, stuffed full of the notes which he had made during his residence in the place—and began to read:—

"I, David Leighan, farmer, of the parish of Challacombe-by-the-Moor"—

"Hullo!" I cried, "I know that man. There is only one David Leighan, and only one Challacombe."

"Has he kept his promise and come home?"

"Yes; he came home three months ago."

"So. He is doubtless hanged by this time?"

"Why should he be hanged?"

"For the murder which he confessed in this document. He was to give himself up to the police, and confess and take the consequences."

"But he has not murdered anyone; at least, he has not confessed."

"He murdered his uncle, one Daniel Leighan, of the same parish. If he has not confessed, I must put these papers in the hands of justice."

"Why, his uncle is alive still! What could he mean by confessing?"

"Then David must have been mad. In which case it seems a pity that I took so much trouble to save him from the stewpans. But here is his confession, and, if it is a work of fiction, all I can say is that David is a master of that art."

"May I read the confession?"

He handed me the note-book, and I read it through. You, gentle reader, have already had that advantage.

When I had read the paper through I understood everything. I understood why he came to the churchyard in order to see the grave of his victim; why he was so careless about his rags; why he was seized with that queer hysterical fit; why he was so moody and sullen; what it was that he took out of the hiding-place at Grimspound; what he was doing with

battle royal, and David, as usual, was the victor. No mere physical suffering would have caused Daniel Leighan more cruel torture than this daily bargain over his own property; no medieval poet could have invented a more crafty and complete revenge. And outside, Arcady, with its hanging woods glorious in the autumn sun, its streams hurrying downward under the trailing branches, with their red and yellow leaves of the bramble, and the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash, and the calm silent mountains of Hey Tor and Blackdown across the combe; the peaceful farmyard, with the familiar sounds of contented creatures enjoying life; the dog sleeping before the kennel and the cat sleeping in the sun-warmed porch, and the water of the leet musically dropping, dropping for ever, over the great wheel. In sweet Arcady man's evil passions should be stilled, otherwise the joy and gladness of Arcady are banished, and it ceases to be that sweet and happy land.

When they opened the door they found the old man trembling and shaking with the passions of impotence and rage. His face, livid and distorted, with haggard eyes, was turned upwards in an agony of entreaty, to meet David's. There was no passion in that face, nor any emotion except a calm and sober satisfaction, which might even have been holy gratitude, for David's heavy face was hard to read. He stood over his uncle's chair, dominating him, with a bundle of papers in his hand, regardless alike of prayers or imprecations.

"Wait a minute, George," he said. "We have just finished our business, and a most pleasant half-hour we have spent, to be sure. Now, uncle—it is always pleasant, as everybody knows, to do business with my uncle—steady; I say, or you will have a fit—now, is it a deal, or shall I put this little packet into the fire? Quick! take it or leave it. That's my figure!"

"I'll take it—oh! I'll take it!"

David laid the papers on the table instantly, and made a note in a pocket-book.

"Pity," he said, "that you would not come to terms sooner. You'd have spared yourself a great deal of trouble and time. But there, you always would have your way, and you enjoy beating a man down, don't you?" His uncle did not look exactly as if he had enjoyed the last attempt. "Now I've done, George."

Although he had finished his business, David did not retire, but took a seat—Mary's seat—in the window, prepared to listen, and with the appearance of one interested in what was coming.

"What do you want, George?" Mr. Leighan asked, impatiently. "Why do you come here while I am busy, Mary? I'm not so strong as I was, and David made me angry."



On the Moors, Chagford.

Wait a moment. David said something that angered me. Wait a moment. He doesn't mean to anger me—no—no—but he does, sometimes."

He covered his face with his hands. Presently the trembling left him, and he recovered.

"Now," he said, with a show of briskness, "I am better again. What is it, George? If it is business, have you come to propose anything? You have got your legal notice, I believe? Yes. Then you know the conditions of the law, which I didn't make. It is the same for me as for you. Pay me any other way, and keep your land. If no other way, I shall have your land. Is that sense, or is it not?"

"Hard common-sense," said George.

"So it is," said David. "It's always hard common-sense when he takes another man's land."

"Well, uncle, I have got nothing to say on that score."

"I am sorry for you, George," the old man went on; yet his face expressed a certain satisfaction. "Nobody will blame you, I'm sure; or me either, for that matter; and when your poor father borrowed the money the land was worth three times as much as it is now, so that nobody will blame him. Take a glass of brandy-and-water, George. I don't expect ever to get the value of my money back. So we're all losers by the hard times."

"He never offered me any brandy-and-water," said David. But no one took any notice of the remark, which showed jealousy.

"I shall want a tenant, George," the old man went on, "and we will not quarrel about the rent. Easy terms you shall have—oh! I shall not be hard with your father's son—and when you've got your head well above water again, we will consider about you and Mary. Don't think I shall be hard upon you."

"No," said George; "I am going to emigrate."

"To foreign lands, George? to foreign lands? Has it come to that? Dear—dear!" Mr. Leighan belonged to the generation which regarded emigration as the worst and last of evils.

"I am going to Tasmania."

"Tut, tut; this is very bad. To foreign lands! David went to foreign lands, and see how he came home. George, you had better stay at Sidcote and be my tenant."

"No," said George, shortly. "Well; the long and the short of it is, that we are here to-day—Mary and I—to ask your consent to our marriage."

"No, George; I shall not consent. What! let Mary marry a man who has lost his own land

and is going to foreign lands? Certainly not! not on any account!"

"When your sister left Mary all her fortune"—

"It was mine by rights. I made it for her."

"She put in the clause about your consent to protect her. You know, as well as I, that she herself would never object to me for Mary's husband."

"She began with a thousand pounds. By my advice she made it into six thousand pounds. Do you mean to tell me that I am to have no voice in the disposal of all this money?"

"This kind of talk will not help anybody. Well; I have had my answer, I suppose. Mary, dear, it is for you to choose between your uncle and me."

"I have chosen, George, you know well. Uncle, you will

have to give that money to David or to me. Here is David, and here am I. To which of us will you give it?"

"Suppose, Mary," David interposed, "suppose there was a secret arrangement—I don't say there is, but suppose there was—between your uncle and me. Suppose that I was to sell my chance for so much down, and he was to keep the rest."

"Uncle! you would not—you could not—do such a thing!" Mary cried.

"Suppose, I say—" David went on—"that arrangement was to exist. Then, you see, George and Mary"—David put the thing in his slow and deliberate manner, so as to bring out the full meaning of the transaction—"you see that if you don't marry without his consent, he will lose the money he's got to pay me; but if he does not pay me that money before you get married, he will have to pay me the whole afterwards. Therefore, he naturally wants you to marry without his consent. You are going to play his game for him."

At this unexpected blow, Daniel was covered with confusion. When two people make such a treaty, secrecy is the very essence of it; and for one of the parties concerned to blurt out the truth is, in a sense, a breach of contract. The old man actually turned red—at seventy he had still the grace to blush at being found out in a shameful job—and hung his head, but he could not speak.

"Oh! you have speculated on our marrying without your consent! You have actually bought David's chance, and now you want us to marry, so that you may keep the whole to yourself!"

"Not the whole," said David. "What will be left after he has bought me out."

"Mary," her uncle replied, evading the question, which was not right. "Mary"—his voice was feeble and he trembled—"why do you want to get married yet? Stay with



Tingle Bridge.



On the Teign, Chagford.

me. Let George stay at Sidcote and be my tenant. And I will consider—I will consider. Besides, think, Mary: I am an old man now, and you will have all my money and all my land when I die."

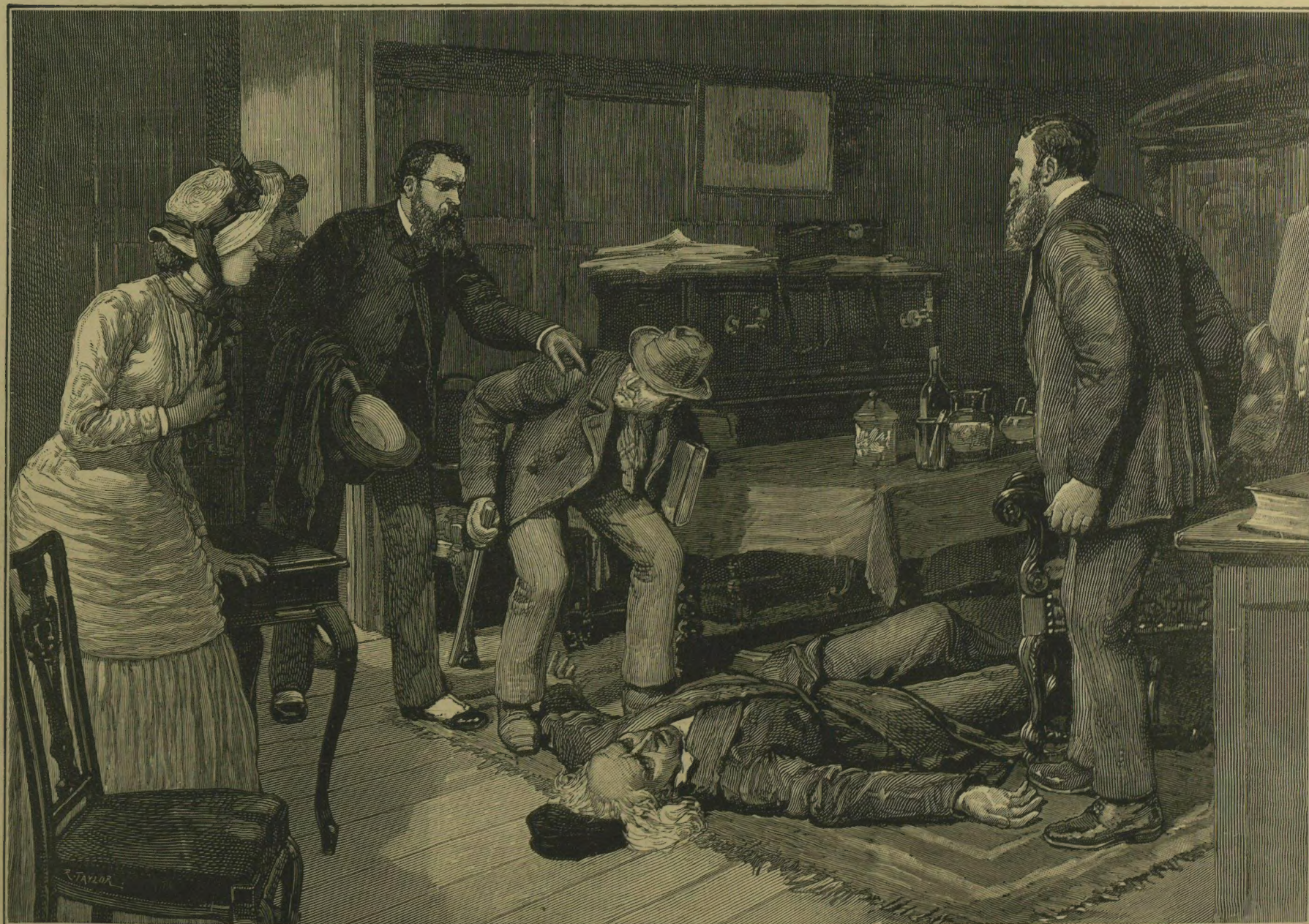
"Have you bought up David so that you may keep the money as long as you please, by always refusing your consent? Answer that," said George, hotly.

"I shall answer nothing," Daniel replied angrily—

"nothing—nothing! You have come here and asked for my consent to your marriage. Very well; I refuse it. Now, you can go."

"Mary," said George, "it is no longer possible to leave you in this house. Your uncle has deliberately set himself to rob you. Come with me, dear; my mother will take care of you till we are married." Mary hesitated. "Go, Mary, put on your hat, and come with me. As for you, Daniel

Leighan," he waited till Mary had left the room, "we leave you alone. Nothing worse can happen to you. When you have no longer Mary to provide, beforehand, all your wants—when you are alone all the day and all the evening, you will remember what you have thrown away. Oh! you are seventy years of age, and you are rich already, and you rob your sister's daughter in order, for a year or two, to call yourself richer still!"



"A second time, David!" David started and turned.

The old man crouched among his pillows and made no answer. Mary was leaving him. But if she stayed he must give his consent and then he would lose that land. So he made no answer.

Ten minutes later, Mary returned, carrying a small bag in her hand.

"I have come to say good-bye, uncle." Her eyes were full of tears. "I knew that I must choose between George and you. I knew that you would refuse because George could save his land if he had my money, and I knew that your heart was set upon getting his land. But I did not know—oh! I could not guess—that you had planned this wicked thing to get my fortune as well as George's land. Everything that I have is yours; but I suppose you will let me have my clothes as wages for six years' work? Come, George."

"You will go—and leave me—all alone, Mary?"

"I am here still, uncle," said David. "I will come and stay here—I will be with you all day long and every evening. Not alone; you still have me. We shall have a roaring time now that Mary is gone. We will bargain all day long."

The old man looked up, and saw his enemy before him with exulting eyes, and the room empty, save for those two, and he shrieked aloud with terror. David with him always!

"Mary!" he cried, while yet her soft footsteps, gone for ever, echoed still about the quiet house. "Mary!" But it was too late. "Come back, Mary! Don't leave me—don't leave me—and you shall marry whom you please! Mary! Mary! I give you my consent! Mary, come back!"

She was gone; and there was no answer. Then he turned his face into the pillows and moaned and wept. Even David had not the heart to mock him in this first moment of his self-reproach and dark foreboding of terror and trouble to come.

CHAPTER XX.

THE THIRD DREAM.

The wedding bells rang out as merrily for Mary as if she was giving her hand to an Earl instead of a ruined farmer: as joyfully as if the whole of her life was planned for ease and laziness instead of hard work: as happily as if Fortune had poured into her lap all that the earth can give or the heart can desire. The bells rang out over the whole great parish, from Foxworthy to Hey Tor—from Riddy Rock to Hamil Down. They were echoed along the black precipice of Lustleigh Cleeve and were lost in the woods of Latchell. They could be heard among the grey stones of Grimspound and on the open barrow of King Tor. They drowned the roaring of Becky Fall, though the stream was full. They rolled like mimic thunder from side to side of Becky Combe. They beat into the ears of the lonely old man who sat in his parlour at Gratnor, his papers before him, trying to persuade himself that he was happy at last, for he had what the Psalmist prayed for—who can have more?—his heart's desire. He had longed ardently for the lands of Sidcote: he had longed in vain, until a fall in land made that become possible which before was impossible. He had that land now within his grasp: the place in a few weeks or months would be his; and not only that, but five sixths of Mary's fortune as well. He ought to have been a happy man.

Naturally, he was by this time deaf to the voice of Conscience, which had now been silent for many years. But when Conscience ceases to upbraid, she stabs, wounds, flogs, and chastises with any weapon which comes handy. And, to-day, she turned the ringing of the wedding bells into a flail with which she belaboured the soul of Daniel Leighan, so that he could find no rest or peace while they lasted, or after. He had robbed the girl who had served him faithfully and affectionately—his sister's child—of her portion. He had taken her husband's lands; he was driving her away to a far country, and he would be left alone. He had the desire of his heart, but he would be left alone. This was almost as much as if Alexander Selkirk had been informed by pigeon-post that he was raised to the Peerage under the title of the Right Honourable the Viscount Juan Fernandez, and that he was condemned to remain for life upon this desert island, there to enjoy alone his title and his coronet.

Mary had left him for three weeks: already he had found the difference between hired service and the service of love. It is a difference which shows itself in a thousand little things, but they all mean one thing—that the former, at best, does what it is paid to do; while the latter does all that it can think of to please, to comfort, and to alleviate. Every day, and all day long, he had turned to Mary for everything, and never found her wanting. Now nothing was right: not even the position of his chair and table, or the arrangement of his cushions, or the comfort of his meals; and nothing would ever be right again. Perhaps it would have been better if he had given his consent, and suffered George to redeem his land, and so kept Mary.

"Uncle"—it was David who came in slowly, and sat down with deliberation—"the wedding is over. I have just come from the church. There was a rare show of people—most as many as on a Sunday morning."

"Are they married?"

"Yes; they are married. I wouldn't make quite sure till I saw it with my own eyes. Married without your consent, aren't they?"

"Certainly. They have married without my consent."

"Then, Uncle Daniel, since they are married without your consent, I'll trouble you for six thousand pounds—my aunt's legacy of six thousand pounds—with compound interest for six years at five per cent. It amounts to £7657 13s. 9d. I have been to a lawyer at Newton Abbot and he calculated it for me. You lent me, two days ago, a thousand pounds, which I take on account of the legacy, because you knew then that the banns were up and the wedding fixed. The balance you will pay over at once. Otherwise my lawyer will bring an action against you. Hallo! uncle, what's the matter?"

"You took a thousand down, David, in full discharge. It was an arrangement. I owe you nothing."

"Uncle, you are a man of business, I believe. What arrangement do you mean?"

"You told George, in this room, that there was such an arrangement. You set him against me with telling him that, David."

"Where is the arrangement? Where are your papers?"

"David! David!" He fell back in his chair. He had fainted.

David went to the sideboard and got the brandy. When his uncle recovered he gave him a few drops.

"You are simpler than I thought, uncle," he said. "Did

you really believe that I was going to give up this fortune, and to you—to you, of all men in the world—when I knew all along that they would marry without your consent?"

"David, you are a devil!"

"I am what you made me. As for the Devil, he has more to do with you than with me, I take it."

"David! David!" he moaned, and wrung his hands, "tell me you are joking."

"Not I! See now, uncle; I am going away. I shall sell you the rest of your coupons, and I shall go away; but before I go I will have that money out of you, to the last farthing. It is not for myself, though: it is for Mary. You thought to cheat her out of her fortune, and to keep it to yourself; well, you are wrong. You shall pay far more to me than you would have paid to her, and she shall have it all."

"You are killing me—oh! villain! villain!"

"The villain is the man who lays his plans to rob and plunder the helpless."

"Kill me at once!" said the old man; "kill me, and have done with me!"

"Kill you? Not I; killing would be foolish with such a chance as I've got now for revenge! As for villain—who robbed me of my land? You! When I went away, who refused me the small sum I wanted to start me in Canada? You! When I came home, who offered me the wages of a labourer? You! Villain?—you dare to call any man a villain!" David bent over the old man's chair with flaming eyes and purple cheeks, his hands held back lest he should be tempted to kill him. There was the same fury in his look as when, six years before, he stood before him with upraised cudgel on the Moor. If the Baron had seen David at that moment he would have ceased to ask how so slow a creature could have been spurred into the blind rage of murder. "You dare to call any man a villain? As you drove me away—your nephew—so you have driven your niece away. As you took my land from me, so you have taken George's land from him. Villain!—well, I am a villain. I have lived with rogues and thieves and savages till I am no longer fit company for a decent man like George, or for an honest man like Harry the blacksmith. But I will go away as soon as I have got the last farthing that can be got out of you: I shall go away—I don't know where—and spend it, I don't know how. As for killing you, man: I've had the heart to do it a dozen times since I came home. Every day when I walk among my fields I could kill you. But I've had enough of murder. Not twice!—not twice!" His eyes were wild and his face distorted with ungoverned rage. But still he kept his hands back, as if he dared not suffer them to approach his uncle. And when he had said all he had to say—for this was not all, only the rest was incoherent with splutterings and oaths—he rushed from the room, as if he could not bear even to be in his uncle's company.

And then the old man was left alone again. The wedding-bells were silent, and Conscience left him alone to his own reflections. I do not think that he acknowledged even to himself that he was rightly punished for a long life of avarice and greed. Whatever happened, he might bemoan his sad fate, but he would not acknowledge that it was the natural consequence of his iniquities. So, in the good old days, when the retired Admiral sat in his room, his foot wrapped in flannel, with a red-hot needle stuck into his great toe and refusing to come out, his jolly old nose swollen as big as a bottle, and beautifully painted with red blossoms, he never said to himself "Admiral, this red-hot needle, this gout, this swollen nose, all these aches and pains and tortures and inconveniences, which will shortly put an end to you, are the result of the hogsheds, barrels, punchcons, and tuns of rum, brandy, and port which you have imbibed in the course of your earthly pilgrimage!" Not at all; he only cursed the gout, and lamented his own sad fate.

When the new housekeeper brought in the dinner he did not dare, as he would have done in Mary's time, to lay upon her the burden of his own misery and bitterness. She was a fine large woman, who knew what was due to herself, and Mr. Leighan had to treat her with respect. It is a truly dreadful thing not to have a single soul upon whom you may discharge your ill-temper, vent your spleen, and make a sharer in your own miseries. Never again would this poor old man, now tried beyond his powers, be able to command a sympathetic listener; never again would anyone pretend to care whether he was in a good temper or not.

"Now, Sir," said his housekeeper, "sit up and eat your dinner." It is thus that they address the paupers. Mary, he remembered daily, had been wont to carve for him, to ask him what he would take, and where he liked it cut. Now he was told to sit up and eat his dinner. He noticed these little things more than usual, because when a man has received a heavy blow his mind, for some mysterious reason, begins to notice the smallest trifles. I suppose it is because he loses all sense of proportion as regards other things. Once I read how a murderer was arrested in some lodging where he had taken refuge. On his way out of the house with the officer who had him in charge, he stopped to call his attention to a curious shell upon the mantelshelf. In the same way Mr. Leighan in his trouble of mind noticed the serving of his dinner.

He obeyed, however, and ate his dinner, which was half cold. Then he mixed himself a much stronger glass of brandy-and-water than usual, because he was so full of trouble, and filled his pipe. And presently, partly because his mind was so troubled, partly from habit, and partly by reason of the strong brandy-and-water, he fell asleep as usual.

There was no wedding-breakfast at Sidcote, or any festivities at all—not even a wedding-cake. George drove his bride and his mother home after the service, and presently they had dinner together, and George kissed his wife, and his mother cried, so that there was little outward show of rejoicing. Yet they all three rejoiced in their hearts, and felt stronger and more hopeful, just because they could now stand together.

In the afternoon, Mary asked George to go out with her.

"I must go and see my uncle," she said. "I cannot bear to think of him alone. Let us ask him to keep his money, but to let us part friends."

They walked hand-in-hand across the stubble fields, and through the lanes, where the blackberry leaves were putting on their autumn tints of red and gold, and the berries of the hedge were all ripe and red—the purple honeysuckle, the pink yewberry, the blackberry, rowan, hip and haw—to Gratnor.

"Strange, George, that we shall go away, and never see the dear old place again!" said Mary, with a sigh. "Let us go as soon as we can, so as to leave it before the trees are stripped, and while the sun still lies warm upon the hills."

In the parlour, Mr. Leighan was still sleeping, though it

was past his waking time. Mary touched George by the hand, and they sat down behind him in the window and waited.

They waited for a quarter of an hour.

Then they heard a step outside.

"It is David," George whispered. "He will rouse his uncle. Is he come already to ask for his fortune, I wonder?"

Just then Mr. Leighan awoke, perhaps disturbed by David's heavy step; and he awoke just as he had done twice before—namely, suddenly and with a startled shriek of terror. Just as he had done twice before he sat up in his chair, with horror and fright in his eyes, glaring wildly about the room.

Mary, accustomed to witness this nightmare, looked to see the terror change into bewilderment.

But it did not.

For a while his mind was full of his dream; while he yet remembered the place, the time, and the man, and before the vision had time to fade and disappear, the very man himself of whom he had dreamed stood before him at the open door. Then he no longer forgot; his dream became a memory: he was riding across Heytree Down in the evening; and he was met by his nephew with a cudgel, and the nephew cried out, "Who robbed me of my land?" and struck him across the temples so that he fell.

"Murderer! Robber!" he cried. "Help! help! I am murdered and robbed!"

And then, lo! a miracle. For the paralytic, who had had no power in his legs for six long years, sprang to his feet and stood with outstretched arms, crying for help to seize the murderer. And David stood before him with such a look of hatred and revenge as he wore on that night, and in his trembling right hand the cudgel ready to uplift and to strike.

It was over in a moment, for the old man fell helpless and senseless upon the floor, though David did not strike. The skull cap was knocked off by the fall, and exposed the angry red scar of the old wound. He lay upon his back, his arms extended in the fashion of a cross, as he had fallen upon Heytree Down; and as he lay there, so he lay here—with parted lips, streaming hair, and eyes wide open, which saw nothing though they gazed reproachfully upon his murderer. Then for a space no one spoke; but David bent over his uncle, breathing hard, and George and Mary looked on wondering and awe-stricken.

"A second time, David!"

David started and turned. It was the hand of his German protector Baron Sergius Von Holsten, and the tall figure of the Baron stood in the door, accompanied by myself. But on this occasion I counted for nothing.

"A second time, David!"

David gasped but made no reply.

"You came home, David," said the Baron, "to give yourself in charge for murdering and robbing your uncle. You struck him over the head with your cudgel, so that he fell dead at your feet. You robbed him of a box of papers and a bag of money. The thought of the crime gave you no rest by day, and at night the ghost of your uncle came to your bedside, and ordered you to go home and give yourself up. You came home. Your uncle was not dead. Have you confessed the crime?"

David made no reply.

"Have you restored the papers?"

Again he made no reply.

"This is your uncle: he looks as if you had killed him a second time. Madam," he addressed Mary, "I am sorry to speak of such things in the presence of a lady, but I have in my pocket the confession of David Leighan."

"He was not killed, after all," said David. "What matters the confession?"

"But he was robbed. Where are the papers?"

"Here they are—all that are left." I observed that he had a big book of some kind under his arm, he laid this on the table. "There are his papers. Now, what's the odds of a confession or two?"

"Is this man's presence desired by his uncle?" the Baron asked.

"No!" said Mary; "he comes every morning and drives him nearly mad. He has some power over him—I know not what. He has made my uncle's life miserable for three months."

"My duty seems plain," said the Baron. "I shall go to the nearest police-station and deposit this confession. They will, I suppose, arrest you, David. You cannot, I fear, be hanged; but you will be shut up in prison for a very long time. The wise man, David, flies from dangers against which he can no longer struggle. The door is open." He stood aside. "Fly, David! let fear add wings. The police will be upon you this night if you are still in this village! Fly, David! even if it is once more to face the ghost of your murdered uncle! Better a hundred ghosts than ten years of penal servitude. Fly, David!—fly!"

There remained little more to be told.

David has not since been heard of; and the question whether Mary's fortune was forfeited by her marriage has not been raised. Nor can it be raised now. For Mr. Leighan remained senseless for three days—the same period as that which followed the assault upon him. And when he came to his right mind, behold! it was another mind. He thinks that the whole parish of Challacombe belongs to him:—all the farms and cottages, and even the church and the rectory. He is perfectly happy in this belief, and is constantly planning improvements and good works of all kinds. He exists only to do good. He lives with George and Mary, and enjoys not only good health, but also an excellent temper. He always has a bag of money on the table, the handling and music of which give him the most exquisite pleasure; and in the drawing up of imaginary mortgages, signing vast cheques, and watching his imaginary property grow more and more, he passes a happy and a contented old age. His affairs are managed by George, and Mary is his heiress. So that for the present generation, at least, there will be no more talk of going to Tasmania.

THE END.

FOREIGN POSTAGE OF THE SUMMER NUMBER.

	s.	d.
The whole of Europe, Canada, and the United States of America ..	0	4
The West India Islands ..	0	8
India and China (via Brindisi), and Cape Colony ..	1	0
Australia and New Zealand ..	1	4
The Transvaal ..	1	8

JUBILEE NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

The Proprietors of the "Illustrated London News" have obtained Her Majesty's gracious permission to reproduce Angeli's famous full-length State Portrait of the Queen, painted last year, and now at Buckingham Palace. This beautiful Picture will be presented with the JUBILEE NUMBER of the "Illustrated London News," to be published in June. Price One Shilling.

Orders for this Special Number should be given at once to your Newsagents.

LEGEND OF MURKI-TAHK

As Told 2000, A.D.

Murki Tabk, long years ago, Just after Gabel's sad disaster,
Confusion reigned o'er all, and woe Befel that Afric City's Master.
The Potentate upon his Throne, Grew Wild With grief, and shame, and tears to
(Tis needful that the truth We own, Much reason had he for his fears too !)

By looking at the woodcut here,
You'll twig that gushing Monarch's silent tear.

THE crime of Gabel's Wicked thought Was now beginning to be seen, oh !
Dire Was the punishment it brought, And everyone was filled With spleen oh !
For hour by hour things blacker grew, The very people's forms got darker !
How to relieve it no one knew ; The same fate seized each Murki-Tahker.

The King indignant, please observe ;
Likewise, forsooth, the Courtier's graceful curve.

FOR years things went on getting worse, And Europeans scoffed and tittered ;
No prayers availed to move the curse, Each Afric bore his lot embittered.
But when four thousand years had passed, The reigning Monarch had a notion :
"I've got the tip," he cried, "at last ; I'll set the Daily Press in motion."

Behold the aspect of the Kingly face,
So redolent of Beauty and of Grace.

THE Premier knew a thing or two (He'd had an English education).
Said he, "That's just the thing to do. Your daughter's hand the compensation."
The King dictated, as his wont, "Who cures our blackness has the prize, oh !"
And as for him Who tries, and don't, He'll have no time for future tries, oh !"

By casting to your left your optic.
You'll get a view of life entirely Eoptic.

In 1880 odd, A.D., The fame of "Crosfield's Soap" had spread so,
That every other Soap, you see, Before its virtues long had fled. So
When the "Murki" came to hand, And Crosfield read the Proclamation,
He sent some Soap to that far land, And soon had whitened all the nation.

The joy of thus again being clean
In Murki-Tahk is (note the Illustration) seen.

So ends the tale of Murki-Tahk :

It may be true, or not ; What matter ?
'Twas stated as a fact, or—lark,

Most probably, indeed, the latter.

But this is what the Sailor told,

Who'd landed in that country tropic,

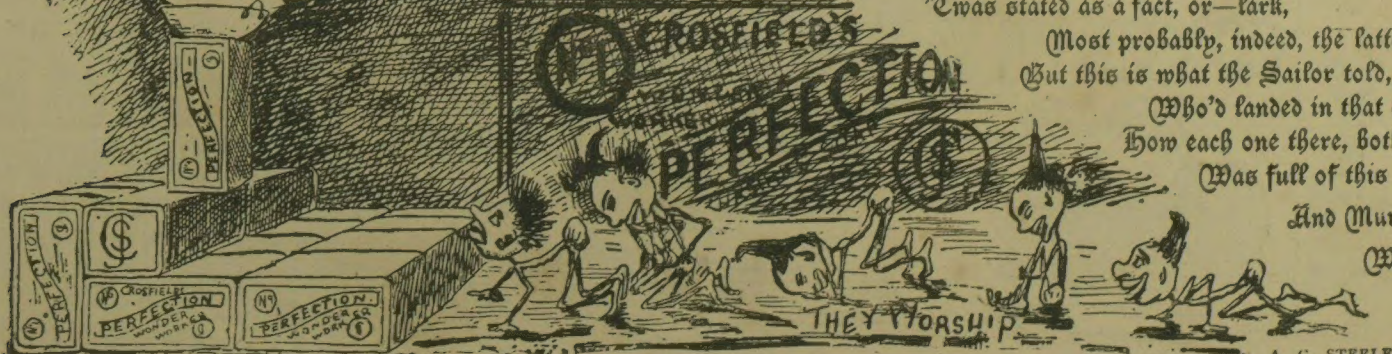
How each one there, both young and old,

Was full of this engrossing topic,

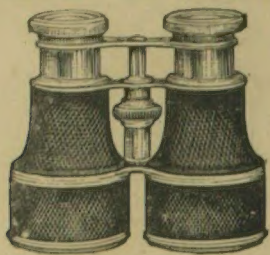
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Worships "Perfection Soap"

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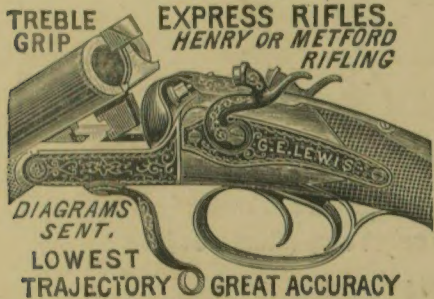


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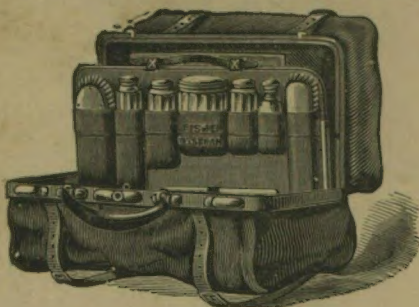
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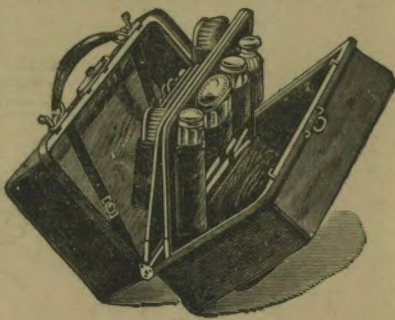
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